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THE FRONT PAGE

The Task Of San Francisco

THE main task of the San Francisco conference is to prepare the enactment of the bill that was drafted at Dumbarton Oaks. If we keep this in mind we shall not fall victim to the pessimism which is spread by certain quarters. At Dumbarton Oaks, the experts of the Big Three nations drafted a bill for keeping the peace. At San Francisco, the representatives of these three and many other nations are gathered to debate this bill. Chief among the obstacles which the pessimists see in the path of a harmonious debate are the Polish question and the colonial question.

It has always been international practice to recognize governments which exercise the *de facto* authority in their countries. Doubtless this is true of the government in Warsaw. If this government is at the last minute invited to San Francisco there is no Polish question to be debated. If it is not invited, much unpleasantness will be the consequence, but the inevitable cannot be postponed indefinitely.

As regards the colonial question, San Francisco simply is not the forum to discuss it. The task of San Francisco is to create an organization that makes future world wars impossible. It is to make wars impossible between nations and empires as they are, not as they might be.

Poland is a case in point for the difference between reality and sectional or utopian wishes. The Polish government in London may have many followers in its country, but it certainly exercises no authority there. It represents, not something that is, but something that might be. Having no authority at home, how could it speak with authority abroad? How could it guarantee that its nation would preserve the peace? The world cannot take anybody's word. It can only take somebody's authority.

Reformers may tell us that the world could exist without colonies and empires. But colonies and empires are here. They cannot be talked away for the purpose of blueprints. And sincere though these reformers are they speak with no real authority.

It is fortunate that in the midst of widespread confusion there are men at the head of the world's affairs who, in spite of errors here and there, have led us out of the mortal danger of fascism. To believe that they could not cope with the aftermath is pusillanimous. What makes them great is that they can clearly distinguish between facts and wishes. They, or their lieutenants, will reflect facts at San Francisco. And the peace organization they will construct will be more effective and endurable than the dreams of the dreamers.

The Campaign

IT WOULD seem that by the time the Dominion election campaign warms up, both the Progressive Conservatives and the C.C.F. will be following a course different from that now intimated. At present both parties are said to be planning campaigns based mainly on popular dissatisfaction; with manpower policy in the case of the Conservatives and with the shortcomings of the depression years in the case of the C.C.F.

The Conservatives in planning their campaign are being strongly influenced by Grey North and by their recent activity in Parliament, which has centred dominantly on manpower. Later, we believe, they will begin to realize that the federal election is presenting a new set of conditions. Grey North was fought at a critical stage of the war, and the natural public anxiety gave good ground for the type of campaign that the Party selected. Participation of the Defence Minister in the election made the ground all the better. But at present, with the war under good control and employment at a peak high, the country generally is in fairly placid mood. Any anxiety that does exist is concerned with the future.

It was a great day when these British and Americans met in the course of their armies' divergent drives into Germany. At the time of writing, junction of the Russian and American forces is momentarily expected. How will they get along together? Perhaps Kipling had the right idea: "There's neither . . . border, nor breed, nor birth, when two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

The C.C.F. in its strategy is being strongly influenced by the Party's successes in Saskatchewan and Ontario. In both of these campaigns the depression years were a prominent, and influential factor.

The one most significant, and related, factor in Saskatchewan and Ontario was that in both cases the C.C.F. was opposing relatively weak provincial administrations. There is, however, no parallel situation in the national field. In the Liberals the C.C.F. faces a strong administration. It is an administration whose recent record, except on manpower, has not been successfully criticized, and which, even while occupied with the war, has broken the ground for social legislation. Most important it is an administration which, one may be sure, will go to the country on a progressive platform. In this, we believe, it will be closer to the public frame of mind.

No Germans Are Good

IT HAS become a sort of hobby with many people to write books on "what to do about Germany." The serious observer of current events felt negligent when he missed reading one or another of these productions, and he felt disappointed by all of those he read. Very few of the authors concerned displayed any knowledge of the problem they were discussing. If they too failed they cannot, in fairness, be blamed for their failure; for it was almost impossible to foresee what has come to pass in Germany, namely, the dissolution of the State. This fact has invalidated even those blueprints which otherwise commanded some measure of attention.

But without exception the suggestions and plans fell down on the question of execution. They either assumed that the execution would have to be left entirely to the victors because the Germans were somehow or other an "inferior race", or they construed a difference between "good and bad Germans" and believed that the "good" ones should be used by the victors.

We hold with those who distrust every German who is in Germany today. We do not believe in any race theory. But we do not believe in closing our eyes to facts either. And it is a fact that now, when millions of Germans of all classes are armed without being subject to a strictly military discipline, none, of them, not even small groups, have turned their weapons against the Hitler regime.

There is a handful of individuals in Germany who have survived twelve years of anti-Hitler underground activity. Most of them are communists. The Allied occupation authorities refuse the assistance of these individuals because they are obsessed by the strange fallacy that to use communists for Allied purposes means to establish communism in Germany. To be sure the activity of these individuals has led nowhere. But if we do not use them—and they would be quite insufficient, anyway, on account of their small number—logic and caution forbid us much more to use any other Germans.

The Allied armies have trained large contingents of intelligence personnel for administrative duties in Germany. The training courses vary in length from several weeks to several months. At home, nobody would dream of calling a person qualified, on the strength of such a course, for the office, let us say, of mayor. That he is still less qualified to hold such an office in a foreign, antagonistic and completely demoralized country goes without saying.

Refugees and Exiles

THE rejection of the assistance of German communists has a parallel in the unwillingness of some Allied governments to use German and former German anti-Nazi refugees and exiles as experts in existing organizations such as U.N.R.R.A. and in projected organizations such as those under the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. It is of course true that, while in Germany, many, probably most, of these exiles and refugees belonged to those parties and classes which, through their blindness, greed, and lethargy, brought Hitler upon

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L. D. Wilgress, Canadian Ambassador to Russia —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

Canada's "Man Who Knows Most About Russia" Now at Frisco

By COROLYN COX

HOME via the famous "bomber route" from Moscow, Dana Wilgress dropped down in Ottawa out of the sky the other day. Canada's career Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. paused to report first hand to the Government before departing for the World Security Conference at San Francisco as one of the Special Advisers to the Canadian Delegation. His trip was a rare honor granted by the Government of the U.S.S.R. to few civilians. A Douglas C47 from the Government's civil aviation fleet, now on a war basis with crew in uniform, was specially dispatched to take Mr. Wilgress and his family from Moscow to Omsk, Krasnoyarsk, Kirensk—beautiful spot on the Lena river which Wilgress says would make a perfect playground resort — Yakutsk, Markovo, Velkal, the last leg of the trip over gorgeous mountain ranges. They were set down in Fairbanks, Alaska, where an R.C.A.F. plane picked them up and brought them to Ottawa, only one day late after several stops for bad weather on the Russian stretch.

Wartime travel restrictions, and ambassadorial discretion limit both what Wilgress can see in Russia and what he can talk about now that he is back. Nevertheless, he remains one of the most interesting men in Canada today, for he knows more than any other Canadian about the country all Canadians most want to know more about. The fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Wilgress speak fluent Russian enhances their understanding of what goes on round them and the breadth of their contacts.

Education is "Tops"

Some things Mr. Wilgress *can* say about Russia are that education in Moscow is "tops," his small daughter goes to a Soviet school and he knows; Moscow theatre is the finest in the world; the Russians are a very great people, and their complete unanimity in total war is something we have never quite seen before anywhere. Watching their determined effort to see through to complete success the regime they chose to set up is fascinating. Mr. Wilgress considers Moscow the most interesting capital in the world.

Canada, he reports, has acquired the most comfortable Embassy in Moscow—others may have, and do have, far more elaborate marble pillars, gold trim and crystal chandeliers, but to live in, Canada's is the best of the lot.

Dana Wilgress is considered by Ottawa one of the most successful diplomats we have ever sent forth on a difficult foreign mission. He is therefore, justification of an idea developed thirty years ago by Sir George Foster, then Minister of Trade and Commerce, and the late Stephen Leacock, Economist at McGill University. Foster and Leacock planned and put into action the policy of career Trade Commissioners. Previously we had appointed trade commissioners from the ranks of business men. Wilgress, emerging from McGill in 1914 with a B.A. in Economics and Political Science, was one of the first two career commissioners appointed in the Department of Trade and Commerce.

He had already seen something of the world. Born in Vancouver, son of a paymaster in the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, he took his first trip to England when he was six, thereafter lived some time in Hong Kong, and had three years in Yokohama before entering McGill.

This service with the Department began with two years training in Ottawa, then he was sent to Omsk, in Siberia, in 1916. He was there at the time of the new Communist Government's separate peace with Germany. Little of the Revolution's excitement carried to the far reaches of Siberia, whose inhabitants accepted the fact that all these matters would be settled in Moscow. In 1918, Wilgress was moved to Vladivostok in time to meet the Canadians sent into that port just before the Armistice was signed in the first world war.

It was in Vladivostok that Wilgress met and married Olga Buergin, whose father was a Swiss who had settled in Russia and whose mother was a Russian. Today, however, returning to the U.S.S.R. as the wife of a Canadian, Mrs. Wilgress is termed a "foreigner"

After a year back in Ottawa, Wilgress was sent forth in 1920 to be stationed in Rumania, with a roving commission to look over Canada's trade possibilities throughout southeastern Europe. This carried him through Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Turkey—in other words, right across the territory in which today grow the most difficult diplomatic problems in the construction of peace and the World Security Organization projected in San Francisco.

Winding up this period with six months in Milan, Wilgress journeyed on to London at the consummation of the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement of 1921. The following year he was appointed Trade Commissioner at Hamburg, spent ten useful years there and left on his promotion to head the Commercial Intelligence Branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce in Ottawa. He went right to work on the problems of the Imperial Conference held in our Capital that summer.

Wilgress went over to the World Economic Conference in London in 1933 and was back there again in '35 with Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett for the Jubilee of His Majesty George V.

The New System

In 1935 began an era of independent trade agreements between Canada and other nations throughout the world, both within and without the British Commonwealth. Trade agreements, since made between the Prime Minister and the Governments of other countries, are lodged in the Department of External Affairs, of which the Prime Minister acts as Minister. An interdepartmental committee of technicians was set up at this time to work out the complicated details of these agreements. Dana Wilgress became "contract man" for the Department of Trade and Commerce in a group of three—himself, N. A. Robertson, now Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, and Hector McKinnon, now Director of the Commodity Prices Corporation. Working together on successive trade agreements on behalf of Canada, they made a stout reputation for themselves in a wide field. In Washington they were dubbed "The Three Musketeers," rated the strongest team of negotiators that had ever appeared there.

In September 1940, Wilgress became Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, on the retirement of Major J. G. Parmelee. Soon after with Minister McKinnon he toured South America and made many new contacts for Canada, with special thought of postwar trade. He was appointed Minister to the U.S.S.R. in November 1942, arrived at the temporary capital in Kuibyshev the following March via Africa and Teheran. He was elevated to the title of Ambassador early in 1944. At San Francisco he is acting as liaison officer between the U.S.S.R. and the Canadian Delegation.

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AMANUENSIS

(Inspired by reading "In Tune With the Infinite" by Ralph Waldo Trine—P.166.)

HERE let the truth be told, I'd rather be
Amanuensis of the Living God,
Than be the slave of any hide-bound rule
Of authors great, or critics — be the tool.

Look to your centre, there the flame divine
Is burning, often dimly, it is true,
There is the source of fullness, peace and power,
Try, try to give a moment in each hour,
To check the wick and sense the fuel line,
No rations here, the whole supply is free,
Draw on it as you may, it still is bright,
The essence, ay the source is infinite.

A. E. K.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Spanish, the Second Commercial Language is Worth Learning

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN THE April 14 issue of your splendid magazine, you published on page 21 a most interesting article by Mr. Dale Talbot entitled "Learn Spanish and Go After New Business." Mr. Talbot is a good writer, and evidently knows from personal knowledge what he is talking about.

However, in the first two sentences of his article, he makes several statements which need correction. First of all, the total population of Latin America today is not "one hundred million", but between 130 and 135 millions, or about the same total population as the United States of America. Secondly, Latin America is comprised of 20 Republics, not 19 as mentioned in the article. There are 10 in South America, 6 in Central America, plus Mexico, Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic. Thirdly, there are today some 45 million people who speak Portuguese in Brazil, and not "about 20 millions" as mentioned by the author.

Canada needs the products and trade of Latin America—and Latin America needs the products and trade of Canada. If we want to cultivate their friendship and obtain their business, we will have to do so in their own tongues—Spanish and Portuguese. To understand your neighbor, you must first speak his language—and mutual understanding is the soil in which the fruits of friendship grow.

In the Americas 86 million people speak Spanish. Add to this the population of Spain and her colonies, some 27 millions, and you have a grand total of 113 millions for the Spanish-speaking world!

Spanish today has become the second most important commercial language in the world—surpassed only by English. Obviously then, Spanish is one important language our schools and universities should teach to Canada's youth interested in foreign trade, so vital to our national economy.

Montreal, Que. PAUL VIAU

Riel Rebellion

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR backward glance at sixty years ago in your issue of April 14 will be read with pleasure, I am sure, by all the survivors of the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. May I, without being offensively critical, point to two slight inaccuracies in your review. The distance of our march from Swift Current to Battleford was not 90 miles, as you have it, but 185, the last 160 of which (from Saskatchewan Ferry to Battleford) were done, as Colonel Otter records in his official report, in five-and-a-half days. Again, the Duck Lake fight and the Frog Lake massacre seem to be fused together. In the former, 12 men of a force of N.W.M.P. and the Prince Albert Company were killed in a clash with the followers of Riel. A week later 9 civilians, including two priests, were massacred by Big Bear's Indians at Frog Lake, a couple of hundred miles further up the Saskatchewan.

Toronto, Ont. G. H. NEEDLER
(Quondam Corporal in the Q.O.R.)

Straight to Mr. Greid

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I READ with interest the letter of Howland Greid in your issue of March 31. He bemoans having been roped in to pay for the drinks because women, he claims, do not meet their financial obligations. He is not going to spend any more money, so he says, on any woman who is not attractive, intelligent and amusing! And he seems to doubt that he can find one!

As a widow, considerably over forty, and therefore older than Mr. Greid states himself to be, I can tell him without being misunderstood, that in the past when I was considered attractive, intelligent, and definitely not dull, I did not care whether men spent money on my coca cola, or not. They very seldom did, anyway. I was surfeited with "chair warmers". It often amazed me how little enthusiasm men had about spending money on worth while women. Silly little women, giggly little things, dressed in bad taste, always seemed to have men anxious to spend money on them. Howland, now having reached the mature age of almost forty, should be sufficiently adroit in avoiding gold diggers (of which women have not the monopoly). And since he is so censorious of my sex, let me ask him, just what are *his* special attractions.

Victoria, B.C. MADELEINE READE

Of the Curzon Line

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

HAVING enjoyed the lucid objective opinions on your front page for several years, was somewhat perturbed to read your comment on the Polish Settlement in the issue of the 10th instant.

First hand knowledge of the callous treatment of their own peasants and of the indignities that were inflicted on their minorities is hardly conducive to objective thinking. Nevertheless, I have been able to find few authoritative writers that quite agree with your point of view.

When Lord Curzon and his advisers formulated the Curzon Line at the close of the first world war they were not imbued by friendship for Bolsheviki Russia, nor did they give undue consideration to the fact that, despite her subsequent collapse, Russia contributed largely to the defeat of Germany and Austria, and thus made a free Polish State possible.

From the record it would seem that there is some justification for Russian apprehension that should the London Poles be permitted to shape a new Poland, it might soon ally itself to a revengeful Germany and start a new world war.

The fact that the London Poles rejected the compensation of a long sea coast and two German Provinces for the Eastern territory, which is largely composed of Ukrainians and White Russians, does not detract from this supposition.

A democratic Poland (which was never contemplated by the London Poles) based on the settlement which Russia proposed, should guarantee the world against a resurgent and revengeful Germany.

Montreal, Que. L. P. SILVER

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

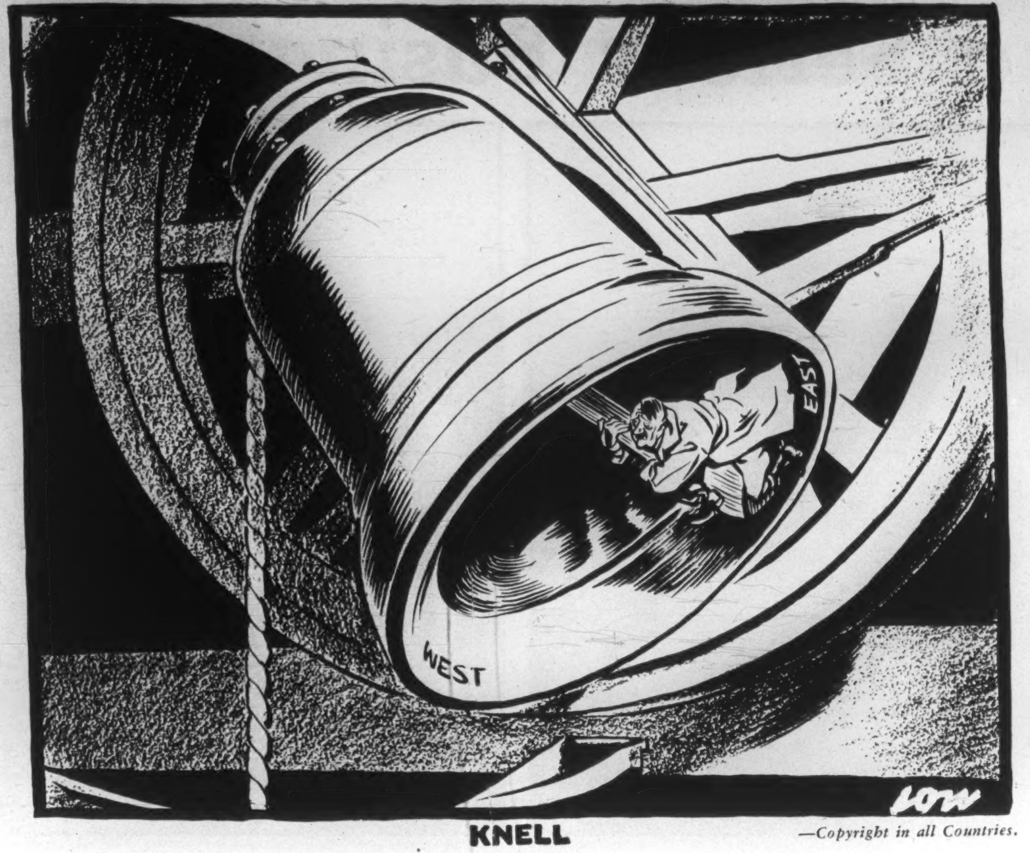
the world. But after watching these people in our midst for almost twelve years we ought to be able to sift the chaff from the wheat.

If we will not or cannot use the Germans in Germany, these refugees and exiles, insofar as they are experts of whatever description, ought to be used to the full. Most of them have a better appreciation of our democracy than we have ourselves; unfortunately, few of them are inclined to have anything to do with Germany. But some are ready from a sense of duty and gratitude; and some more may be found who would act as trainers in the Allied countries.

What does all this amount to? It amounts to a calamity tempered by a small hope and pointing to a great necessity. The hope is that the occupation of Germany will not be over tomorrow. The necessity is to prepare for the day after tomorrow. Nothing can be done at this stage to eliminate the kind of training for military government that has led to the disappointments of Italy and Aachen. But the Germans, when they have been held responsible for what they did through and in this war, must be made responsible for themselves in the future. This stage will not be reached for many, many years.

Until it is reached we have time to give them Allied government which is wiser than is possible under the present circumstances. Unless we are forced to relinquish this task prematurely because of employing wrong people and wrong methods there is hope that Germany, though still discredited, will no longer be dangerous. Above all, we must not lose sight of the most important point: when the Allies leave Germany to herself she will—by all historical experience, and provided that the Allied supervision lasts at least one generation—continue her economic, social and political development along the road on which we put her.

This road must be planned better than it has been planned so far. And as for the execution we might as well agree that we must scrap what little we have done.



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Senate, Past and Present

FROM time to time, for many years, various public men, including the present Prime Minister of Canada, have threatened to abolish the Senate but the peril has never got beyond a threat. Any newspaper man familiar with the routine of Parliament Hill, knows that the intellectual average in debate is higher in the Upper Chamber than in the House of Commons. Life appointees do not need to hedge or indulge in buncombe with an eye to re-election. It is seldom that so large a batch of new Senators as the fifteen lately elevated is announced at one fell swoop. Considered as individuals most of them can make a respectable showing from the standpoint of achievement. In creating a Senate, the fathers of Confederation did not intend that appointments should be political rewards. Sir John Macdonald, dominating figure in the framing of the British North America Act, held the same view with regard to judgeships. In the old province of United Canada (Ontario and Quebec) which lasted from 1841 to 1867, the Upper Chamber known as the Executive Council was elective. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick where the system of a nominated Upper Chamber prevailed insisted on the continuance of that system in the new Dominion and the Canadian delegate yielded the point.

It was natural that a non-partizan body should be contemplated, because many shades of political opinion were to be found among the "Fathers". The original Senate was selected by Governors-in-Council of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

With regard to judgeships Sir John, from the outset of his public career held that party service should not be a consideration. He appointed political opponents to the bench and had supported the appointment of certain eminent Liberals to the Senate. But as time went on pressure was strong for the alteration of these views. He wrote a letter in October, 1882, to the late Martin J. Griffin, editor of the Conservative organ, the Toronto "Mail", that begins abruptly: "I am bored to death by people applying for judgeships and senatorships." He proceeded to sketch a skeleton editorial stating that his (Macdonald's) sole consideration was "efficiency"; that nothing could be more unseemly than for a member of the bar to apply for a judgeship, and that such application should be a bar to appointment; that a seat in the Senate was an office of high dignity, and the responsibility of the Government in selecting men called on to deal as legislators with important matters affecting the well-being of the commonwealth was very great and the Government should resist all outside pressure as to judges and senators.

Griffin was asked to put these thoughts in his own way and probably did so. Sir John wound up his letter by expressing his determination "to resist all attempts at dictation." This, it is to be feared is one of the causes in which the great statesman failed.

In one Senatorial appointment recently, Mr. King reverted to Sir John's ideas, in appointing a veteran non-partizan and venerable gallery correspondent Charles J. Bishop.

The Port of London

ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1940, the adipose Goering broadcast to the German people: "This is the historic hour when our air force for the first time delivered its stroke into the enemy's heart." What Goering meant was that on that day Nazi aircraft had rained down explosive and incendiary bombs on the dock areas, and, as he believed, destroyed the Port of London. Truly might it be regarded as the enemy's heart, but his jubilation was premature.

An historical memorandum issued by the Port of London Authority is a reminder that it was the chief objective of German air attacks on England from the outset; and it seems to have also been the chief objective of more recent robomb assaults. In September, 1940, the month of continuous blitzes, 6,000 people in the dock areas lost their lives, but the Port carried on. No less than 150 members of the Port Authority's staff have been honored by the King, and 60 were killed on duty.

In the summer of 1944, less than four years after Goering thought the Port had been destroyed, more than 300,000 of the British Liberation Army were embarked from London between D-day and the end of August, with 125,000 vehicles of all kinds and vast quantities of stores and munitions. What is termed "the greatest import and entrepôt market in the world" has survived in continuous activity throughout the war despatching and receiving vital cargoes. Though houses were flattened for miles around the Port remained busy. With victory near, its officers are preparing for an era of unprecedented activity, once the trade routes of the world are restored to peaceful commerce.

The Nazis in aiming at its destruction were perhaps in some instances aware of what the Port has meant in the history of England. Tacitus relates that it was a busy port even before the Romans invaded Britain. William the Conqueror granted the charter under which the merchants of London trade through its waters, and built the Tower to protect it. Through the centuries expeditions which changed the course of history have set out from The Port. For over two centuries a difficult task has been to keep pace with ever increasing congestion, and in 1908 the Port of London Authority was established for that purpose. Considering what they have been through in keeping ships moving, its officers must view with some complacency the gradual conquest of historic North German ports.

A Poll of Other Days

POLLS of public opinion on all sorts of subjects are not so completely modern as many people may think. In 1885 W. T. Stead, Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* sought a public verdict on who were the greatest Englishmen of the day. This probably was the first newspaper poll ever undertaken, born of Stead's fertile initiative. About 1,500 men were queried and their answers throw a fascinating light on the past.

The world of 1885, when most of our public men were schoolboys, seems now almost remote as the time of the Napoleonic wars. But it was a time when Great Britain unquestionably was the foremost power in the world. The finding as to who was the greatest English statesman must have disappointed Stead, who was a Gladstonian. The majority favored Lord Salisbury who had recently succeeded Disraeli as leader of the Conservative Party. The revulsion against Gladstone probably was due to his vacillating policy in Egypt.

As to the greatest soldier, the verdict was practically unanimous; Lord Wolseley (formerly Sir Garnet) who had won the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. By common consent Sir Henry Irving was the greatest actor, and Canon Liddon, whose memory is preserved in Anglican circles, was easily first as the greatest preacher.

Concerning painters, scientists and writers there was a more marked division of opinion. Sir John Millais received 814 votes to 448 for Sir Frederick Leighton. Critics of today can name painters of that time who were greater than either. There was about the same division as to whether Huxley or Tyndall was the greatest scientist. Both are still esteemed as unquestionably great. John Ruskin was voted the greatest living writer, receiving 568 votes, with Lord Tennyson as second choice with 262. More than fifty "trailers" were mentioned. It is feared that Ruskin is little read today, though his prose excelled in beauty that of any contemporary.

Polling on the greatest novelist was close. Trollope and George Eliot were recently dead, but it is astonishing that George Meredith received little support. Thomas Hardy was just coming into recognition. Wilkie Collins, whose great mystery tale "The Moonstone" is still read, headed the list with 346 votes, followed by three prolific but forgotten novelists, William Black, 329; Walter Besant, 289, and Miss Braddon, 105.

The Passing Show

BY THE time June 11 comes round Mr. Bracken will be more than ready for a seat, having broken all records as a running candidate.

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WHAT IS WRONG
WITH JAP NAVY?
—Headline in Winnipeg paper.

We understand that it has been feeling a little low for some time now.

•

A Vancouver editorial reprimands Mr. Rene Chaloult because of his isolationist tendencies, but if the man wants isolation, we see no reason why he shouldn't be allowed to have it.

•

Following his capture, Franz von Papen said that he wished the war was over. Most of his confederates probably go farther and are wishing that they had never begun the wretched thing.

•

With the Reich nipped in the waist by the meeting of the Russians and Americans, there are signs that Germany hasn't much stomach left to carry on.

•

Franco has proclaimed an amnesty for all political exiles, and invites them to return home. He probably feels that, as ambassadors of good will, it would be expedient to regard them as flops.

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Dialogue

A Parable for Publishers' Readers

"Dig as I say, for all the rules I know.
Crude is your digging, feckless is your style,
I see your shapeless manner with a smile,
Poor creature, gardening in the afterglow!

"You should have used your right foot on the spade,
Your right hand halfway down to lift the load,
Else on the weaker left it were bestowed.
Flout not the rule; it ought to be obeyed.

"Then too you did not spit upon your hands.
Such is the ritual from ages gone,
A symbolism, sweet to gaze upon,
An artist-habit, known in many lands."

"Out with your rules! I dig as seems me best,
And hold me in a comforting position.
I am not digging for your recognition,
But that the garden may be featly dressed.

"Show me the garden *you* were pleased to make
With all your rules and technical tradition."
"——I do not dig. Complaint is all my mission.
I merely pity you, for Art's dear sake."

J. E. M.

•

"We are sunk very low", writes Goebbels in his weekly propaganda journal. As usual, he overstates his case. The first three words would have been adequate.

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Ottawa has announced that Canada will send turkeys to San Francisco as its contribution to the feeding of delegates. Even peace conferences have to march on their stomachs.

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Now that Franco has broken off relations with Japan, we feel that Hirohito may believe there is some righteousness in his cause after all.

•

Sir Thomas Beecham blames the dearth of good music "on the general decadence and universal brainlessness of the world at the present time." All the same, we suspect that Sir Thomas is not above making a song about it.

•

From official government sources we learn that there is no difference in the vocational output of a man and a woman. But it still takes both of them to earn the baby bonus.

•

From a gardening article in a Toronto paper: "The man who has not worked the soil with his bare hands has not experienced the deeper satisfaction of life." We get all the satisfaction we want with a spade, thanks.

•

It is a nice thought that Admiral Nimitz is by-passing scores of Jap-held islands on his way to Tokio in order to lighten the burdens of the schoolboy of tomorrow.

•

Kidding is a Serious Business in Canada . . .

This won't come to much, for it's just a friendly argument, which will in a moment be broken up by a third goat acting as buffer. The herd won't tolerate prolonged hostilities.

It's much easier to milk a goat than a cow. Those outsize udders may contain two to four quarts of milk daily. Highly nutritious, it tastes like the best Jersey milk.

By Lyn Harrington

Often suffering from prejudice and libel, goats are really friendly creatures—also extremely inquisitive.

KIDDING is a serious business to thousands of goat owners and breeders throughout Canada. All the way from the goat tethered in the vacant lot back of your house to herds where statistics are kept with scientific precision, range the goat herds of the Dominion.

Canadians have been slow to recognize the value and use of the domestic goat. Across the face of the earth, no animal is better known, and in the old world, more respected. "The poor man's cow" it's called in Europe, where it supplies 80% of the dairy products. It goes to the table as "chevon", the hair is spun into fabric, the droppings are used as fertilizer and for fuel. Tanned hides become clothing or water bottles.

Long the butt of jokes in doubtful taste, these well-bred intelligent animals have been made the scapegoat of the dairy world. They do not suffer from B.O. except the males at mating season. And they do *NOT* eat tin cans.

Many business people, writers and artists in the United States with Carl Sandburg as a notable example, have taken up "capriculture", a 25-cent word for goat-keeping. It is a hobby that much more than pays its way. In Canada, British Columbia has the greatest number of goats and is headquarters for the Canadian Goat Breeders Association. Fishermen and farmers in rocky parts of our maritime provinces and Ontario are beginning to realize that goats will supply their families with fresh milk daily, at very little expense.

A few years ago the Department of Indian Affairs placed some goats on various reservations, to make up for the nutritional deficiencies in the diet of the Indians. So successful has the experiment been that goats are being placed on reservations throughout Canada. They even accompany the Indians on their migrations and trips to the berry patch! They are right at home in the large freight canoes used by the Indians of the north.

A goat can live well where a cow would die of starvation, for goats will browse on ferns and weeds, twigs and grasses, though they are very clean in their eating habits. The amount of hay necessary for one cow will feed 6-8 goats. That's something to consider when you live on an island or on an isolated rocky coast such as most lighthouse keepers do. Freight costs are high in such out-of-the-way places. In the way of housing, the goat doesn't require anything very elaborate, but it must be dry.

Highly nutritious, goat's milk tastes just like the best Jersey milk, but is pure white. Contrary to prejudiced opinion, there is no "strong" taste to it. The fat globules are small making it very easy to digest. Many invalids and some babies can take nothing else, and it has proved invaluable in the treatment of stomach disorders.

Two to four quarts of milk daily for nine to ten months of the year are not too much to expect of the average dairy goat, and even amateurs find them easy to milk. When separated, the cream is so rich it pours like syrup. Ice cream and whipped cream are frequent delicacies at

Brown Toggenburg and white Saanen talk things over in a daisy field. A goat can live where a cow would die of starvation, for goats browse on weeds, twigs and grasses.

But goats do not eat tin cans. They are very clean in their eating habits. Just pull down a branch and the herd will quickly gather to nibble off the tender shoots.

... For Goat-Keeping More Than Pays Its Way

This well-bred Saanen doe makes it clear that the goatee is not confined to the male sex. Both Saanen and Toggenburg, now bred in Canada, are well-known Swiss breeds

Contrary to general opinion, they're not cantankerous beasts. This mixed group of white Saanens, brown Toggenburgs, picturesque Nubians and sturdy Alpines are easily herded.

Photographs by Richard Harrington

(Taken at the Tyler Goat Farm, at Niagara Falls, Ontario)

the table of the goat fancier. Excellent hard and cottage cheese are made from it, but butter must have coloring matter added.

Goat's milk is very high in vitamins and in iron, and free from bacterial disease. It is better without pasteurization, breeders claim, and is sold as "certified" (highest grade raw milk) in many American cities at 35-80c a quart. In Canada, it brings 25-40c, though Ontario's pasteurization by-law has almost eliminated any sale in this province. British Columbia and the city of Montreal are thought to be the only places in Canada to have regulation goat dairies.

Five types of dairy goats are being bred on Canadian farms. The Toggenburg, brown with white-barred muzzle, and the large white Saanen, both originated in the Swiss valleys centuries ago, and are tops in popularity and in milk production.

The Anglo-Nubian, the Jersey of milk goats, is the result of crossing the native English strain with an Abyssinian breed. Most exotic in appearance is this goat with Roman nose and large drooping ears. From the mountains of France come the French Alpines, sturdy varicolored goats of ancient lineage. The Rock Alpine has been produced by a breeder in California and named for her. Handsome creatures they are, and good milkers as well.

Records of production are kept by breeders and by the Dominion Department of Agriculture for registered animals. 4502 lbs. milk and 145.67 lbs. butter fat is believed to be the Canadian high record for a period of 365 days. Stock is bought partly on its milk record, and in Canada each registered goat must carry a tatto mark in its ears to prevent danger of substitution. This enhances their value to breeders across the line.

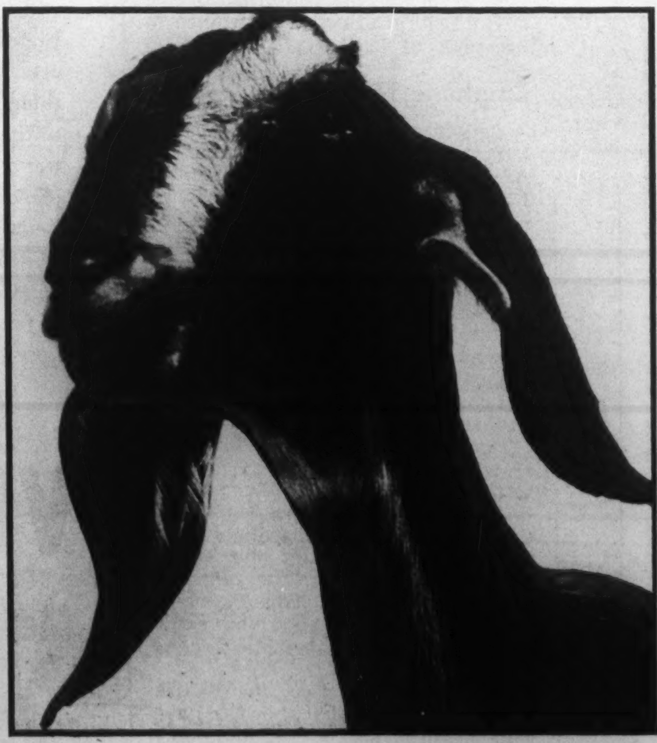
By constantly breeding for the best qualities, the stock in a goat herd can become extremely valuable. One prize-winning Saanen doe brought $2000 dollars, and higher prices are paid for pedigreed bucks. "After all, the buck is half your herd!" the breeder declares. Usually twins are born five months after the mating, though kidding may produce anything from one to four.

Breeding stock has left Canada for many parts of the world, including Newfoundland and the South American countries. These rocky terrains can well support goats, for they are creatures of the high mountains. Canadian goats have also been shipped to every state of the U.S.A.

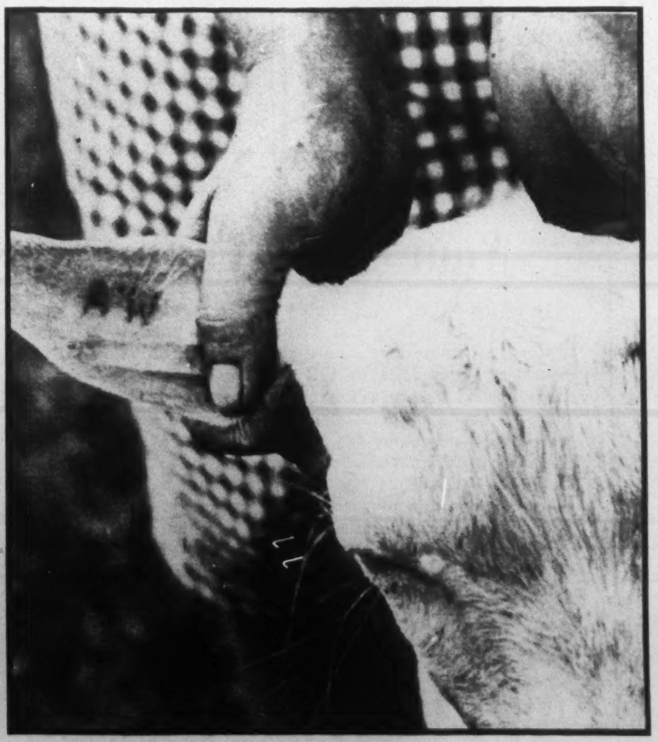
Right now well-bred kids are being groomed for a trip abroad this autumn. During the siege of Malta the goats which supplied the populace with milk had to be slaughtered for meat. Canadian, American and English goat breeders have banded together in tribute to the fine courage displayed by the Maltese people. They are donating some of their very finest stock to rebuild the Maltese herds.

Kids will be kids. Only a few weeks old, this young Saanen is very independent. Goats make affectionate pets.

Twins, like these Saanen kids are common. One has been disbudded to prevent growth of horns, but the scars will heal.



Roman nose and large drooping ears contribute to this aristocratic Anglo-Nubian's air of bored sophistication.



In Canada each registered goat must carry a government-assigned tattoo mark in its ears, to prevent substitution.

British Delegates Can't Accept Bretton Woods

By DR. PAUL EINZIG

Dr. Einzig's views on the world security conference are interesting as representative of the strong section of British opinion which rejects the proposals of Bretton Woods, and which, it seems most certain, will make itself felt at San Francisco.

This opinion holds that to accept a rigid stabilization of the gold value of sterling would be in Britain's case throwing away flexibility for a "charter" which might well prove "nothing better than a scrap of paper".

The writer is Foreign Editor of "The Banker" and of the "Financial News" and is the author of numerous books on finance and economic problems.

London.

THIS week the representatives of the United Nations in San Francisco started to work out the system which is to form the basis of our postwar world. Public interest in Britain in the Conference is low. It is little realized that there is a grave danger that the substance will be sacrificed for the sake of the shadow.

For the sake of the dubious benefits offered by the proposed international organization, this country is required to weaken considerably its power to safeguard its security and prosperity with the aid of its own resources and those of the Empire.

In order to understand what is at stake it is necessary to trace back the Conference to its origins. The material it is discussing was prepared at two inter-Allied Conferences, that of Dumbarton Oaks and of Bretton Woods.

The proposals elaborated at Dumbarton Oaks by the four principal Allies dealt primarily with the maintenance of international peace and security. It suggests concrete political, military and economic measures against aggressor nations, and makes it the duty of all participants in the scheme to collaborate in the application of those measures to an extent to be determined in advance.

So far so good. If the San Francisco Conference confined itself to this task there would be no cause for concern, provided that Great Britain, while trusting the new system of collective security, kept her own powder dry. The existence of some such system would be all to the good so long as excessive dependence on it did not relax our determination of remaining fully in a position to rely on ourselves in case the system should fail to work satisfactorily.

Unfortunately, there are indications that at San Francisco this country will be asked to consent to a curtailment of its sovereign rights to a degree that would, in given circumstances, deprive it of its ability to maintain adequate defence forces under arms.

What is more, it will also be asked to adopt a course which will lead to a disruption of the unity of the Empire.

Bretton Woods

While attention is focused on the political and military aspects of the Conference, its economic aspects are almost entirely overlooked. Yet, under the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, the United Nations are to establish machinery to deal with economic questions. And the Bretton Woods proposals give us a foretaste of the kind of machinery that is intended to be elaborated at San Francisco.

Under the terms of the Bretton Woods money plan, Great Britain would be required to stabilize sterling in relation to gold more rigidly than it has ever been stabilized, and to renounce her right to change the gold value of sterling.

This fact opens up a vista of perturbing possibilities.

It will be remembered that between 1925 and 1931 this country got into difficulties because the gold value of sterling was too high, and British exports were too expensive for foreign buyers. The value of our exports was not sufficient to pay for our imports. To correct the situation the Government tried to reduce prices, and to that end it sought to reduce expenditure, especially defence expenditure.

The Services were starved, and their fighting strength was reduced below safety level, to "enable the pound to look the dollar in the face." This policy culminated in the cuts in Service pay enforced in 1931.

One result was the Invergordon mutiny. The Government of the day saw the danger signal, and in September 1931 abandoned its policy of "deflation." It went off the gold standard and allowed sterling to depreciate in terms of gold.

As a result British goods became cheap enough for foreigners to buy, and it became possible once more to pay for our imports with our exports.

What would have happened if the Bretton Woods plan had been in force in 1931?

Might Have Cost Freedom

Permission to de-value sterling would have been refused. The Government would have been forced to continue its policy of keeping the Services on short rations in funds, and in 1939 this country would have been in an even weaker military position than it actually was.

And as the margin between defeat and victory in the Battle of Britain was very narrow, in all probability our inability to de-value the pound in 1931 would have cost the freedom and independence of the British nation.

There is no reason whatever to suppose that the situation which arose in 1931 will not repeat itself sooner or later after the war. And if, at San Francisco, the Bretton Woods proposals are accepted, then this time Britain will not be able to follow the policy dictated by the fundamental interests of national defence.

Nor is this all. Under the Bretton Woods proposals this country would be required to give up the monetary arrangements that establish close relations with the Dominions.

During the difficult post war years Great Britain and other countries of the British Empire would not be permitted to help each other under that arrangement.

Within five years the "sterling area" would have to be terminated. And the Ottawa system of Imperial preference in foreign trade would not survive it.

By severing the financial and economic ties with the Empire we would inevitably weaken also the political and sentimental ties.

Yet, from the point of view of national defence, it might be worth remembering that in 1940 the Dominions were the only countries to give Great Britain effective assistance in her hour of peril.

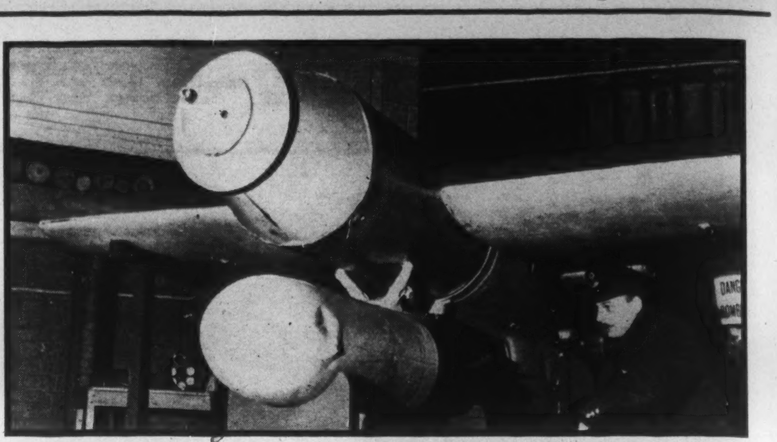
Emphatic No

Had it not been for the Australian, Indian, New Zealand and South African divisions which were sent to Libya so generously at a time when most of the United Nations remained neutral we would have lost Suez and the Middle East, and the war would have taken a totally different turn.

Clearly it would be suicidal for Britain to place herself in a position in which she might have to weaken her national defences, and in which she could not depend on the unqualified support of the Empire.

The value of the Dumbarton Oaks system of collective security has yet to prove itself. In no circumstances imaginable would it be worth our while to sacrifice our ability to remain strong nationally and imperially for the sake of the proposed San Francisco "Charter," which might well prove to be a mere scrap of paper, no better than the League Covenant.

If, at San Francisco, the British delegates are told that they can have Dumbarton Oaks provided that they accept also Bretton Woods, their answer must be most emphatically NO!



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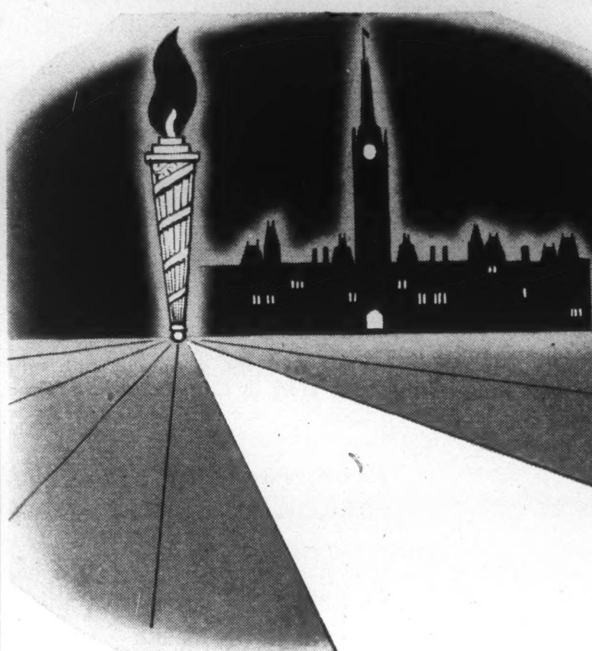

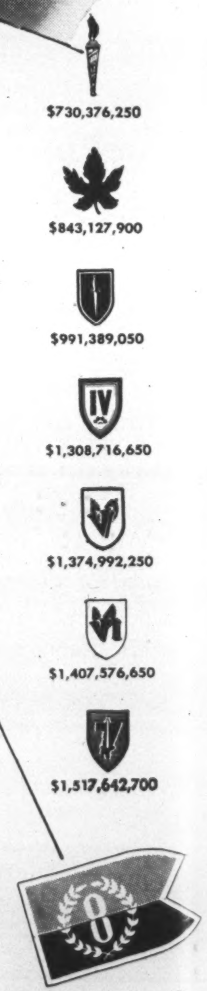

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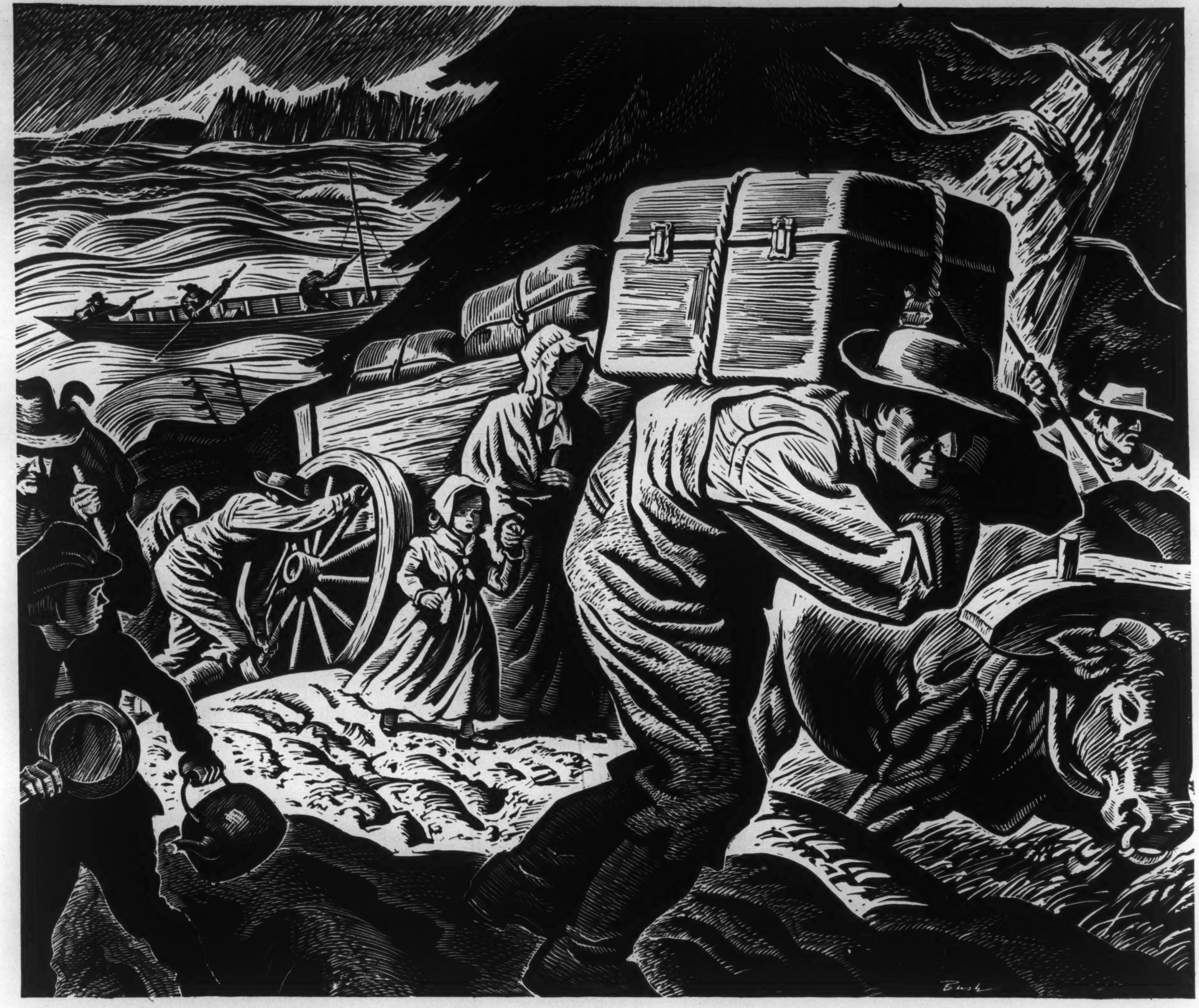

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Will King Get Away With Reform Of Method of Cabinet Selection?

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY

IF MR. KING gets through the election campaign without serious criticism of his method of selecting Cabinet Ministers Canada will have passed a milestone in its history. It will have passed out of the era when sectarian and racial considerations outweighed considerations of merit in the appointment of men to high office.

The spectacle of two out of six Quebec Cabinet Ministers being English-speaking and Protestant and three out of seven Ontario ministers being Catholic, two of them of French origin, was a distinct shock to politicians of the old school when the new cabinet lineup was announced. There were many doubts as to whether the Prime Minister can get away with it. The election will be the test.

It does not matter much whether the Government wins or loses. The experiment will have worked if the election passes without the makeup of the Cabinet becoming an issue of importance. A precedent will have been set which other leaders, who, if they attain to office, are less likely to have Cabinet material ready to hand in all provinces than Mr. King, may find very useful.

The tradition of minority representation in the Cabinet had no constitutional basis but through usage from the time of Confederation on, had grown almost into the status of a convention, until the first notable departure from it took place in 1935. The minorities who claimed and received representation were the English-speaking, Protestant minority in Quebec, and the English-speaking, Catholic minority in Ontario. On occasion there were good men left out of Cabinets and inferior men taken in because the good men were not elected in the right place for their racial and religious categories while the second-raters happened to be in the right spot.

Mr. Power

Hon. C. G. Power was a case in point. Had he been a Protestant or had he represented an Ontario constituency he would have been in the pre-1930 King cabinet on the basis of party service, executive ability and parliamentary performance. In 1935 when Mr. Power did get the call the actual balance of racial and religious representation in the cabinet was not disturbed but the convention of minority representation received a blow. Quebec got an English-speaking Catholic minister and Ontario got all Protestant ministers. The minorities of the two provinces went unrepresented.

It was during this time that the late Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe brought forward the contention that cabinet opportunities should not be barred to French-speaking members who were elected outside of Quebec. Mr. Lapointe had a way of getting what he wanted and the non-Quebec French secured a minister in the person of Hon. Joseph Michaud who has now been appointed to the bench.

There was a good deal of opposition when the positions of Parliamentary assistants were established two years ago. In answer to some of the objections, Mr. King assured the House that service in one of these posts would confer no prior claim on promotion to the Cabinet and that the selection of Parliamentary Assistants would be made without regard to territorial, racial or religious representation. Among the seven chosen were four brilliant young lawyers, two from Ontario, Paul Martin and Lionel Chevrier, and two from Quebec, Brooke Claxton and Douglas Abbott. It happened that the Ontario men were of French origin and the Quebec men of English origin and Protestant. All four distinguished themselves and became definite Cabinet material. Mr. Claxton got the first call when the Department of National Health and Welfare was created.

Ontario French

Those who were impressed by the minority representation convention were sure that it ended Mr. Abbott's chances.—Quebec could not have two minority representatives in the cabinet. The same observers were sure that when other vacancies occurred either Mr. Chevrier or Mr. Martin would get one, but not both,—Ontario would not stand for two French-Canadians in the cabinet even though they were the best men available.

The new Minister of National War Services, Dr. J. J. McCann, has also seen his political fortunes influenced by the minority representation principle. An outstanding physician who had held high office in professional associations, an authority on public health, and an advocate of progressive health legislation he aspired to be Minister of Health when the Liberals entered office in 1935.

That was the time, however, when the minority representation convention was broken by assigning the English-speaking Quebec cabinet post to a Catholic and to balance things Dr. McCann, the logical choice for an Ontario English-speaking Catholic minister was left to work his way forward from the back benches to a position in which his claims on merit alone were obvious. Dr. McCann's appointment gives to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation a Ministerial spokesman who understands it thoroughly and who is fully in accord with the policy of government ownership of radio. As chairman of comittees which reviewed C.B.C. affairs over the past 10 years he has had a large say in the drafting of the present radio-set-up. To a large extent the recommendations which emerged from these committees have been implemented.

General LaFleche

The political career of Major-General L. R. LaFleche would appear to be drawing to a close and may, perhaps, be taken as an illustration of the theory that it is not easy to make what Mr. Churchill calls a "House of Commons man." Success, honors and distinction in other spheres are no assurance of success in parliament. There are a lot of other examples of this and the older politicians were rather interested to see General McNaughton in the House. The Grey North electors cheated them of that opportunity once and the electors of Qu'Appelle now have the say as to whether the McNaughton political career continues.

It seems that when an older man who has risen to the top in some other form of activity, the civil service as with General LaFleche, the army or private business comes into parliament he raises some sort of barrier between himself and the House generally. The rough and tumble of debate irritates him to the point where he either makes unguarded statements or reacts so violently that he offends the sensibilities of some members. It is generally agreed that General LaFleche who received his appointment as Deputy Minister of National Defence under the Conservative regime was a good administrator in that department and later in the handling of mobilization in the National War Services Department. His presence at the fall of France and the sincere and inspiring speeches which he made on his return, and during the darkest days of the war, both to French and English speaking audiences, marked him as a definite Cabinet prospect when the Government was rather weak in war-minded French-speaking Ministerial material.

This Cabinet reorganization is perhaps as complete a job as could be done in advance of the election but other changes can be expected afterwards even if the Government returns to office and all the present Ministers are elected. If some are defeated as is more than likely on the basis of past experience there will be other changes. One of these is likely to bring Mr. Power who resigned as Air Minister back into the cabinet, assuming the Liberal fortunes in Quebec are not too badly shattered.

Progressive - Conservatives are counting heavily on the calibre of their candidates in the election. They are younger on the average than the usual run of aspirants for Parliament. They hope to be able to produce statistics which will show a very large percentage of them are veterans of either the present or the last war. An extra supply of youth in the next Parliament can make it quite different from the present rather aging group of men. There has been little change in the House of Commons, except that occasioned by death and retirement, in 10 years.

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How Germany Can Pay Allied Reparations

By SIR ARTHUR SALTER, K.C.B., M.P.

The peace terms of the last war required Germany to pay most of her reparations in cash and only a small fraction in goods. Actually Germany received more money in aid from the Allies than she ever paid in reparations.

Remembering this, the Yalta Conference agreed that this time reparation should be not in cash but in kind. The author of this article, who was General Secretary of the last war's Reparations Commission, here outlines the various ways in which German resources and manpower can constructively be used for rehabilitation of Allied devastated countries.

THE Yalta Conference agreed that Germany should be "obliged to make compensation for damage *in kind* to the greatest extent possible." The words *in kind* seem to show that one lesson at least has been learnt from experience.

There is a not uncommon delusion that the Allies got too much reparation from Germany after the last war, that this led inevitably to inflation and the ruin of the middle classes, and that this in turn gave Hitlerism its chance. The truth is that the Allies got very little.

The Treaty of Versailles did indeed require the delivery in kind of ships, cattle and dye-stuffs. But all this amounted to a small fraction of the total compensation contemplated under the Treaty. The Allies had found it impossible to agree in Paris upon any fixed total of reparation. As an alternative a long category of damage for which reparation was payable was laid down. And a Reparation Commission consisting of delegates of the interested countries was appointed with the double task of assessing the value in cash (in terms of gold marks) and of exacting payments under a plan within Germany's capacity.

Sir John (now Lord) Bradbury, was the British Delegate, M. Poincaré the French, while I was general secretary—an international, not a national appointment. The assessment of the damage was—inevitably under the provisions of the Treaty—at a higher figure than Germany could pay in cash.

No Practical Plan

The Commission failed to make any practicable plan of payment. The consequence was that the major responsibility was in fact transferred from the Commission to a series of Governmental conferences, assisted by special expert committees, of which the most important were the Dawes Committee of 1924 and the Young Committee of 1929.

Bit by bit the reparation contemplated in the Treaty was reduced after bitter and prolonged controversy, which greatly exacerbated the political relations of France and Great Britain. In the end the actual cash payments obtained were much less than the sums poured into Germany in the form of loans which were never repaid. In effect Germany secured the foreign exchange for such sums as she did pay in the first few years at the expense of the foreign speculators in the mark, who did not anticipate its catastrophic depreciation, and later at the expense of the foreign investor.

The Reparation Commission had, in any case, an impossible task, but there was one way in which I believed then, and still believe, that much more could and should have been obtained.

Germany had large resources in men, materials and manufacturing capacity. But to get the cash—that is, the foreign exchange—demanded, she had not only to produce but to sell abroad. And everywhere tariffs and other obstacles obstructed the foreign markets. What she could have been made to do was to supply goods and labor directly as reparation.

Yugoslavia had the sense to see this and secured, for example, a tramway system for Belgrade. Other countries were less sensible. France could have had her devastated regions restored by German labor with German materials. The "sinistrés," whose houses had been destroyed, and the French trade unions were both in favor of this. But the French building industry, though unable to cope even with the building requirements of the rest of France, induced the French Government to block the scheme.

This experience was doubtless in the minds of the Governments at the Crimea when they decided that this time reparation should be not in cash, but in kind.

The conditions are now profoundly different. In 1920, Germany had for the time a Government which could have made and carried through large contracts to rebuild, with German labor and materials.

The Government was compliant under pressure. Germany had suffered no devastation; she had large resources in men and material; her industrial structure was powerful and intact. None of these conditions will be found now when Germany collapses.

Reparation in Kind

Reparation in kind will, in fact, have to be of three kinds. First there will be the surrender of capital plant and equipment, where it still exists, in compensation for similar equipment looted or destroyed. Secondly, goods can be manufactured to order under the compelling authority of the Allied Commission to be established in Germany.

Then, as a third method, workers may, of course, be required to migrate in large numbers under the same kind of compelling authority as that by which foreign workers have been obtained by Germany.

It is this third method which may give the new "Commission for the Compensation of Damage" which is to be established in Moscow its chief problems.

It is possible that the conditions of the labor market in Germany will be such that genuine volunteers will be numerous. And the Commission may stipulate, as the Governments requiring German workers may fairly accord, conditions of work and life which will make any comparison with the foreign labor now in Germany, on the score of humane treatment, quite unreal.

It will perhaps be a difficult balance to strike beween what must be left in Germany to rebuild houses and equipment there and what can be taken and so organized as to be usefully employed in devastated regions elsewhere.

One consideration anyhow ought surely to be set aside this time. No building trade has any legitimate expectation or vested interest in restoring what has been destroyed in war; and in every country the national industry will for a number of years find much more than it can do in making up the arrears of normal building which has fallen behind through the war.

The shortage of men will in any case limit and retard recovery in every Allied country which has been either occupied or seriously attacked by air. The seat of the new Commission at Moscow is one indication of which country is likely to make fullest use of this method of "compensation". But, with safeguards against any possible danger to normal labor standards, other countries also may seriously consider it.

This, however, is only one form of reparation in kind. Manufacture to order in Germany is another; and it will doubtless be used.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

One Confusion Leads to Another Both In and Out of Politics

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

ON THE afternoon of the day that Premier King announced the Federal Election date, I dropped in to see my friend Miss A. I found her in her dinette, reading the papers, and drinking tea to calm her nerves.

"At last the web of chicanery is unwound," she said. "This time surely cunning has gone beyond the bounds of public tolerance."

"Well anyway it's settled," I said, "and there's no use getting yourself upset about it."

"I am not in the least upset," Miss A. said, distractedly pouring the cream into the sugar bowl instead of her tea-cup; "On the contrary I have received the news with unbounded interest and delight."

She set her tea-cut down with a shaking hand. "We must ask ourselves naturally, what motives lie behind this act of desperate cunning," she said. "In my mind, there are two explanations. One is that Mr. King was afraid of a sweeping Liberal victory in Ontario, which would naturally drive the rest of the country into the Progressive-Conservative camp. The other more likely one is that the Liberal leader is creating confusion for confusion's sake. If this is the case he has already achieved his aim. The forces of confusion are already at work."

"WHERE?" I asked, helping myself to tea.

"Everywhere," said Miss A. "Everywhere people are grasping at blind issues. And not only in politics either. The confusion is all around us. Only this morning a woman telephoned to know if this was the Hospital for Small Animals. And whether you think it significant or not, The Wet and Dry Wash today sent back a strange wash-cloth and a set of men's combinations with my laundry. The whole public is in a state of confusion."

"Laundries are always in a state of confusion," I said, but Miss A. went on excitedly. "And what will it be like by June the 11th, with electors being madly herded to opposite polls? Think of the collisions, the traffic accidents, the inevitable loss of human life!"

"Maybe they'll use the same polling booths for both elections," I said, but Miss A. said impatiently that that would be impossible because of the inevitable duplication of electoral machinery.

"For instance I have offered my apartment as a Provincial polling centre," she said, "But there isn't room for two elections in it. There's hardly room for two opinions."

"There might be a certain amount of tripping over electoral machinery," I said, "But I think you could manage it. You could hold the Federal elections in the bed-sitting-room and the Provincial elections in the dinette."

Miss A. shook her head. Such an arrangement she said, would inevitably result in the confusion which was the primary purpose of the double election. "People would inevitably confuse the issues," she said, "and find when it was too late that they had voted Federally in the dinette and Provincially in the bed-sitting room."

SHE sat in frowning silence for a moment. Then she said, "As far as I can see, the only thing to be done is for the people themselves to vote on the day they vote on."

"But they'd have to," I said, getting a little confused myself by this time, "I mean they couldn't very well vote on the day they didn't vote on."

"They could vote on the day they *wouldn't* vote on," Miss A. said sharply. "They could vote to vote on any day except June the 11th. That would be a fitting answer to the chicanery and cunning of a leader who thinks more of election than he does of the welfare of the electors."

"You don't think," I said after a moment, "that Mr. King might have thought it would make things simpler for both the Province and the Dominion just to get everything over on the same day?"

Miss A. laughed grimly. "If you mean that Mr. King is trying to achieve some sort of unity with Ontario I quite agree with you. Mr. King would like to achieve unity with Ontario the way a hungry boa-constrictor would like to achieve unity with a baby antelope. Fortunately however, Ontario has a gallant defender in Colonel Drew. Colonel Drew will see to it that Ontario is not first crushed and then devoured. He will make sure that we have our own election day free from confusion and political chicanery."

"How?" I asked.

Miss A. dropped her voice. "We will have to have a *secret* election date. This is the only possible solution. If Ontario is to survive as a Province against the threat of ruthless outside powers, it will have to go underground. Then we would have a government dependent simply on the loyalty and courage of the people of Ontario, of men and women who would defy torture and even death rather than reveal the secret date of Ontario's election."

"You mean Ottawa wouldn't even know till the election was over?" I asked.

Miss A. nodded. "It's the only way," she said, "and it could be done. Of course it could be done. The girl who made out your sales-slip, the man who sold you pencils and bobby-pins on Yonge Street could pass the word along. The date could be printed in invisible ink and slipped into every letter-box in Ontario. And all the time the men at Ottawa would be sitting powerless, waiting in fear and uncertainty for D-Day to dawn."

"What do you mean, D-Day?" I said. "D-day has come and gone."

"D-day," Miss A. said solemnly, "is the day when the forces of righteousness will sweep away oppression and cunning. For every loyal citizen in Ontario, D-day will be Drew Day."

A FEW days later I ran into Miss A. in the Lower Price Basement. It was the day on which Premier Drew announced June 4 as the new Provincial election date, and Miss A. was radiant.

"But what about your secret election date?" I asked.

"This one is even better," Miss A. said. "With the natural aptitude of the leader, Premier Drew has selected the one day in the year that is beyond the reach of chicanery and cunning."

"Then the period of confusion is over?" I said with relief.

"Absolutely," Miss A. said, stepping on the wrong side of the escalator.

"That's the going-down side," I said, catching her arm. Miss A. looked a little bewildered, then she stiffened and shook off my hand, "I prefer going up this way," she said, and continued her difficult progress to the top, a strangely symbolic figure pressing bravely forward with the ground slipping backward under her feet.

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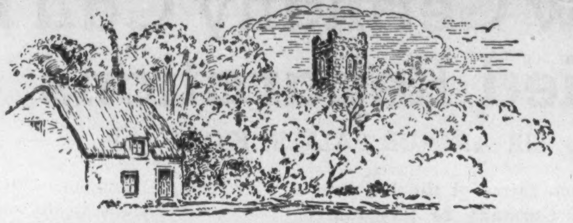

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Illiteracy Is Problem Holding Back World

By R. L. STEPHENS

Nearly four out of every hundred adult people in Canada couldn't read these lines. And we are one of the most literate nations in the world.

The writer points out that without the ability to read there can be no true democracy. And in India, for instance, literacy figures go as low as two per cent.

Russia has given the world a lead in solving this problem. In a little more than twenty years, it is estimated, its literacy has doubled.

TO MOST people it comes as a shock to realize that in Canada there are still nearly four adults in a hundred who cannot read or write. But Canada is today one of the most literate countries in the world with a standard exceeded only by some of the countries of North-West Europe. Over the whole world sixty-two people in every hundred are still unable to read, much less to write. And in some countries illiteracy is almost a hundred per cent. In India, it is estimated that in spite of the educational work of the last two or three generations there are over 300,000,000 illiterates—amongst women in places not two in a hundred can read.

Does the ability to read and write matter? There are many people who argue that it does not, that it is better to be able to think than to be able to read. Of course the two processes are not incompatible and while it is true that for the countries which now have a comparatively high standard of literacy like Canada, the urgent need is to educate the "semi-illiterates", those who can read but cannot think, it is also true that without literacy there cannot be a higher standard of living or true democracy.

Many Have Forgotten

Illiteracy nowadays is due as much to indifference as to lack of opportunity. It is now in most of Canada many years since compulsory education was introduced so that a man or woman would have to be well along not to have had the opportunity of learning to read and write. The illiterates are composed partly of people lacking in general intelligence who found the task too much for them without special teaching, but also of people who have learned and forgotten. The number who have been just about able to read and write when they left school and then finding no particular use for the arts, dropped them and forgot altogether is surprising. Some can write their names but not very much more. We should not be surprised at this when we remember how many "well-educated" men have completely forgotten the Latin and algebra they learned so painfully at school.

The army has discovered many of these men and they have been given the opportunity to learn or re-learn the fundamental arts. Probably at the end of the war the percentage of illiterates will be greatly reduced, with the aid of special schools where adults can take intensive courses in reading and writing. The secret of conquering illiteracy is first to make the illiterate want to learn and then to provide suitable teaching which will neither bore him nor make him feel ashamed of his ignorance.

In the United States illiteracy is about 6% of the population over ten years of age. Illiteracy figures for different countries are difficult to compare, however, because of the different standards imposed for literacy and the age when a boy or girl who cannot read is taken to be "illiterate" — we all start life as illiterates and remain illiterates in the majority of the languages of the earth until we die! The lowest figures come from Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland — one per cent or less. The highest figures in Europe are in Italy, Spain and Portugal where it rises to over 30%.

Before the revolution, Russia was a nation of illiterates. The 1920 census showed nearly 50% of the male population and 72% of the female population unable to read. The Soviets realised that without literacy there could be no revolution, either political or industrial. They conducted the greatest campaign for literacy in the history of the world. To-day, illiteracy is estimated at about 9% for men and women. How remarkable is this achievement can be gauged from the fact that 20 years after the introduction of compulsory education in Britain, illiteracy was still estimated at 48%. To-day Russia is unique in having made illiteracy an offence.

Poor State in India

Two great countries will one day have to experience a revolution in literacy similar to that in Russia. They are India and China. The recent census in India showed that the campaigns against illiteracy are bearing fruit. The rise in the number of literates varied from State to State, but showed a fair average increase. But what is remarkable is not the increase in the number of literates, but the numbers who remain illiterate. Only 2% of women can read and in the United Provinces the percentage of literates is only 8. In Travancore and Cochin, however, the percentage of literates is 45, four times the figure for any province in British India. While these provinces have special advantages, the figure suggests what could be done.

The difficulties are many. There is religious and political prejudice and superstition, particularly in the case of women. There is the enormous difficulty of 225 different languages, although simplified courses have been worked out. And above all, there is the difficulty of sufficient teachers, especially in the countless villages.

The problem of teachers is one found everywhere. In countries with great numbers of illiterates it can be solved by the "Each one to teach one" slogan of Dr. Frank C. Laubach who has spent years campaigning all over the world for literacy. He has studied over 80 languages to devise simple courses in reading and writing and always he emphasizes to his pupils that if each one who learns to read or write a word will teach one other person the same word, they will have paid their debt and solved the problem.

While it is true that the printed word can be used to fetter men's minds as the Nazis have shown, it is equally true that without the ability to read, there can be no true democracy and full discussion. The campaign for universal literacy is, therefore, something more than an academic one.

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AT SAN FRANCISCO

Skepticism and Determination the Early Conference Atmosphere

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

San Francisco.

TRYING to write someting from San Francisco this week, before the Conference has opened, that will be worth reading after a four days' news deluge from its early sessions is really a tough assignment. Everyone knows what the Conference is for: the establisment of a World organization in an attempt to prevent further wars. But it seems necessary to emphasize what the Conference is not intended to do. It is not intended to settle the Polish question. Nor is its purpose the writing of European or Asiatic peace settlements, deciding what to do with the liberated countries, or how to punish Germany or Japan.

Why is it then that these questions dominated the pre-Conference discussion so persistently, particularly the first three? That is because the fulfillment of the laboriously-reached Yalta agreement on the treatment of Poland may be considered a test case not only of Big Three unity on policy but also whether the new organization is to be founded on a basis of justice.

Treatment of the liberated countries may be taken by all the small countries, which means about ninety per cent of those gathered here, as an index of how the big powers will conduct themselves towards their smaller brothers in the proposed new League.

And uncertainty regarding the final settlement in Europe is important because the United Nations organization will be asked, in effect, to underwrite it.

If any attitude can be said to have dominated the Conference in its very early stage, it is the determination that the organization must be based on justice. There is naturally therefore a good deal of skepticism evidenced over the shocking treatment of the country over whose body this war started.

There are also some who recall that the proposal to run the world through a Big Power directorate has been tried before in modern times at the Congress of Vienna and failed.

The idea of controlling world passions through a loose league—which is all the world different from a federation—of states of the world has also been tried still more recently and failed. The plan which is up for discussion at present is essentially a combination of the Big Power directorate of Vienna and the multi-state league of Versailles.

Has this plan, skeptics ask, any more likelihood of succeeding than the other two? Its weakness cries out in the much debated veto question which places the Big Powers above the law. It contains no provision for preventing the Big Powers from making war, and they are the only powers which can make a big war of the kind from which everyone wishes to save the remains of civilization.

Agreed to "Try"

When all the argument over paragraphs and clauses is finished everything still depends on the goodwill of the Big Powers. Does the evident decline in Big Power morality since the acceptance by all of the Atlantic Charter justify the hope that this development will suddenly reverse with the signing of a new charter?

It is saying a good deal for the earnestness of all concerned and for basic human optimism that the great majority of the delegates have nevertheless come here determined to make the utmost of the opportunity, and filled with a profound sense of duty to try their best to avert further catastrophe. The most commonly-heard phrase in San Francisco, and on the train enroute to the Conference, has been "we must try".

What the alternative to success may be I heard outlined in dire phrases by a commentator in the first words which issued from the radio I had installed in my room on arrival. "Few people have stopped to consider what would happen if this Conference should fail. Let me in a few sentences depict the grim fate of this unhappy world of ours.

"We would see in a terrible succession unparalleled in history the nations scramble to make unilateral treaties, bilateral treaties and multilateral treaties. There would be military treaties, naval treaties, aerial treaties and secret political treaties. The Big Powers would grab for everything they could get and the little nations would lose every semblance of freedom. The world would begin a devilish dance of death which would swiftly sweep our civilization to extinction."

Soviets Would Come Around

That is certainly a grim prospect. But few of even those skeptical of real Conference success—as distinct from dressed-up success—share such a view. Indeed a surprising, and growing, number take the view that if those nations which can agree on a charter based on principles of justice, freedom and the rights of small nations—which is generally taken to mean all present but Stalinist Russia — went ahead on their own leaving a chair handsomely decorated in red plush and marked for "Joe" the Soviets might come around more readily than they have done through our policy of eager importunity and anxious appeasement.

That is definite. There is a strong reaction noticeable in American, British and Western European journalists, with whom I have talked intensively during the past few days, against continuing the effort to appease Stalin.

Furthermore they by no means tremble when they consider the power which such a grouping of free nations could wield. I must emphasize that not one of those with whom I have talked has so much as suggested we should fight Russia, though it may be that this earnest and sincere purpose constantly reiterated, which certainly expresses the will of the Anglo-Saxon peoples,

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is playing its part in encouraging the Soviets to encroach too far with the inevitable result of increasing suspicions of their ultimate intentions.

It comes down to this: the peace is in Russia's hands. There simply is not the will among our people to attack her. There was not even during the much-condemned war of 1918-19. (It is widely misunderstood that this was basically an attempt to keep Russia in the war against Germany. The Whites were willing to continue alongside us and maintain an Eastern Front while the Bolsheviks had made a separate peace.) After we had defeated Germany by our own exertions the efforts of Churchill and Foch to increase intervention in Russia with the purpose of unseating the Bolshevist regime was blocked by popular sentiment.

Russia's Fear

We are much less likely to embark on any such project today. Yet it is important to realize that Soviet Russia's insistence on the right of veto is due to a deep-seated fear that the new league might on some occasion be found united against her as was the old one when it expelled her in 1939. There, as I understand it, is the conflict underlying this attempt to bring the free world into association with totalitarian Russia.

I offer these frank views of the difficulties underlying the negotiations at San Francisco not with any idea of increasing suspicion of Russia's intentions or "sabotaging" the earnest effort which is going to be made here. After all Stalin could have sharply reversed any such feeling of suspicion by merely carrying out the Yalta agreement freely signed by him to bring all democratic parties into the Polish government and to give us fair say in that country and others of Eastern Europe.

That would have sent the San Francisco Conference off to a flying start, boomed Russia's prestige and avoided the writing of any such warnings as this. Instead the latest development is that while a Russian Ambassador has accompanied the Benes government to its homeland, British and American Ambassadors have been told—by the Soviets, not even by the Czechoslovaks—that it would not be covenient for them to go into Czechoslovakia just now.

And it cannot be pure coincidence that Patton's advance was halted exactly at the border of Czechoslovakia when the vital objective of the Skoda works at Pilsen lay only a few miles ahead. This is the sort of thing which is "sabotaging" the Conference.

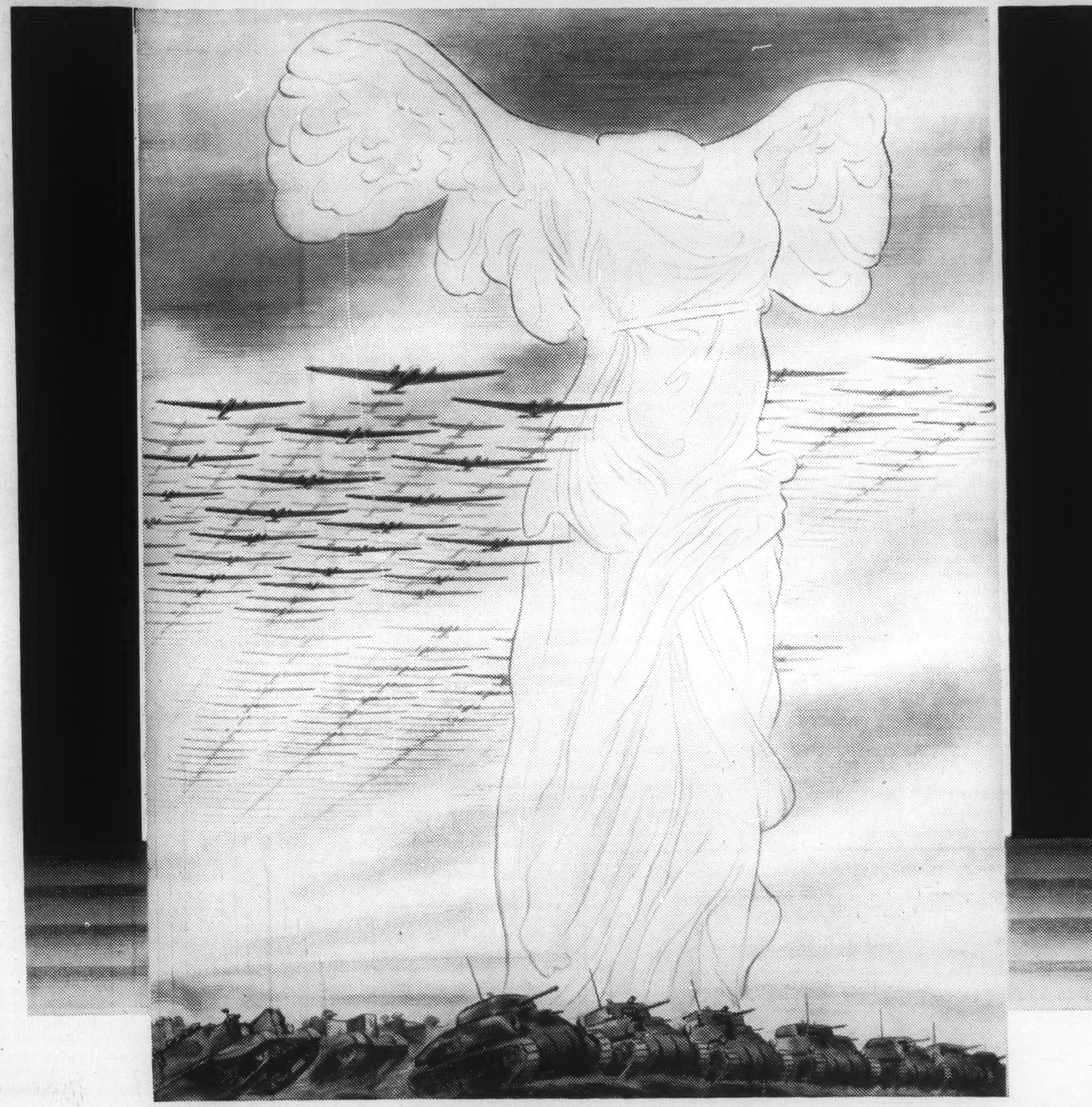
Colorful Crew

I would be happy indeed if not a word of the foregoing needed to be said, and if I could have filled this whole space with happy chatter about the memorable trip across the Continent in the press and radio special train. Actually there were two specials. The Washington press special, travelling fifteen minutes ahead of ours, which carried New York, Chicago and Canadian correspondents and a wide mixture from other United Nations.

The arrangements worked out by the State Department and the railways were beyond praise. The latter pulled out of the yards the compartment cars which had been set aside for the duration, many of them brand new ones, and made up trains solidly of these. With two diners spliced in the middle and a club car at either end, with good food and even cigarettes on board, we journeyed in long-forgotten luxury. And please don't begrudge us these things for it robbed no one else of sleeping cars and many of the porters assigned were brought out of retirement for the job. It was quite a famous company. Sitting in the diner with Robert Boothby, the British M.P., and J. J. Singh, the well-known Indian nationalist, having a spirited but always good-natured argument over the best policy for India, I can see in my mind's eye Edgar Ansell Mowrer and Madame Genevieve Tabouis at the table ahead, making up after a long estrangement over the question of De Gaulle. Further down is George Denny, moderator of Town Meeting of the Air, that eminently mild referee, carrying on a quiet conversation with widely beloved and very sane Anne O'Hare McCormick of the New York *Times*. At the far end sit the four Soviet Tass correspondents, strictly by themselves as always. And across from them Grant Dexter of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, Blair Fraser of *MacLean's* and Norman Smith of the Ottawa *Journal* have their heads together over the coming general election. This is only a dozen or so out of the two hundred and fifty. We also had a Dutch journalist who was immediately dubbed, though not to his face "General Electric Whiskers." There were two very intelligent and agreeable Swiss, several Chinese, quite a number of Latin Americans, a well-known British caricaturist, a little old lady representing a French resistance paper and Max Werner the once-infallible expert on the Red Army. On the train ahead I ran into Walter Lippmann and Bob Elson, who has recently given up *Time's* Canadian section to head that magazine's Washington bureau.

It was at Cheyenne, where the West begins, that our group really began to liven up after soaking up a good rest. Across the rolling, cattle-dotted hills of Wyoming—which brought forth the happy cry of steaks, and sure enough we had them for dinner—and vast, empty sage-brush covered wastes of Nevada, past the bright, tinhorn lights of Reno to the snowy pine forests of California mountains, the talk ranged over problems of this turbulent world.

I won't claim that we solved them all, but there was some suggestion that if the diplomats failed at San Francisco the correspondents might hold a conference with the delegates doing the reporting for a change. Just as we had worked ourselves thoroughly into the spirit of the thing it was a little disconcerting to come up against a sign as we detrained at San Francisco "Is Your Journey Really Necessary?" We hope the Conference will prove that it was.



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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Russians Have Made Progress In Bringing the Dead Back to Life

By A. M. LOW

RUSSIAN scientists from the Soviet Institute of Experimental Medicine, after many years of experiment, went to the front last year to attempt to restore life to soldiers who were "clinically dead".

Recently they reported on 51 cases, and it is possible that their work may become historic, for only in two instances did they meet with no success. Twelve of the men completely recovered and were evacuated to base hospitals. The others were partially or wholly restored and lived for varying periods.

These cases are remarkable when it is remembered that occasion for beginning treatment did not arise until every effort of surgery and medicine had failed and until the men were dead in the accepted sense of the word.

Many of them were bad cases of shock. In one case the patient had been dead for five minutes before restoration began; in another case for 3½ minutes. In the first instance the man recovered sufficiently to ask for a drink and to give his name, but died under a subsequent operation necessary to treat his wounds. In the second instance, the patient recovered completely. He was blind for a short time, but recovered and when last reported upon was convalescing in his native town, waiting to rejoin the army.

Within Five Minutes

The method of restoring life which the Russians have been using is to inject blood enriched with glucose and having a calculated amount of adrenalin in it. The blood is permeated with oxygen and warmed to blood heat and then injected with the necessary pressure to close one of the valves of the stopped heart and flood the muscles of the heart.

When the heart is beating again, blood is injected into the veins at a reduced pressure. This operation has to be carried out under field conditions with comparatively primitive apparatus.

It is evident that a great step forward has been taken and that in the future many people who would have been dead will be restored to life and health. But before we talk of the conquest of death, we should note several points which are well known to the scientists who devoted some eight years to the experiments which preceded these trials on human beings.

The number of cases in which this method can be used is limited. In the first place, life must be restored within five minutes of clinical death. When the patient has been dead for a longer period, changes have taken place in the nervous system which cannot be restored and even if revived, the patient could not hope to live for long; he would probably not recover consciousness.

Negovsky and Makarychev, the Russian scientists concerned in these operations, are experimenting now in the hope of being able to delay this death of the nervous system, by freezing the delicate cells for a short time.

No Conquest of Death

Meanwhile, the limit is a few minutes, and obviously, except perhaps in war, the number of cases of sud-death which can receive this specialized treatment within five minutes is limited.

Another point that must be remembered is that the operation cannot restore destroyed organs. If the patient has died of disease or the loss of vital organs, although life might be restored for a short period, obviously he must die again.

This was the difficulty encountered by the experimenters in dealing with still-born children who a few years ago were brought to them when doctors had given up all hope of making them breathe. The experimenters restored life to the asphyxiated children, but in every case they died within a few hours because of organic defects.

These limitations are not mentioned to suggest that the experiments are in any way less important than they seem. Hundreds of people "killed" in accidents during the next few years may be restored to life; many may survive operations under which they have "died".

But there is no immediate prospect of death being conquered. We cannot yet give a new heart to an aged person or replace a vital organ that has been destroyed. And the vast majority of people die "naturally". The saving of every life lost in road accidents would, I believe, reduce the death rate only by about 0.15 per thousand.

These remarkable recoveries should make us revise our ideas about death. It is not so sudden as most people suppose. We are not alive one minute and dead the next. The organs die one by one. Until recently the ceasing to function of the heart was taken to mean the ceasing to function of all parts of the body and death was pronounced.

But, as hundreds of cases of revival through massage and injections have shown in recent years, the stoppage of the heart is not a sign that life is extinct; simply that one step in the direction of death has occurred.

If success is attained with postponing the death of the nervous system for longer than five minutes, another great step forward will have been taken and, possibly some years hence, life may be restored half-an-hour after what is now called clinical death has taken place.

Parallel with these experiments is the remarkable research undertaken by Dr. Alexis Carrel and Colonel Lindbergh in keeping individual organs alive. It is well known, I think, that organs of a chicken have been kept alive and growing many years after the chicken was dead. What really happened was that every part of the chicken, except the heart, was allowed to die.

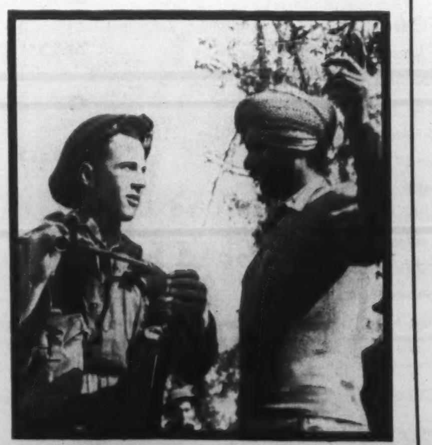
He "Died" Four Times

The importance of these experiments lies in the possibility of being able to remove an organ, if only for a short time, and keep it alive separately so that it can receive treatment which, if given while it was in the body would cure it, but destroy other organs. Mechanized new organs are for the far future.

The less we are afraid of the word "death" the sooner we shall be able to understand it, say the Russian experimenters. Undoubtedly research will encounter much prejudice. One can imagine the horror of bigoted people when the first restoration of life by artificial respiration took place!

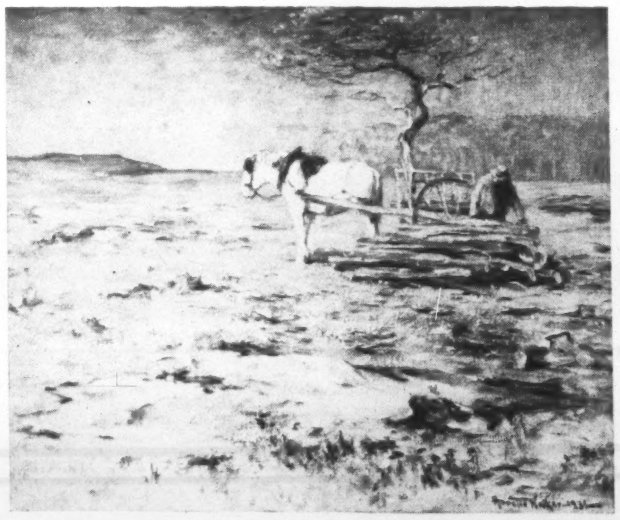
In the early days of experiments in restoring life, there was much opposition on the grounds that even if life were restored the patient would be dispossessed of his mental faculties. In fact, experience has shown that where there is recovery, the patient is perfectly normal. The religious implications may become considerable, but we cannot go far wrong if we face the truth.

There are obviously also legal implications. Already in the United States, the courts have been asked to pronounce on a will made by a man who had "died" four times during the week previous to making it, in each case being restored to life. The judges concluded from the handwriting and other evidence that the man was in full possession of his faculties.



In Italy too, the Germans are suffering defeat, as Allied forces drive northward. Which may account for the cheerfulness of this Indian trooper as he greets the member of a relieving division, preparing to take over front line positions.

"PICTURES FOR LASTING PLEASURE"



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"A Letter To The Editor"

BY VINCENT D. LUNNY

THE Standard's pint-sized office boy dumped the usual stack of morning mail on the editor's desk. Picking one of the letters off the top of the heap, the editor opened it. It was from a reader. Prepared to scan through it hurriedly before turning it over to the "Letters to the Editor" copy desk, he started to read. Before he had gotten very far, his news sense was aroused. He started to read the letter from the beginning again, slowly this time. He soon realized that he had in his hands the makings of a real human interest news story. He quickly assigned a staff reporter to get an interview. Later that afternoon, the reporter turned in the complete story of Ma Heller, the queen of a soda fountain in Notre Dame de Grace, a sprawling middle-class suburb of Montreal. When the original story broke in The Standard, it attracted so much attention that, in a later issue, it was re-told in a full-page magazine feature article. The story of Ma Heller and what she has done, and is doing, for some of our boys overseas, goes back to before the war.

Prior to 1939, her soda fountain booths—like others in similar stores stretching across this broad Dominion—were to the youngsters what the cracker barrel was to the oldsters of another day.

Now, most of Ma Heller's gang are on the battle fronts of the world, fighting to preserve the way of life so aptly expressed in the ringing laughter, the clean talk and the levity they knew in her small shop.

And to these youths, Ma Heller's place is still a symbol of all that is Canadian. She corresponds regularly with 400 of her boys and the bright wrappers on the war-depleted stocks in her showcases quail under an inferiority complex beside the huge Roll of Honor that covers the walls of her store.

Typical of her gang is F/O Ronny Emberg. When he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. on that first Sunday of the war in September, 1939, Emberg told Ma, "I'll get you a Jerry."

He did, too, before he was shot down over Dieppe and had to fight his way back through the German lines to the beach.

"First thing I'll do when I get back to Montreal will be to visit Ma Heller," he told the boys on the troopship that carried him home. And it was the first thing he did. Again it was a Sunday morning and all the gang were around the store to welcome him back and to admire the colorful rectangle on his breast, emblematic of the D.F.C.

Ma was there, too, and her eyes were glistening wet but she was smiling the way she smiled when Ronny said goodbye and promised her the Jerry.

"Three times a week I get up at six o'clock in the morning to catch up with my correspondence—on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday," Ma Heller said. "Most of the boys average a letter from me every six weeks."

The kindly deeds of this 35-year-old refugee from Bessarabia are well known. Darryl F. Zanuck, according to a Standard scoop, is planning a Hollywood production based on her life and one branch of the Canadian Legion is considering her as honorary president, in recognition of all she has done to boost morale.

There is plenty in Ma Heller's life on which to write a scenario. Daughter of a dry goods merchant, who could play chess on ten tables at one time, she first went to school on a barge in the Dnestr river, finally graduating from a college in Cernowitz with honors in languages and mathematics. She can speak and write German, Rumanian, Russian, English, French and Hebrew.

She declined a scholarship at the University of Vienna. "I guess I was giddy," she confided, her dark eyes flashing. "Yes, I was . . . I had interest only in boys."

She left Europe because the Jews were being oppressed and she came to Canada when the curve of business was skirting the bottom of financial charts and she went to work in a sweat shop in Montreal, making alterations on ready-made dresses for 15 cents an hour.

Ma's romance is a story in itself. It was a whirlwind affair which would appeal even to Zanuk's sense of the dramatic.

She met Morris Heller through a friend, a professional matchmaker. "I didn't pay her though. She really was a friend," Ma confided the other evening as a shy smile explored the corners of her full lips.

She met Pop, a widower with 14-month-old twins, on September 7, 1933; was engaged just ten days later and was married in less than two months.

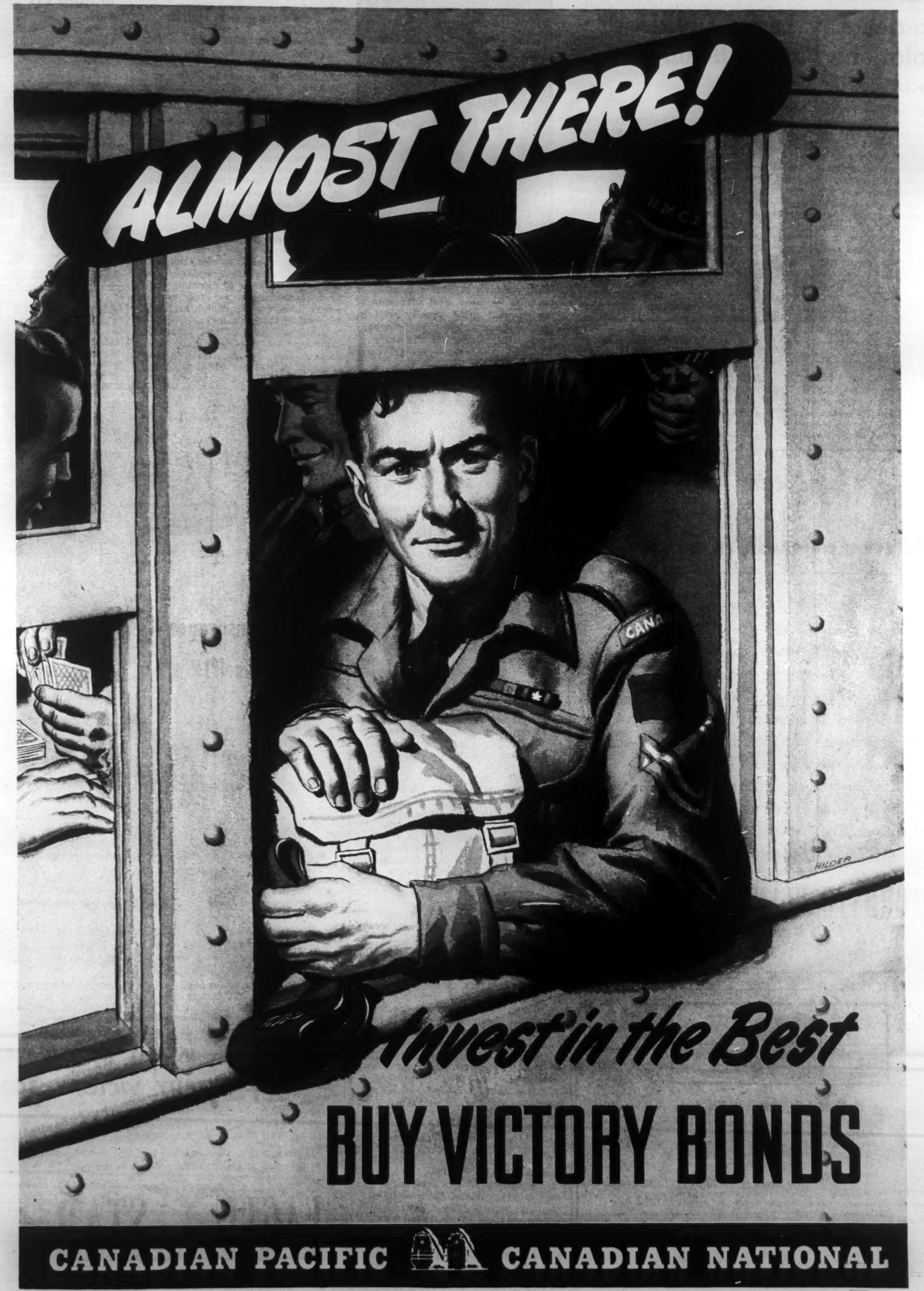
Ma, who has two nephews fighting with the Red Army, wants only one thing—her gang back again, all but the forty or fifty who will never come back to ask for a chocolate malted or a double milkshake.

• • •

The story of Ma Heller may not win a Pulitzer prize, but it DID win top-rating in reader-interest among the 200,000 families who read The Standard every week . . . a reward which we, at The Standard, like to feel is the natural result of a vigorous, alert, human editorial policy.

The Standard

Published at 231 St. James Street, Montreal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SPRINGTIME GARDENS

Rockeries Pay Large Dividends in Color and Natural Beauty

By LAVINA McLEOD

A HOUSE on a hill is considered by most people as being in an enviable situation, largely because it commands a wider view. And the house nicely placed upon a terraced city lot is in an equally enviable position since there is a certain charm to the garden which may be viewed from a higher level. Because of this we introduce you to the garden's best "banking" system . . . namely, the rockery, which, if properly built, planted and cared for, promises a higher rate of garden interest and colorful beauty than any other type.

Before becoming too deeply involved in this method of gardening one should acquire a fair knowlege of the requirements of Alpine plants, and should be an admirer and close observer of Nature if the finest effect is to be obtained. These qualifications at least will greatly aid in choosing the best site, placing the rocks in natural positions, and, finally, in planting and successfully growing the rock plants whether rare or otherwise.

The site should be an open, sunny one, well away from the shade and drip from trees. A suitable site, and one so frequently available, is the bank which leads from the house level to the lawn below. This may be of any height, but, where higher than can be conveniently reached for cultivation, it is well to divide the distance making a narrow moss or gravel pathway to give comfortable access to the upper portion.

Follow Nature

Before starting to build, a careful study of the available rock material should be made. Examine each piece to determine which side should be placed up. If it is quarried rock, the faint horizontal lines of stratification will tell how it has lain in its quarry bed, while the weathered limestone may be placed in a natural position by the readily visible weathered side. As a rock lay in Nature, so it should lie in a rock garden with the strata running horizontally; for rock as well as the plants, must rest comfortably and appear at home in the new location, if the whole is to be a copy from Nature.

PHOTO: R. A. SMITH.

For a great flare of color there's really nothing to beat a massing of petunias — those most adaptable of flowers that grow equally well in rock gardens, hanging baskets, boxes, pots and beds, and without anything in the way of special care.

Begin bedding the rocks into the hillside, starting at the bottom, digging little bays into which each rock is placed, and filling in behind again with soil. Avoid following a set plan for placing these. Let some rocks sit close together (perhaps only a few inches apart), while others are placed a foot or more apart leaving broad earth slopes between. Not only should we strive for irregularity here, but we should form an irregular frontage by placing some sizable rocks forward and others back, keeping all in horizontal order to form a low cliff, a foot to eighteen inches in height. Above this will come another tier or "cliff" following the same irregular outline and forming a soil terrace of varying width between the two rock cliffs. All rocks must be firmly bedded in the soil and the base of each rock must be buried an inch or more below the surface so that it appears to be resting upon a shelf of soil. Never permit the base to show above ground. The entire rock garden should be a series of large and small dirt pockets, of narrow and wider soil terraces, and of many narrow crevices and a few wide-open spaces. This garden, then, will accommodate a large and varied selection of rock plants and shrubs which will in time richly clothe the bank and pay large dividends in color and natural beauty.

Sandy Soil Best

As for the soil, a good sandy loam is required for the general run of rock plants, but, if you have listed among the desirables some of the acid-loving shrubs or plants such as azaleas, heathers, broom (cytisus), dwarf iris, etc., then pockets of leaf mould should be prepared for them by adding a generous amount of peat to insure the proper conditions.

As you survey the nearly completed task well might you say, "The best is yet to come", for great is the pleasure derived from selecting and planting favorite dwarf plants and watching the floral color creep into the newly created picture as the season advances.

For the rockery of generous size a few coniferous evergreens will make a pleasing contribution for year-round color. Juniper Pfitzeriana is one of the favorite specimens of this family, most of them being extremely vigorous in their growth unless severely pruned back.

Rose daphne (d. cneorum), one of the most beautiful of all dwarf shrubs with fragrant tiny pink blossoms, is highly prized for rockeries, but there are so many choice shrubs it is impossible to cover the list. Do, however, include nierembergia—(gracillis crozyana), a charming little rockery plant forming neat tufts about eight inches high and wide with pretty blue cup-shaped, yellow-centred flowers borne on slender stems from early spring until fall.

Sedums, with their moss-like foliage and blooms of various colors, are excellent plants to use in some of the wide-open spaces of the new rockery, while alyssum saxatile, phlox subulata, dianthus deltoides and heuchera sanguinea, with aubrietias and campanulas if planted in generous quantities, will set the garden ablaze with color.

It sometimes is advisable to postpone the actual planting of the rockery until late summer or fall, unless it can be completed before the hot weather arrives. Where this is not desirable, planting may be done, and done quite successfully, even though old seasoned gardeners may shake their heads and frown at the thought. By the assistance of a root stimulant now handled by all dependable seed houses, and the use of common sense and consideration for the plant's needs, losses in transplanting may be reduced to a minimum.

If one will but "hasten slowly" in planning, building and planting a rockery, one can bank on it giving the greatest display of color in the entire garden.

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Aircraft Were A War Weapon Back in 1783

By HENRY H. TANNER

France had an air force a hundred and sixty years ago and used it for observation work against the Austrians. Subsequently the French "Aerostiers" were used in several battles, being active until disbanded by Napoleon.

There are other examples of use of aircraft much earlier than is popularly supposed. The Austrians used balloons to bomb Venice in 1849, and balloons were also successfully used in the American Civil War.

The first use of aircraft in war is not known but it may go back to two hundred years before the christian era.

THE pulverization of Germany during the last few weeks has been the most tremendous air onslaught in history. Yet any middle-aged person today can remember the first airplane flight. It is fascinating to look back at the first ventures into aerial warfare. No one can fix the date of the first occasion on which an aircraft—using the word in its broadest sense—ascended into the air on a military mission.

According to legend, a Chinese general, Han Sin, used kites to communicate with a beleaguered town. This was 200 years before the Christian era, so if the story is true we must regard the Chinese as the pioneers of war flying.

Now jump to the Middle Ages, when that great artist, Leonardo da Vinci, produced some reasonable drawings of aircraft.

At the time he was a soldier, and his idea was actuated by the desire to take a short cut to the top of a castle instead of ascending a scaling ladder with the prospect of getting a basin of molten lead on his head! He also made drawings of a device which today we call a parachute.

We must now turn to the great days of the hot-air balloon. It is remarkable that one of the first two men to ascend into the air perceived the possibilities of a balloon for military use. That was in 1783.

First Air Force

Shortly afterwards we find France setting aside money for military aviation. Two companies of airmen, called Aerostiers, were formed under the command of Captain Coutelle. There was, therefore, an air force in existence 162 years ago.

Captain Coutelle was the first officer in history who would have been justified in pinning wings on the breast of his military uniform, which consisted of a blue jacket with a black collar and facings, and red braid. The brass buttons bore the word "Aerostiers."

There were several wars going on at this time. Captain Coutelle, with his little air force, was instructed to report for duty to General Jourdain, then leading the French Army against the Austrians.

General Jourdain was not very impressed with his air force; he preferred to fight with something he understood, and told Captain Coutelle to take his balloons somewhere else.

But the French War Office had something to say about this, and Captain Coutelle was instructed to reconnoitre the Austrian Army, then about three miles away.

The gallant captain built a furnace for making hot air, tied a fifteen-hundred foot rope to his gas-bag, and sailed aloft.

Thus, sitting in the basket of a balloon, he was able to observe the fire of the French guns, and note the exact position of the hostile batteries.

When he came down he told General Jourdain more than that officer had been able to discover in months of ordinary scouting.

The general was very pleased—so pleased that he not only wrote a letter to the French War Office—but went up himself in the balloon to have a look round.

This went on for five days, and the French were delighted with their air force. But the Austrians were most annoyed, and prepared a surprise for Captain Coutelle. They brought up some cannon, set the muzzles at a steep angle, and when the balloon ascended on its daily reconnaissance they opened fire.

At first, as the cannon balls whizzed past him, Captain Coutelle was puzzled. When he realized what it was—and he admits this himself—he concluded that war flying was not as safe as he had imagined.

But he was a brave man, and, instead of packing up, he thought of a new scheme to outwit the Austrians. He ordered his mechanics to march up and down instead of standing still, as they had done hitherto.

It was a clever idea. The Austrians, who had found it difficult to hit a stationary target, soon found that it was almost impossible to hit a moving one.

That is the first account that we have of aircraft being used in war.

Balloons were afterwards used at the Battles of Fleurus, 1794; Mayence, 1794; and Mainz, 1796. In 1798 the French Aerostiers were ordered to Egypt—the first time in history that an air force proceeded overseas on active service.

Napoleon's Folly

When Napoleon took over command he showed great lack of foresight by disbanding the air force, an act of folly which may have helped to bring about his downfall.

The next important event in air operations occurred in 1849, when, on the suggestion of a gunnery officer, the Austrians bombed Venice with aerial torpedoes. They constructed balloons capable of carrying a load of 70 lb. for half an hour, and, being timed to the speed of the wind, were released on the windward side of the city. One bomb fell in the marketplace and caused considerable damage.

Balloons were next used with success in the American Civil War. In 1862, artillery fire was directed from the air by Morse code—the first time it was employed. Balloons were moved from place to place by locomotives.

Great Britain formed its first balloon air force in 1862, but it was not until 1885 that it was first used on active service.

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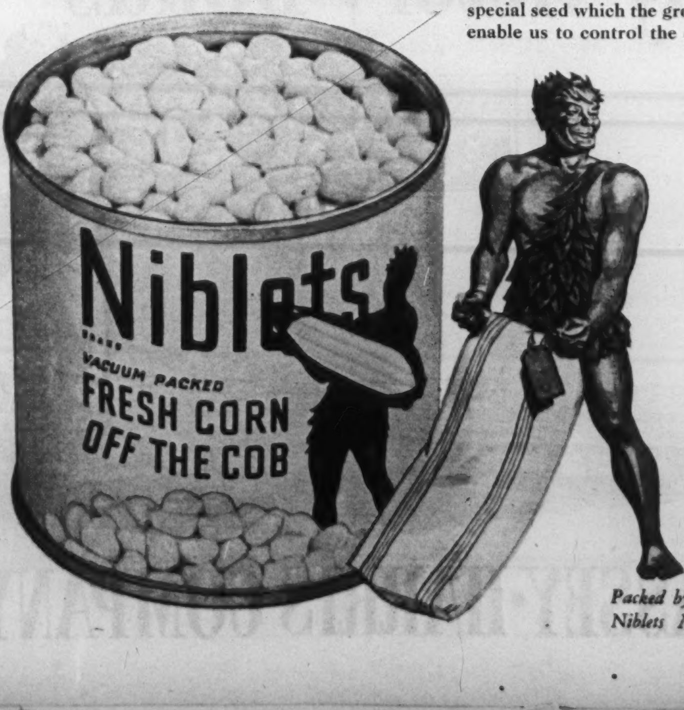

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New Labor "Hot Spot" Is Union Security

By MURRAY COTTERILL

The dues checkoff and the union shop are the collective bargaining issues most likely to cause friction in current and future management-labor relations, says this spokesman for labor. He thinks that laws covering the subject will finally smooth out the trouble just as laws have cooled down early-war arguments about union recognition.

Secretary of the Toronto Labor Council, Mr. Cotterill, is a labor writer who believes that everybody should know all sides of labor-management arguments if settlement of such issues is to be as peaceful and effective as possible.

A FEW years ago "union recognition" was the hot spot in Canadian management-labor relations. It cooled off only when governments stepped in with laws clearly defining just what employers had to accept and just what unions had to guarantee. Today a new hot spot is developing. The issue now is "union security".

The classic employer and union arguments are somewhat reversed this time. Employer opponents claim that union security provisions in collective bargaining agreements interfere with the rights and liberties of the workers. Union proponents, on the other hand, insist that such provisions are necessary to encourage employee responsibility.

Laws establishing a degree of compulsory union security have already been passed by the Saskatchewan C.C.F. government. With Ontario and Dominion elections approaching it is reported that similar laws are being considered by the orthodox parties as campaign promises which might attract union votes.

"Union security" is a general term covering the inclusion in a union-management agreement of the dues checkoff and some form of stabilized union membership.

Of these two, the checkoff is least controversial. It is an act of employer cooperation whereby, after having received a written directive from the individual employee-unionist, the management deducts union dues from the worker's paycheck and turns them over to some designated union officer. A similar written directive can discontinue the deduction should the employee change his mind.

Management Objections

Management objections to the checkoff vary. Some more blunt employers frankly state that they can see no reason why they should help collect dues for some organization which they didn't invite into their factory. Others complain that the union is saddling them with the expense.

The unions counter with the argument that collective bargaining can't possibly function without a bit of cooperation by both parties involved and that, since the union is the employees' choice, it has a right to expect that cooperation. Replying to the complaint of extra expense, the unions point out that managements are already checking off income taxes, unemployment insurance, bond payments and many other items from employee pay envelopes. This is usually done by machine, and with only a small adjustment, union dues can be added to this list.

There has been an increasing acceptance of the checkoff within recent months. The standard agreement reached last fall between the Packinghouse Workers and the big meat packers established the checkoff in that industry. The United Mine Workers long ago won a Nova Scotia law which makes the checkoff obligatory should an employee majority favor the system. Recent releases by the United Steelworkers show that scores of base metal and metal fabricating firms have recently signed checkoff contracts. Government Conciliation Boards have almost invariably recommended the checkoff in union security disputes referred to them. The Saskatchewan laws make inclusion of the individually-authorized checkoff mandatory in any collective agreement, should it be requested by the certified union.

But, if there has been a tendency to accept the checkoff without much argument, the maintained membership aspects of union security are setting off plenty of disagreements. Because these features are likely to cause the most trouble and therefore get the most publicity in the near future, it would be well to define them. All too often they are all lumped under the common label of the "closed shop", an innaccurate and therefore misleading term.

The "closed shop" is seldom an issue today. It is an old, well-established formula worked out by craft and journeyman groupings and found most frequently in the construction, printing and garment trades. Under the formula the union agrees to establish certain trade standards, to see to it that journeymen train accredited apprentices. The contracting employer agrees to limit the proportion of journeymen and apprentices and does all his hiring through the union office.

Only Bargaining Machine

The modern industrial unions, operating in factories where there are all sorts of different tradesmen as well as semi-skilled and unskilled production workers, are not after the "closed shop". Their low dues merely cover the cost of maintaining an effective collective bargaining machine; they prefer to see government pay for the training of new workers and are not interested in maintaining a job placement service which Selective Service can handle just as effectively. The industrial unions are after the "union shop".

Under the provisions of "union shop" agreement, all employees, old and new, automatically become members of the union for the duration of the twelve-month agreement.

The usual first management reaction to such a proposal is blank, definite refusal. The employer envisages the power which the union would have were all workers to belong to its organization. Furthermore many employers honestly feel that enforced membership is a violation of democracy and of individual freedom of choice. Even those who are not concerned about the principles involved worry about the many "old hands" who, having been brought up in an atmosphere of anti-unionism, are resentful of the new dispensation.

The union counter-argument is that, if management wants to see its agreement honored by the employees, the union, as representative of the employees, must be in a position to enforce observance of the contract. Without the "union shop", non-union employees can break rules, incite trouble, slow down or even strike and the union must take the blame. Or some union member may tear up his card just because the organization refuses to defend some action.

Undemocratic?

Countering the charge that compulsory membership is undemocratic, the unions point out that people pay taxes to maintain a government whether they voted for the party in power or not. If non-union workers would not accept the machinery of collective bargaining or any benefits won by the union, the union would not insist upon their membership. But since all workers accept protection from and benefits secured by the labor organization, the members of that organization feel that all employees should contribute their share of the cost and accept their share of the responsibility. They argue further that when a union disciplines a member following a fair trial by a tribunal of fellow-members, any action taken cannot help but be more democratic than any arbitrary disciplinary decision made by an employer. What is more, contracts are limited by law to twelve months. At the end of the contract period any mandatory membership would no longer apply.

The U.S.A., confronted with this same problem in the early war days, worked out a compromise. In recompense for wage and other wartime restrictions on direct collective bargaining, the unions were granted a "maintenance of membership" clause in their contracts. Under this formula all members of the union at the time the agreement was signed, any persons joining the union during the contract period and all newly-hired employees were to accept union membership as a condition of employment as long as the agreement remained in effect. Holdouts among previous employees were excluded.

This same "maintenance of membership" compromise is the basis of the Saskatchewan law, the only difference being that, in Saskatchewan, returning ex-servicemen are not compelled to accept union membership when they hire on with a contracting employer.

Boards of Conciliation operating under Federal Order-in-Council P.C. 1003, which covers collective bargaining in war plants, have not yet shown any tendency to recommend either the "union shop" or the "maintenance of membership" variant. They are, however, recommending a so-called "irrevocable checkoff" which, as its name suggests, provides for a voluntary checkoff directive which, once signed, commits the employee for the period of the contract.

In view of the Saskatchewan precedent, however, it is unlikely that some form of legally-prescribed mandatory membership can be long avoided. Elections are scheduled for Ontario, a key industrial province with a strong union movement, and for the Dominion as a whole. The uncertainty of party futures coupled with labor's constant demands for laws guaranteeing union security can hardly help but result in concessions, at least in the form of campaign promises, from the old parties.

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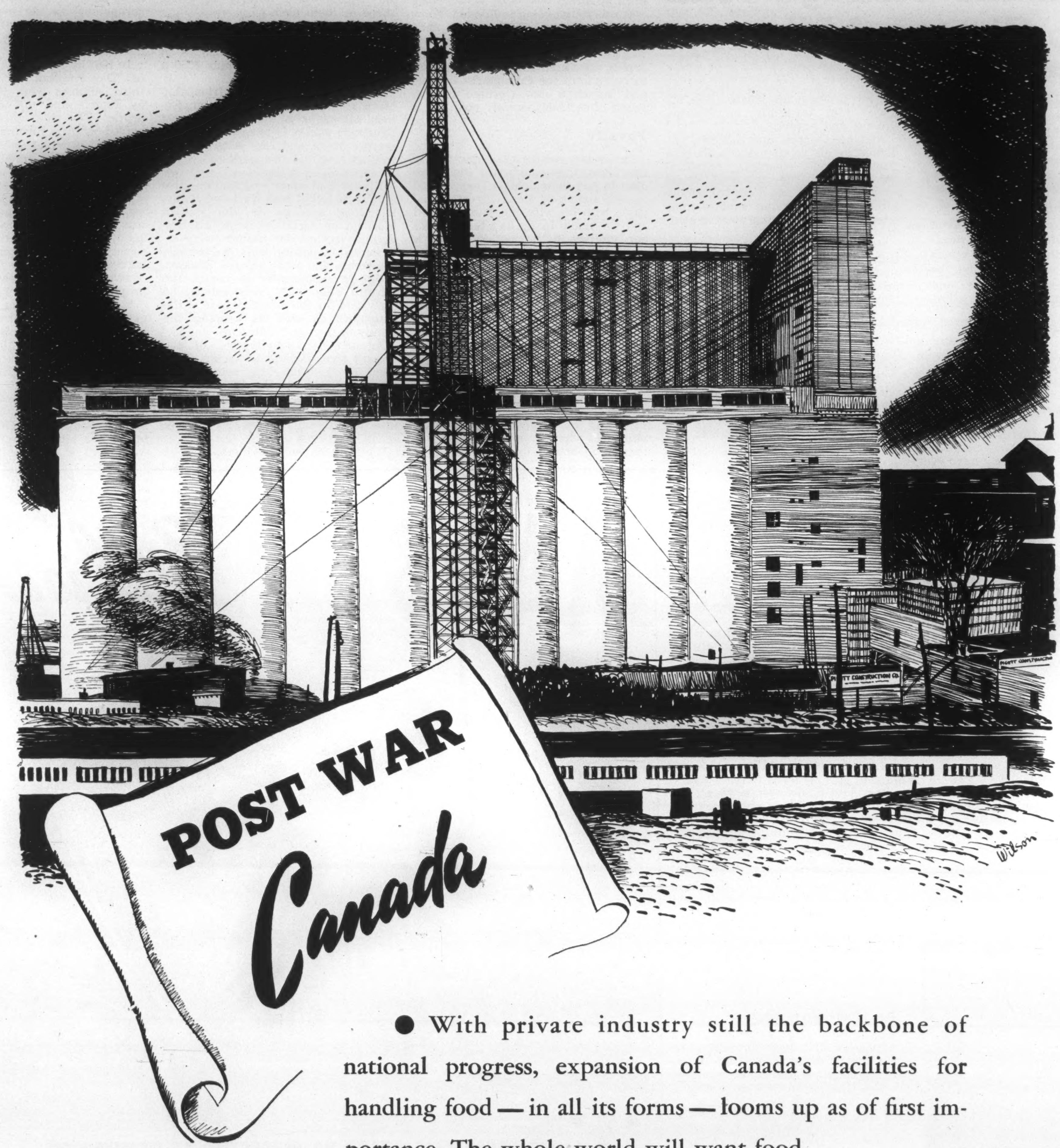

● With private industry still the backbone of national progress, expansion of Canada's facilities for handling food — in all its forms — looms up as of first importance. The whole world will want food.

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Marx, the Strange Man Who Changed History

By ERIC BENNETT

Karl Marx has had a more important influence on world history, Mr. Bennett says, than any other man of the past hundred years. A strange personal mixture of bad temper and bitterness he had two life-long ideals: his wife and his political beliefs.

Assisted by Engels, he lived most of his life in poverty steadily propounding the ideas which have to an extent changed the course of world affairs and which are still very much alive.

HE died in London 62 years ago — on March 4, 1883. He was a bearded, egotistical, quarrelsome man who had spent his life in a bitter struggle against poverty and ill-health — a struggle for an idea which he believed would create Utopia on earth.

His name was Karl Marx.

Although not one in a hundred of the people who talk of him have ever read his works or clearly understood his teachings, Karl Marx has influenced world history more than any other man of the past hundred years —and that goes for Adolf Hitler too.

This German Jew, who hated Russia — the Czarist Russia of his day — was the inspiration of Lenin and the spiritual father of the Soviet Union. By the touchstone of Marxism, the creed he created, the citizens of every country of the world decide their political alignment — to the Right or the Left.

Karl Heinrich Marx was born on May 5, 1818, in Trier. His father was a Jewish lawyer who had been converted to Christianity, and Karl was baptized as a Protestant. In Trier he went to the local high school, where, as was to be the case all his life, his mathematics were weak but his essays remarkable.

In Trier he fell in love. The girl was Jenny von Westphalen — "The first lady of Trier." She was the daughter of a high Government official, a descendant of the Earl of Argyle, who was beheaded in the reign of James II.

Out of all miseries and bitterness which made up Marx's life that love affair shines like a star. When Jenny married him she sacrificed everything for his life and his ideals. She followed him faithfully in sickness, squalor and poverty.

And he, morose, quarrelsome, vindictive in his relationship with both friends and enemies, remained throughout a "devoted and single hearted husband and a cordial, kindly father, only somewhat cantankerous when it came to putting up with sons-in-law."

His engagement sent him to Bonn University in high spirits, and the stern philosopher of dialectical materialism, as he was to become, let himself go in occasional undergraduate carouses. Then he went to Berlin University, where he studied law, history and philosophy: more fervently he absorbed the Radical or Socialist doctrines of his day.

These put paid to all idea of his following a university career. He went to Cologne, joined the staff of the radical *Rheinische Zeitung*, and in October 1842 became the editor.

Nowadays many familiar services follow troops to front line areas. Such is this Dutch motor bus, once used by the Germans, which has been adapted for use as a mobile library, offering a wide variety of reading matter to our soldiers.

His Friend Engels

One month later a tall, slim, fair-headed young man named Friedrich Engels walked into the office. He was the son of a wealthy cotton spinner of Barmen. He had written several contributions to the *Rheinische Zeitung*, and he was making a passing visit to the editor on his way to take up work in his father's Manchester office.

Marx had already decided to break with the Berlin Socialists. He received young Engels coldly, cut short his conversation with a brusque "Bon voyage to England" and went back to his work.

That was the first meeting of two men whose names have become inseparable. For it was Engels who later saved Marx from starvation, it was Engels who made it possible for Marx to give his ideas to the world.

They met again over a year later in Paris, where Marx had gone after his paper had been suppressed and he had married Jenny. There the two men began to discover the affinity of their minds, and they became still more intimate in Brussels, whither they journeyed after Marx had been expelled from France at the request of the Prussian Government.

Together they founded the Communist League, which had a handful of adherents in Brussels, Paris, and London. Together in 1848 they published the Communist Manifesto.

The Class Struggle

In this historic document Marx and Engels set forth the doctrine of the class struggle and the first outlines of the Marxist materialist view of history.

It argues that the capitalists who in the cause of liberty and progress curtailed the powers of kings, Church and aristocracy, have themselves usurped the power and by controlling the means of production have made the modern State in their own image.

But in doing so they have called into being a working class, solely dependent on wages. This proletariat in turn develops a will of its own, becomes a power, must arise and overthrow its masters and establish a new form of State corresponding to the needs of modern productive forces.

A few months later it seemed as if this new world were already at hand. It was 1848, the year of revolution. Throughout Europe thrones were tottering. It was the time for action.

Marx and Engels hurried to Cologne and launched a revolutionary daily paper. But the dawn of the new era swiftly faded. Within a year the paper had been suppressed, Marx tried and acquitted on a charge of treason, and expelled from Prussian territory.

Back to Paris, where he was promptly given the option of retiring to the countryside or leaving France. So in 1849 Karl Marx, his wife Jenny, and two small children came to London, and here he lived and worked until he died.

It was tough going in London. Marx believed that "the writer should earn in order to work but he must not work in order to earn," and the philosopher of Communism, after trying to reorganize the Communist League and launch a new German review, found himself desperately poor.

Poverty

In Chelsea, where the Marx family first lived, they had to sell their bedding to pay their debts. They moved to two rooms in Dean Street, Soho. Here, with his wife and four children and the maid Jenny had taken from her mother, he struggled to work amid the smell of cooking and the dampness of washing.

His only income was from a series of letters he wrote for the New York *Tribune*, for which he received a guinea for each one published. Often the family would sit hungrily at home while Marx walked from Soho to the City, pacing the streets outside the bankers until a new draft from America was honored for payment.

His life was made possible only by the generosity of Engels, who, sweating away in the Manchester office which he hated, never failed to answer an appeal for help. By 1856 Jenny Marx had borne six children, two sons and four daughters, but in the squalor and poverty of Soho, three of them died.

In 1856 Marx was able to move to Haverstock Hill, Hampstead. And in 1869 Engels retired from business in Manchester and offered Marx £350 a year.

Throughout their long friendship Marx treated his subsidies from Engels rather as a matter of course. Gratitude was not conspicuous in the morose Marx, and Engels' generosity was as much of the spirit as of the purse.

Illness and sheer exhaustion also took their toll of both Karl and Jenny. His long sessions in the British Museum on social research, his desperate writings for money, were interrupted by painful boils, eye trouble, headaches and other painful illnesses.

But in sickness or in health the faithful Engels always stood by; he even paid for the music lessons of the daughters as well as keeping the family in food and delicacies. .

Against this background of incessant struggle and bickering, Karl Marx worked on. He became the effective leader of the International Working Men's Association which was founded in 1864, and although the International only lasted 12 years, its spirit has never died.

While these political birthpangs of Communism were agitating the world — and in the political struggles of the time Marx was as ruthless and unscrupulous as he was in raising money to keep himself and family — he was working on the book by which his name is known.

In 1867 he published the first volume of "Das Kapital." The second and third volumes were pieced together by Engels and published after his death. The chief theme of this involved work is the theory of surplus value: a complicated theory, which deals with the amount of surplus value which, says Marx, the capitalist, filches from the laborer's work.

The life of hardship in pursuit of an idea took its toll before the work was complete. In 1882 the faithful Jenny, who had sacrificed comfort, society, the rich elegance of a high-born Germany family for the squalor of two rooms in Soho and service to a prophet, died.

In the next year, on March 14, Engels, and the faithful maid Lenchen, who had served her mistress from the prosperity of Trier through all adversity to the final scene at Hampstead, found Karl dead in his armchair.

The armchair is now in the Museum of the Revolution in Moscow. Karl Marx's body is in Highgate Cemetery. His ideas, whether you agree with them or not, are living yet.

MARS Still is Boss!

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20-501

India's Grand Hotel, A Novel In Itself

By JOHN HILL

Calcutta's Grand Hotel has gone to war and, formerly one of the world's great luxury hotels, now is a leave and transit hostel for officers of the Allied Forces. Though some of the luxury has gone it is still as colorful as ever and, Mr. Hill says, in it in a few days any journalist could pick up enough stories of the Burma War to last a year or could piece together the whole jig-saw of the war in South East Asia.

Calcutta.

VICKY BAUM wrote a famous novel about a Grand Hotel. In Calcutta today there is a Grand Hotel which all but writes a novel about itself—a novel of the War in the Jungle.

Calcutta's "Grand" is to the war in South East Asia what Cairo's Shepherds was to the war in the Western Desert. Across its threshold have ebbed and flowed the tides of Burma battle, in its corridors have piled up the flotsmam and jetsam of the war in the jungle. When the fighting men come home and the war is a thing of memory, Calcutta's Grand Hotel will hold easy rank among the famous caravanserais of World War II.

Past the two alabaster lions that guard its doorstep surge officers in the uniforms of half-a-dozen nations. But today all colors give way before one—the jungle-stained green of the drill battledress of the 14th Army. And in long lines on the pegs in the cloakroom hang row upon row of disreputable bush-hats, each with its own rich character of curve and dent, like some Hill Billy cartoon.

Merely by sitting at a table for a few days in the Grand's green dining hall any journalist could pick up enough first-hand stories of the Burma War to last a year. Merely by sleeping a week in its crowded bedroom dormitories one can piece together the whole jigsaw of this war of many fronts and no front at all—each piece contributed by a man who has helped to make it.

War Grown Up

At lunch opposite me sat a lieutenant who had left England only four weeks ago. Opposite him sat an infantry major who left England on exactly the same date—four years ago. Between them lay a vast gulf of experience. But the Far Eastern war the lieutenant was going to sample would be a very different thing from the dreary, drawn-out, despairing affair the major had known.

The lieutenant had come to pry out the Japs jungle-hid secrets with the camera eyes of the R.A.F. and stereoscopic lenses. An ex-gunner, when his coastal defence battalion had found itself out of a job he had set to and learned the new trade of air photo interpretation, and now here he was young and eager and with the look of England still fresh upon him.

At dinner was a captain just flown in, sad at being posted back to India after many tough months with the 36th Division, the All-British division which had fought its way down from north of Myitkina. Very beautiful it had been in those teak forests, he said. But our artillery barrage hadn't penetrated the trees and the Japs had burrowed deep underground, roofing their dug-outs with stout teak logs. It had been tough going. Every ten or fifteen miles they made a new airstrip. Their transport drove a track through the jungle but as they moved on the jungle walls closed in behind them.

At breakfast next morning a Chinese lieutenant and a colonel who told us he'd been in the Indian Army twenty-five years. "Yes, a quarter of a century, sighed the colonel reflectively. But he loved India and he loved the Indian soldier and it had been good. Though his last home leave had been in 1938 he was well content to go on, doing the job he knew. The Chinese lieutenant had been a reporter on an important Cantonese newspaper when the Japs came down. The paper had shut down and he had joined the Army. "What else could I do," he said, smiling and suave on two weeks' leave in Calcutta.

At lunch a young Rhodesian officer with the East Africans on his way to a "course," bursting with pride in South Africa.

The Fourteenth they say is the most cosmopolitan army in the world. A short stay at Calcutta's Grand Hotel substantiates that claim. "Hot Cakes 1 rupee a plate" proclaims the card on the breakfast table.

"Officers Only"

This is an "Officers Only" hotel—the only big hotel of that kind in India. It is so because from floor to ceiling it is reserved as a leave and transit hostel for officers and wives of men of the Allied forces. The Field Cashier has a little room off the main lobby, and upstairs is the M.O. and the Military Representative who receives all complaints. A notice in the lobby warns officers from forwards to go on taking their mepacrine tablets and tells them where to get them. There is an Arms Room where an M.P. lance-corporal sits on duty day and night surrounded by the weapons and ammunition of the hotel's guests and an enormous gallery of pin-up girls, crowned incongruously by portraits of Winston Churchill and Eisenhower.

Upstairs, beds are six and seven to a room in what was once one of the East's foremost luxury hotels. But the food is good—even elaborate and the place is generally admitted to be well organized. It has to be. Officers arrive and leave at all hours of the day and night, often on vital errands. There are times when the crush round the reception desk is reminiscent of a football game.

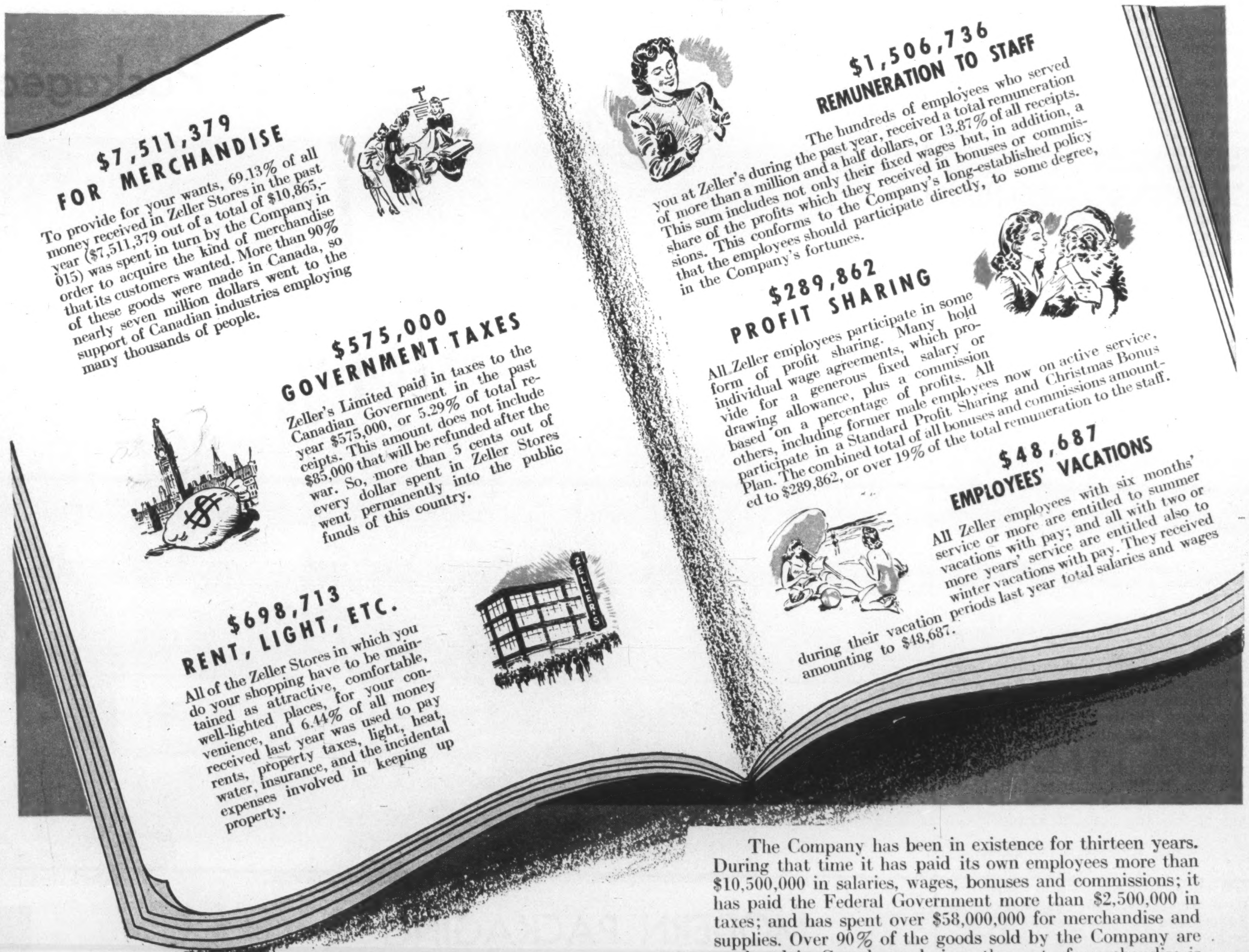
But to men for whom this is an oasis separating months in the jungle from more months in the jungle, a little overcrowding is neither here nor there. For them clean linen, good food, real beds and service at the touch of a bell are paradise enough. There is nothing like war for enforcing the lesson that all things are relative.

Free Enterprise in Action

SOME FACTS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA

During the past year, the cash registers in Zeller's Stores rang up a total of over $10,800,000. Believing that our customers will be interested in learning where their money goes, we are outlining a few highlights from the Company's latest Annual Report. A copy of the report, as submitted to Shareholders, which gives more complete details of the Company's operations and policies, will be sent free on request.

Zeller's Limited is a Canadian Company, maintaining 27 retail stores in 26 cities across Canada. The Company operates in Canada only, and is not controlled by, or affiliated with, any other organization.



$7,511,379 FOR MERCHANDISE

To provide for your wants, 69.13% of all money received in Zeller Stores in the past year ($7,511,379 out of a total of $10,865,015) was spent in turn by the Company in order to acquire the kind of merchandise that its customers wanted. More than 90% of these goods were made in Canada, so nearly seven million dollars went to the support of Canadian industries employing many thousands of people.

$575,000 GOVERNMENT TAXES

Zeller's Limited paid in taxes to the Canadian Government in the past year $575,000, or 5.29% of total receipts. This amount does not include $85,000 that will be refunded after the war. So, more than 5 cents out of every dollar spent in Zeller Stores went permanently into the public funds of this country.

$698,713 RENT, LIGHT, ETC.

All of the Zeller Stores in which you do your shopping have to be maintained as attractive, comfortable, well-lighted places, for your convenience, and 6.44% of all money received last year was used to pay rents, property taxes, light, heat, water, insurance, and the incidental expenses involved in keeping up property.

$1,506,736 REMUNERATION TO STAFF

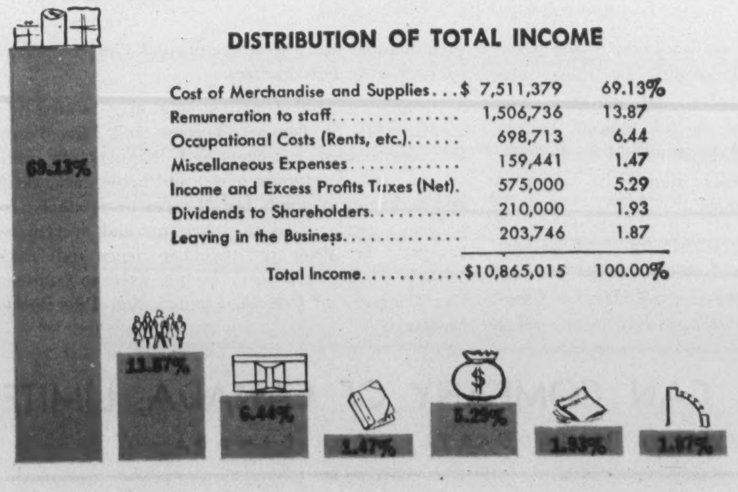
The hundreds of employees who served you at Zeller's during the past year, received a total remuneration of more than a million and a half dollars, or 13.87% of all receipts. This sum includes not only their fixed wages but, in addition, a share of the profits which they received in bonuses or commissions. This conforms to the Company's long-established policy that the employees should participate directly, to some degree, in the Company's fortunes.

$289,862 PROFIT SHARING

All Zeller employees participate in some form of profit sharing. Many hold individual wage agreements, which provide for a generous fixed salary or drawing allowance, plus a commission based on a percentage of profits. All others, including former male employees now on active service, participate in a Standard Profit Sharing and Christmas Bonus Plan. The combined total of all bonuses and commissions amounted to $289,862, or over 19% of the total remuneration to the staff.

$48,687 EMPLOYEES' VACATIONS

All Zeller employees with six months' service or more are entitled to summer vacations with pay; and all with two or more years' service are entitled also to winter vacations with pay. They received during their vacation periods last year total salaries and wages amounting to $48,687.



DISTRIBUTION OF TOTAL INCOME

Cost of Merchandise and Supplies...	$ 7,511,379	69.13%
Remuneration to staff..............	1,506,736	13.87
Occupational Costs (Rents, etc.)......	698,713	6.44
Miscellaneous Expenses............	159,441	1.47
Income and Excess Profits Taxes (Net).	575,000	5.29
Dividends to Shareholders..........	210,000	1.93
Leaving in the Business.............	203,746	1.87
Total Income...........	$10,865,015	100.00%

The Company has been in existence for thirteen years. During that time it has paid its own employees more than $10,500,000 in salaries, wages, bonuses and commissions; it has paid the Federal Government more than $2,500,000 in taxes; and has spent over $58,000,000 for merchandise and supplies. Over 90% of the goods sold by the Company are produced in Canada, and since the cost of merchandise is largely the cost of the labor required to produce it, it can be conservatively estimated that over the past thirteen years the Company's operations have resulted in more than $50,000,000 finding its way into the pay envelopes of Canadians. This includes those who work for the Company and those engaged in producing goods and bringing them to the Company's stores. For the same period the Shareholders, whose financing made it possible to establish the business, received $941,563.

The Company's policy is based on the firm belief that its success depends entirely on maintaining just relations with its customers, its employees, and its suppliers, and on its ability to be an asset to the communities in which it operates.

This is an example of modern Free Enterprise in action.

ZELLER'S LIMITED

Head Office: 1253 McGILL COLLEGE AVE., MONTREAL

RETAILERS TO THRIFTY CANADIANS

Trend of Population Is Against Britain

By R. F. LAMBERT

The trend of population promises to have a powerful influence on the future of Europe. Britain, except for Scotland, has reached its population peak, and from now on will start a decline. France and Germany and the other industrialized countries are in approximately the same position. But in other countries, such as Albania, Greece and Poland, where the industrial revolution is still to come or is just getting underway, populations are rapidly increasing.

WHEN THE Big Three discussed Europe's postwar frontiers at Yalta, their decisions were doubtless influenced by the fact that while the populations of some European countries are rapidly increasing, others will shortly decline. The distribution of Europe's inhabitants in 25 years' time will be very different from what it is now, and no peace settlement can succeed unless it takes this into consideration.

The probable future trend of population up to 1970 is outlined in a League of Nations publication entitled "The Future Population of Europe and the Soviet Union", and for Englishmen it makes disturbing reading. Today Britain with 47 million inhabitants has the third largest population in Europe. In 1970 this will have dropped to 43 millions, as against Italy's 49 millions. Poland, although with a smaller total population than Britain's, will have about three-quarters of a million more men of military age.

Industrial Revolution

The authors base their predictions on methods that have proved successful in the past. When the Industrial Revolution started in Britain at the end of the last century, the population rose between ten and fifteen per cent each decade, largely owing to the sudden increase in the expectation of life. But as the death rate fell, so the birth rate fell also, and even more rapidly; now they are nearly the same. It is believed that England and Wales reach their population peak this year with 41.1 millions; by 1970 they will have only 37.1 millions. Scotland's population will increase till 1955, after which a decline will set in there also.

Because the Industrial Revolution started in Britain, other countries have not reached such an advanced stage; but it is clear that they may be expected to follow the same lines. The most highly industrialized nations on the Continent (apart from Russia, whose case is peculiar) are France, Germany, the Low Countries and the Baltic Countries. All have populations that are rapidly stabilizing or (in the case of France) actually falling.

The other countries are more backward. Albania, for example, still has her industrial revolution to come; the same is partly true of Greece, Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania and, to a lesser extent, of Spain, Portugal and Italy. The death rate in these countries is falling as a result of western methods of hygiene, while the birth rate remains high. As might be expected, their populations are rapidly increasing.

Backward Areas to Increase

Between now and 1970 the population of north-western and central Europe is expected to drop from 236 to 225 millions; that of southern and eastern Europe to rise from 172 to 192 millions. The biggest increases will come in the most backward countries, many of which already have difficulty in feeding their people. Poland, for instance, is expected to have five million more inhabitants, and this will doubtless be taken into account when fixing her frontier with Germany.

But a mere adjustment of frontiers will not solve the problem. If eastern Europe is to support an additional 20 millions, her economy will have to be radically altered. Already in countries such as Rumania farms have been split up to such an extent that the land will not support any more people, and the surplus have to find work in the towns. Vast new industries must be built up to provide employment for the extra millions, and it is to the west that their governments will look for the plant and capital with which to get these industries going.

Migration Within Europe

In the past, much of Europe's surplus population has emigrated overseas, but this outlet is now reduced. It is possible, however, that there will be considerable migration from east to west within Europe itself. This had started in France before the war, although considerations of national prestige prevented it from developing to a large extent. But France's population is about to decline considerably, and she may decide to encourage immigration for her own security.

Germany's position is unusual, but Europe's peace-makers will certainly have no reason to provide her with extra territory to absorb an increasing population, as Hitler once demanded. When the Nazis took over in 1933 Germany's birth rate was 14.7 per thousand, one of the lowest in Europe. By 1940 the Nazis had raised this to 20 per thousand, largely by means of fuller employment, intensive propaganda and marriage loans. If this favorable trend continues, Germany's population will increase slightly till 1955 and then fall by 1970 to approximately the same figure as for 1940—about 70 millions. Since Germany's neighbours to the east will all have considerably larger populations by 1970, there is no conceivable reason why they should be expected to abandon an inch of territory.

It is possible that following defeat Germany's birth rate will drop suddenly, as it did after the last war. But the Nazis have done everything possible to keep it up, and until the end of 1942 they had had considerable success. By 1970 Germany will still have the second largest population in Europe, and her position as regards France and Britain will be more favorable than it is now. There are many ways of preparing for the next war, and that of producing as many babies as possible is quite the most difficult to prevent.

But the country which is going to have the greatest alteration in population by 1970 is Russia; fortunately she has such a huge amount of land that she will have no difficulty in absorbing the extra millions. In 1939 Russia had 170 million inhabitants—twice as many as Germany and four times as many as France. By 1970 she is expected to have 250 millions, which will amount to more than half the number of inhabitants of all the rest of Europe combined.

So although our own population and those of our neighbors are due to decline, the problem confronting the Big Three is how to provide for the vastly increased numbers of people who will inhabit Europe in a few years' time. Only the boldest and most far-seeing arrangements will prevent fresh causes of unrest breaking out in Europe within less than a generation.

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Wanted, Chaplains For Canadian Industry

By A. C. FORREST

The fruitful work of chaplains in the armed services has already led to the placing of chaplains in some large war plants. The writer suggests that they may well fill an important place in postwar industry generally.

To the question "In industry wouldn't a personnel counsellor or social worker be better?", Mr. Forrest replies that whoever does the counselling and interviewing must fundamentally be religious, inasmuch as his handling of these matters will require moral judgment, Christian ethics and a large measure of faith.

THE story is told of a certain Canadian city where in the early years of the war an R.C.A.F. school was set up, and one of the local ministers was appointed part-time chaplain. Some months later the school was enlarged and the establishment raised for a full-time man; the minister went back to full work in his Church.

One day one of his officials challenged him with: "I don't see why it is that an Air Force school with five hundred or so boys needed a chaplain, while our factory over there with two thousand employees can get along without one."

The young minister thought about it, and eventually went to the management of the factory. After long discussion he was given an opportunity to work in the factory as a part-time chaplain. They relegated him to a remote corner with a small stuffy office, a table and two straight-backed chairs. In a month he had a new well-located office, a desk and some easy chairs. He had proved by the number of employees who came to him with all kinds of personal problems, that he had an important job to do.

His experiment was not new. Spasmodically American industries have toyed more or less unsuccessfully with chaplains in their plants. Failures often came with labor-management strife, when the chaplain was unable to keep from being identified with one or the other group. Such a book as Upton Sinclair's "Little Steel" is illustrative.

The Church of Scotland since the outbreak of war has appointed many of its young ministers to such positions. They carefully organized their work, and many chaplains began their jobs by spending alternate weeks working in the factory at a machine or bench, and in their offices available for interviews. The experiment was successful there.

Some in Canada Now

In Canada the Church has appointed a number of young men to do this type of work in large war plants such as "Ajax" near Whitby, Ontario. It looks now as though the chaplain will have a place in the future of Canadian industry.

The work of the Canadian chaplain in uniform during the war has made him an indispensable man in most Navy training ships and bases, in Army camps and on Air Force stations. Thousands of young servicemen have learned to know a minister or clergyman for the first time in a human sort of way. Many who looked upon civilian ministers with a rather vague uneasiness will return from service life having gotten to know the padre as a normal person with broad sympathies and understanding, possessing an excellent education, and a reasonable quota of common sense.

The padres themselves are returning to civvy street with greatly broadened views of a minister's and his Church's work. All of them have received an extensive education in human relations and will be far better fitted to deal with personal and domestic problems which, if unsolved, can destroy human happiness and usefulness.

Such padres have found that every week dozens of their personnel will come to see them about little matters which may seem insignificant, but which to the individual are imporant. And the signficant thing is that these men who turn to the padre for help and advice may have had very tenuous Church connections, and under the ordinary set-up of the community Church would seldom even think of going to a minister for help or advice.

In a normal day in a padre's office (although his work varies greatly with the type of camp or station) he may anticipate having a dozen, more or fewer, interviews such as the following:

One will be a boy in financial trouble. Advice, a loan, or advance in pay may fix him up. Often the difficulty is symptomatic of something more important.

Another will be frustrated in his job. He probably doesn't get along with his officer or N.C.O. He needs someone to listen to him while he tells his story. Merely talking about it may help sufficiently. Advice may be helpful. Often a discreet word dropped to a brother officer in the mess, or a diplomatic telephone conversation between the padre and a friend in the section will help things along.

Another will want to talk about his ambitions after the war. The padre is a university graduate, usually with several years of post-graduate study. He should be a gentleman, who can talk about educational standards, and how long it takes to become a lawyer, or what the government is prepared to do for a chap wanting to build a house or keep chickens.

Need for Understanding

Probably someone will come in and talk vaguely about many preliminaries before he eventually comes to some religious or moral problem which troubles him deeply. Maybe it is something troubling his conscience and he has to tell it to someone. He needs understanding and sympathy and there will probably be several return visits.

Another is going to get married, and he wants some advice. Usually these boys want to talk pretty frankly, for they see so many unhappy marriages around them, and they want to make a success of their own. He will appreciate good advice on good and poor books in this field. He may be hoping to borrow a good book or article on the subject.

Another will be in to ask some technical question on where you find something in the Bible, because he has been arguing with someone in the mess. His quotation will possibly be twisted, or even be from Alexander Pope.

Another will want help on writing a letter or filling out an application.

Another will want some compassionate leave or posting. The reason: domestic problems, the most fruitful source of interviews. And so much domestic trouble is the inevitable result of separation, misunderstanding, and relying on letters which when poorly written frequently create more misunderstanding.

Another isn't getting along with his wife. Frequently a third party looking on the difficulty objectively can find the reason for incompatibility. Often it is religion. More often it is lack of religion. Frequently it is sexual.

Someone may even come in worrying about his family. His boy is growing up and is disobedient. Or the teen-aged daughter is running around till very late hours with some no-good across the street. This sort of thing, although relatively rare in the services because of the age of the men, is very very common in the industrial chaplain's office.

And then there are the informal interviews in locker-rooms, barracks, on a route march or in the snack bar. Later, a casual chat, and break-down of formalities will result in the padre being sought out for help.

One might ask, "But in industry wouldn't a personnel counsellor or social worker be better?" There is something to be said for this. But whoever does the counselling and interviewing must fundamentally be a religious person, for they are matters which require moral judgment, Christian ethics, and a large measure of faith.

When the suggestion of appointing a chaplain is made to the management of a factory or the labor union, what are they going to ask? For some will be worried about noon-hours crowded with prayer meetings and pep talks. They will be afraid of padres interfering and seeking special privileges for indolent workmen. Of sob stories about the sad plight of an ex-employee's family. They will fear open proselytizing, and what the Anglicans and Baptists are going to say if the chaplain happens to be a Presbyterian.

Would Help Local Churches

The answer to such natural scepticism is "Look to the armed services, where such potential problems always exist." Relatively there is no difficulty. Some padres created a few problems, but the ones they solved were almost infinitely more than what they created. As for the local churches, they should receive more support, and be assisted in their work by adequate counselling in a nearby factory.

Where there is labor-management difficulty, the padre would have to be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. But generally speaking a padre should be able to act as liaison between officers and men in the services.

One big question is: "Where will we get good men for such an experiment?" There is already a shortage of trained ministers for our Canadian churches. But some men will be recruited from the chaplain services. There promises to be many recruits for the ministry from the armed services who might be trained with this type of work in view.

In every industrial town and city there will be ministers, many overworked now it is true, who will be willing to undertake to serve as chaplains at least on a part-time basis.

Most enlightened Church boards, especially those with returned men sitting in places of influence will see that here is a great new opportunity for the Chrstian Church. They will be glad to assist their ministers to arrange their congregational work so as to assume these new responsibilities. And intelligent Christian men in both labor and management realizing the great possibilities of such work well done, will be glad to co-operate.

Recently, the Church has been frequently criticized and challenged to gear itself to the new day. For most branching out into the life of the people no longer means street-corner preaching. Modern techniques of religious education leave much to be desired. Door-to-door evangelism has its limitations.

But here is a department of work almost untouched, where the Church can branch out and serve. We have learned something from the few spasmodic attempts in the past; and we have learned more from the war. The need which has been experienced in fox-holes and life-boats is also experienced in a less dramatic way in shop and factory, office-building and school.

With experienced and proven chaplains returning to civilian life, and with veterans returning, so familar with a padre's job that they instinctively and unconsciously refer to civilian clergymen as "padre", it seems like the obvious and logical time for the Canadian Church to undertake such an experiment wisely and carefully, and on a wide scale.

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The Constitution An Obstacle to Unity

By FRANCIS X. CHAUVIN

Has the time arrived for a thorough revision of Canada's Constitution?

In his examination of this question, Mr. Chauvin answers in the affirmative. In this fifth article on National Unity, he traces Canada's development from the conquest and the Treaty of Paris in 1763, and reviews some of the difficulties arising from the B.N.A. Act, which he considers as no longer "practical, adaptable or effective".

IN previous articles in SATURDAY NIGHT, I have endeavoured to analyse, impartially and objectively, some of the causes of the lack of a genuine national unity in Canada. The subject is far from exhausted, but I believe that the dominant aspects of the question have been examined to a point where further elaboration seems unnecessary, particularly at this time. What is now left to be done is to draft some kind of national Charter which would serve as a beacon for all. In the attempt, I shall have to make a short excursion into history, in order to discover the background, as well as to scrutinize, particularly in this article, the situation resulting from the operation of our Constitution.

The Treaty of Paris, 1763, stripped France of the greatest and richest of the three colonial empires that she had succeeded in building between the twelfth and middle of the eighteenth century: in Asia, in Africa, and in North America. France was in Canada from 1608 to 1763, a period long enough to leave an ineffaceable imprint.

When the day of separation came, the larger part of the noblesse and the bourgeoisie returned to France with the troops, leaving behind some 60,000 colonists, for the most part uneducated sons of the soil, without any organizations other than the parish, and without any training in the art of administration or government. Their only natural defender was the clergy, but they had a weapon: the Treaty of Paris which guaranteed to them the two essential elements of human dignity: freedom of language and freedom of worship. In their plight and despair, they forged a motto: "live".

Grew and Grew

Live they did. Protected in their natural rights by successive Acts and Constitutions, 1774, 1791, 1840 and 1867), they developed with a prolificity that has filled many a sociologist with amazement. Ponder over these statistics: 1763, 60,000; 1791, 125,000; 1871, 1,083,000; 1931, 2,928,000; 1941, 3,452,000. And this despite hemorrhages that sent more than 1,000,000 to the textile factories of New England. This is what I referred to in the first of this series of articles, as the French-Canadian *fact*. It has been a *fact* for 337 years.

The English-speaking section of our population, through immigration and the Loyalist migrations in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, did not gain the ascendency in numbers until the middle of the nineteenth century. This strong influx continued with varying intensity until 1881, when a sort of stagnation was experienced which lasted until 1902. During that period of two decades only 1,322,000 entered the country, 84% British and Americans, 16% foreigners.

But the twentieth century witnessed a sudden and formidable resurge, due to the opening of the West. Between 1903 and 1914, no fewer than 2,677,000 immigrants entered Canada: 1,087,283 from the British Isles; 842,109 from the United States; and 747,927 others, chiefly Slavs and Mediterraneans. 42% of this influx went to the prairie provinces, 27% to Ontario, 15% to Quebec, 12% to British Columbia, and 4% to the Maritimes. It was during this period that the West took on that cosmopolitan colour which it has since retained.

The First Great War very naturally put an end to this flow of immigrants, yet between 1915 and 1919, 344,246 entries were registered, three-fifths of which were from the United States. The peace of 1919 brought a resumption of immigration that is worth making note of. Between 1920 and 1934, 1,523,842 immigrants entered Canada, distributed as follows: 634,000 from Britain (42%); 336,000 from the U.S.A. (22%); and 554,000 of exotic origin. The entries since 1934 have been negligible.

The foreign population of Canada, and I mention only the most important groups, is classed as follows (1941 census):

Germans	464,682
Ukrainians	305,929
Scandinavians	244,603
Hollanders	212,863
Jews	170,241
Polish	167,485

A total of 1,565,803, or about 9% of the whole, if we include the nationalities not mentioned in the above tabulation. What a problem in terms of national unity!

The territorial development of Canada by Britain, since the retreat of France in 1763, and particularly since the War of Independence (1776) is the expression of a will to establish on the North American continent, a British dominion or state distinct from the United States, and to maintain the unity of that dominion from one ocean to the other. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railways, a few years after Confederation, was the crowning of this long-range plan.

The British North America Act of 1867 united into one "confederation" the existing separate colonies of Ontario and Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, which were thereafter designated as provinces. In 1870, the N.W. Territories were transferred to Confederation and, in the same year, the newly-constituted Province of Manitoba entered the partnership. British Columbia came in in 1871, Prince Edward Island in 1873. In 1905, the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were created, thus bringing to a completion the original plan of 1776.

Make It Workable

There is no urge here for an historical review of our constitution. History text-books abound in which clear exposés of the facts relating to the conferences of Charlottetown, Quebec and London are given. It will suffice to state, at this time, that the British North America Act is a law passed by the British Parliament; it is not a Canadian law. This is a situation which is not consistent with Canada's international status. We should be endowed with the power to

Spring is in the Air...

Spring is a time of hope for our fighting men overseas just as it is for us in Canada. While *our* hope is for release from wartime difficulties and restrictions, *theirs* is for release from stark discomfort, cruel danger, wounds and death.

So let us, with our lighter burdens, be as realistic in our hoping as they are in theirs. The victories for which we are so thankful must not blind us to the stubborn core of fanaticism in our enemies — to the ruthless hate that fights on with the courage of despair.

Already it has brought a sharp increase in the price we expected to pay for victory. Deadly enemy weapons must still

amend our constitution (and make it a Canadian law) without the obligation to have recourse to the parliament of the United Kingdom. It seems that our dignity as a nation, autonomous and presumably sovereign, leaves us no other course.

But, in my opinion, we should not stop at making our constitution a Canadian law. We should, for the sake of national unity, make that Canadian law workable at home, in the relationships between the Federal and the several Provincial Governments. As it is our constitution is vulnerable on many points. If it is not precisely *vulnerable,* it is so fraught with difficulties of interpretation and inconsistencies in administration that it may definitely be said to be no longer practical, adaptable and effective.

Let us briefly examine that constitution. The B.N.A. Act was the outcome of a compromise between Canada and the Maritime colonies, a compromise in the sense that the colonies agreed to abandon some of their prerogatives and commit them to the hands of a central authority. The aim of the Fathers of Confederation was to establish a strong central government, and to grant certain definite rights to the provinces. "The true principle and power of Confederation lies in giving to the general government all the principles and powers of sovereignty, and in the provision that the subordinates or individual states should have no powers but those expressly bestowed upon them." (Sir John A. Macdonald to Parliament in 1861).

Thus the B.N.A. Act is the Charter not only of the Dominion Government, but also of the Provincial Legislatures. This Charter confers certain rights to legislate both to the Federal Government and to the Provincial Legislatures, and these rights are enumerated in Sections 91 and 92 of the Constitution (29 heads in the case of Section 91 and 16 in the case of Section 92). All the powers not specifically attributed fall under the jurisdiction of the Dominion.

Costly

It would seem, on the face of it, that this distribution of powers would preclude all disputes as to jurisdiction. But that is not the case. There is an endless number of questions left in the penumbra, with the result that since 1867 no fewer than six or seven hundred cases relative to jurisdiction have been submitted to tribunals for adjudication, at a cost to the country of several million dollars. Let me point to some of the difficulties.

In 1867, the objective was to establish an efficient balance between the powers of the Federal Government and those of the Provincial Legislatures. In order to perform its larger functions, the Federal Government was given unlimited taxing powers, and the Provincial governments, with purely local responsibilities to discharge, were given limited revenue-raising powers, sufficient (at that time) however, to meet their obligations. The population of Canada in 1867 was only three million and the total revenue of the Dominion was only $13,687,928, as against $14,071,689 in expenditures. The population was 80% rural (it is only 55% today), and it was economically independent and self-sufficient. The prairies were empty and British Columbia had a population of only 45,000 — 36,000 of red blood and 9,000 whites. There were no questions then of diplomatic representations; treaty-making was not our prerogative; there were still British garrisons in the country, and "social reforms were the *summum* of a dangerous radicalism" (Beauchesne, 1935).

Interdependence

As time passed by and Canada developed, industrially and commercially, self-sufficiency disappeared and interdependence became the economic condition of life. With this expansion, new responsibilities and new governmental functions made their appearance — unemployment relief, old-age pensions, social services in all forms, greater educational facilities, and so on. These new functions were declared by the Privy Council to belong to the provinces, which were considered to have power over "property and civil rights". In their endeavor to discharge those new responsibilities the provinces assumed financial burdens which they were unable to carry.

But that was not all (it is not yet all). Since the various provinces are not equally wealthy, there developed serious disparities among them in matters of social services and educational facilities. "These disparities in opportunities among provinces created a potent threat to *national unity* (the italics are mine) and impeded Canada's national development". (R. M. Fowler, *The B.N.A. Act and Nationhood,* 1944).

Not a "Confederation"

There are those who are fearful of a constitutional reform, because such a reform might endanger provincial rights. These "conformists" would appear to have a misconception of the term "confederation". Strictly speaking, Canada is not a confederation, because it is not a union of independent and sovereign states bound together by a pact or treaty, and recognized as sovereign states by international law. The best example of such a confederation is the Confederation of the Rhine created by Napoleon in 1815. The Canadian Confederation is not a pact, it is an Imperial law.

There are also those who hold that Confederation can endure only on condition that its foundation be not disturbed. Those theorists think in terms of provincial rights, and of minority rights as relating to language, religion, denominational schools, and other privileges. Such champions of minorities seemingly forget that it is the easiest thing imaginable to stipulate, in any reform of Canada's constitution, that no change affecting language, religion or political rights of a minority shall be valid without the consent of all the provinces.

One of the inconsistencies arising from the present constitutional setup may be seen in the Quebec legislature discussing in and out of season, the question of conscription, a question altogether out of its jurisdiction.

Let it be said, as a conclusion of this article, that Constitution reform does not mean the end of Confederation. It should, on the contrary — and it will — mean a new genuine collaboration and the end of isolationism.

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THE REPROOF VALIANT

BEETHOVEN'S house in Bonn, now said to be ruined by bombs, was a place of pilgrimage for musicians. In the living room stood the little square piano presented to the composer by Thomas Broadwood of London. A thin strip of plate glass covered the white keys, for too many tourists had been wont to play a few chords, and the curator had decided that something should be done about it.

The last tourist to play, before the curator made up his mind, was a young American girl who dashed off part of the Waldstein sonata. On rising she said, "I suppose you see a good many musicians."

The curator bowed, "Last week M. Paderewski was here."

"Oh! What did he play?"

"Nothing, miss. He said that he was not worthy."

...in Other Lands, too!

be outmatched and outmassed. Expendable supplies and munitions call for replacement at desperate speed. And — most cruel fact of all — thousands of precious Canadian lives remain in jeopardy.

Must we not, to justify our hope, re-dedicate ourselves in a stronger will to win . . . whet our determination to a keener edge? Today we are being asked to buy Victory Bonds. Surely we have learned by now that this is the sure way, indeed the only way, to help make our hopes come true!

For men and women of faith and courage this today is the one resolve: "I *must* buy Victory Bonds to my utmost limit!"

Invest In The Best

Buy VICTORY BONDS

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

India's Odd But Very "Proper" Parliament

By HARRY HOPKINS

Everything that is passed by the Central Assembly of British India may be vetoed by the Viceroy. Nationalists regard the Assembly as a farce. Yet every party in India has representatives on its benches who attend regularly.

They go primarily to make gestures against the "foreign oppressor", to make frontal attacks on the Government, and to get electric light bulbs in the lavatories of the national railway system. And in getting what they get they follow the most "parliamentary" parliamentary procedure.

I HAVE just been sitting in the public gallery of what must surely be one of the most curious Parliamentary assemblies in the world, the law-making body of one out of every four people on this earth. The Central Assembly of British India meets under the Federal Constitution of 1937, that grandiose structure erected after so many years of controversies and commissions, now as dead as a Ben Hur film set.

Everything this Parliament passes the Viceroy may veto. Everything it throws out he may pass into law himself. Yet from every corner of India, three or four times a year, M.L.A.s (Members of the Legislative Assembly) journey many thousands of miles to take their seats within the great red and white sandstone pillared circle of the Council House in Imperial New Delhi.

Every party has representatives on the benches. Today even Congress goes to the length of keeping a selection of its members out of gaol in order that they may sit upon its benches where, while daily conforming to its rituals, they pronounce the whole thing to be a farce.

What is the explanation of this phenomenon?

Curious Alliance

Though each year the Assembly in fact gets through quite a fair volume of valuable social reform legislation, for the Nationalist parties the Assembly represents principally an excellent opportunity for widely publicized gestures against the "foreign oppressor." Certainly it represents too good an opportunity to be missed. They use it as the Irish M.P.s once used the British House of Commons.

Last spring, brought into alliance by the common quality of being "agin the Government," Congress and the Muslim League threw out the Budget. This winter the same curious alliance administered a resounding rebuff to the Government's much vaunted post-war planning program.

I watched them do it at the time. The public gallery was crowded with eager youths, the Ladies' Gallery packed with girl students, ethereal in delicate colored saries. For this was to be the occasion of one of the rare orations of Bhulabhai Desai, Congress leader in the House—a highly successful barrister in private life like Motilal Nehru, Sapru and many other political leaders.

Father of five sons, Lord Rowallan Kilmarnock is the newly-elected Chief Scout of the Boy Scouts Association in England. Whether Lord Kilmarnock will become World Chief Scout, office held by the late Sir Robert Baden-Powell, will depend upon the decisions of the World Scout Council when war ends.

Standing there at his seat, stooping slightly, in his long grey Indian coat and close-fitting white pantaloons, grey hair fringed around his bald pate, he looked like an Indian edition of Cruikshank's Pickwick. But in his speech, delivered with admirable clarity and "bite" and perfect English diction, there was little of that gentleman's benignity.

"Bevins" Boys

No plan made by "alien interests" could serve any purpose, he said. And how he loved those two ugly little words "alien interests." If Congress' advice had been taken long ago there would now be no need to be sending boys for training to England. They would be there, ready trained. "Bevin Boys" they called them . . . "I say they are not Bevin boys . . . they are my boys . . ."

Desai's sitting down was the signal for the outbreak of a chorus of excited shouts . . . "that the question be now put!" The Government's new Planning Member, Sir Ardeshir Dalal, Tata director and signatory of the Bombay Plan, still had not made his eagerly awaited speech. No one at all had replied for the Government. The closure was carried amid great excitement. The Government had been well and truly put in its place. It had been an altogether excellent day.

But if this Parliament is a farce it is certainly a wonderfully polite farce. No slapstick here. Sitting three by three in their segments of the concentric semicircles of "pews" which form an Assembly Chamber on the continental model, the members make industrious notes on the baize-covered desk flaps which unfold before them, punctiliously conform to the rulings of "Mr. President" who sits enthroned in full-bottomed wig, the traditional British Speaker.

Variety of Garb

From the public gallery one looks down upon perhaps the most extraordinary assortment of dress and headgear to be encountered anywhere in the world . . . European lounge suits, white dhotis, Sikh turbans, snow white Gandhi caps making their wearers look like gigantic white Wyandottes, "pillbox" hats, red fezes, the magnificent gold-and-red Swiss bun hats of Western India.

The accents are as varied as the dress. To an Englishman in the gallery more than half the speeches delivered below may be intelligible only in their odd sentences. This is not because the English being spoken is bad—it isn't—but because it is delivered with the intonation of the speaker's own mother tongue. Oratory is a difficult art at the best of times. It becomes almost an impossibility in a tongue not one's own. The achievement of those Indian politicians who do deliver effective speeches in English is therefore doubly impressive.

Procedure closely follows the English model. Each day is opened by an hour's Question Time. This alone, filling many columns of type in the Indian newspapers, would make the Opposition parties' attendance worth while. It offers a first-class recurrent opportunity for quick-fire sniping.

But the targets display a dreary monotony. Month after month, and year after year, the same old Aunt Sallies are put up to be duly knocked down again amid cheers. The Government Members—the elderly, carefully dressed I.C.S. departmental chieftains — the famous "sun-dried bureaucrats"—from their places on the extreme left of the semi-circle of benches become masters in the art of taking cover behind the stiff blue folders which contain their briefs. The answer is in the negative . . . the honorable member's point will be considered . . . the department is taking steps . . . No, Sir.

No Electric Lights

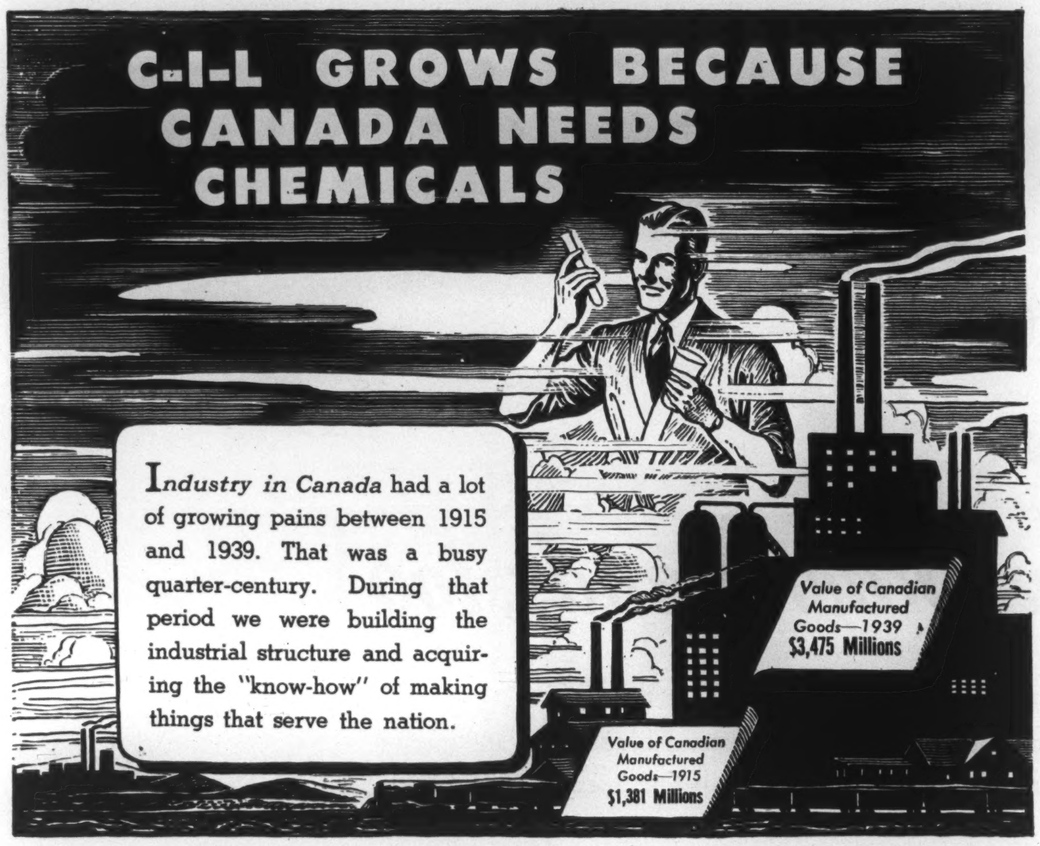
Distinction of being the questioners' favorite target belongs to plump, blunt-spoken Sir Edward Benthall, Railway Member. (Imperialist exploitation of the Indian railway system is one of the most hallowed of Nationalist cries.) "Why are there no electric light bulbs in the lavatories . . . ? "Is it not possible to do something to prevent the military from monopolizing second class carriages . . . ? "Is it a fact that a Muslim has not been found to fill the post of ticket inspector at Chotapur Station in accordance with the quota . . . ?"

In the second row of the Congress benches, a little chap wearing a black waistcoat open over his voluminous dhoti pops up. "Does the Honorable Member realise that I found it necessary to give ten rupees to the guard before I could secure railway accommodation . . . ?" Sir Edward Benthall rises, ponderously. "Am I to understand from the honorable member that he actually connived at a breach of railway regulations?" he asks in shocked tones.

The House even has its women members, firmly ploughing the Feminist furrow. Grey-haired, a figure of great dignity in her light brown sari, Mrs. Radhabai Subbaroyan intervenes in the planning debate to point out that it would be a grave error indeed to make plans which did not allow a place in them for women, and in deciding what that place should be, who should be consulted but the women themselves? Wartime history, particularly in America and Russia, had shown that there is no job that women cannot successfully tackle if they are trained for it. She speaks slowly, with great clarity, with long pauses to consult her notes. She makes an impression of self-possessed competence.

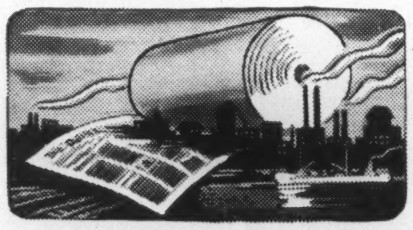
Whether, when India comes into her own, this oak-panelled chamber will ever ring with debates which will determine the destiny of 400 million people, whether substance will ever be given to this elaborate shadow play, the most reckless prophet would today hesitate to foretell, but a day in the public gallery in this imposing Council House should be enough to convince any European that if India does cleave to parliamentarianism her politicians will at least lack nothing in their mastery of its method.

C-I-L GROWS BECAUSE CANADA NEEDS CHEMICALS


Value of Canadian Manufactured Goods—1939 $3,475 Millions
Value of Canadian Manufactured Goods—1915 $1,381 Millions

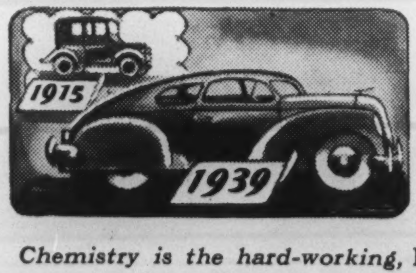
Industry in Canada had a lot of growing pains between 1915 and 1939. That was a busy quarter-century. During that period we were building the industrial structure and acquiring the "know-how" of making things that serve the nation.

Well, you say, what has that to do with Chemistry? Just this — that Chemistry produces things like chlorine and sulphuric acid and synthetic ammonia — things that other manufacturers simply must have as ingredients of manufacture.



1. *For example:* The value of newsprint produced in Canada was more than trebled between 1915 and 1939. The makers of newsprint — which is one of Canada's major industries — needed chlorine in order to bleach the pulp to produce white paper. C-I-L makes the chlorine from salt brine.

2. *Another:* Production of textile materials in Canada had grown by 1939 to almost 12% of the total volume of Canadian manufactured goods. C-I-L produced the chlorine for bleaching processes, dyestuffs needed to give colourfast shades and the caustic soda needed in the making of rayon.



3. *And then Automobiles:* 89,944 motor vehicles in Canada in 1915 jumped to 1,439,245 in 1939. C-I-L introduced the "Duco" and "Dulux" finishes that helped bring costs and prices down, by cutting finishing time from 24 days to 4 hours. Other chemicals, helped to put 10 times more mileage into tires, and antioxidants put more power into gasoline!

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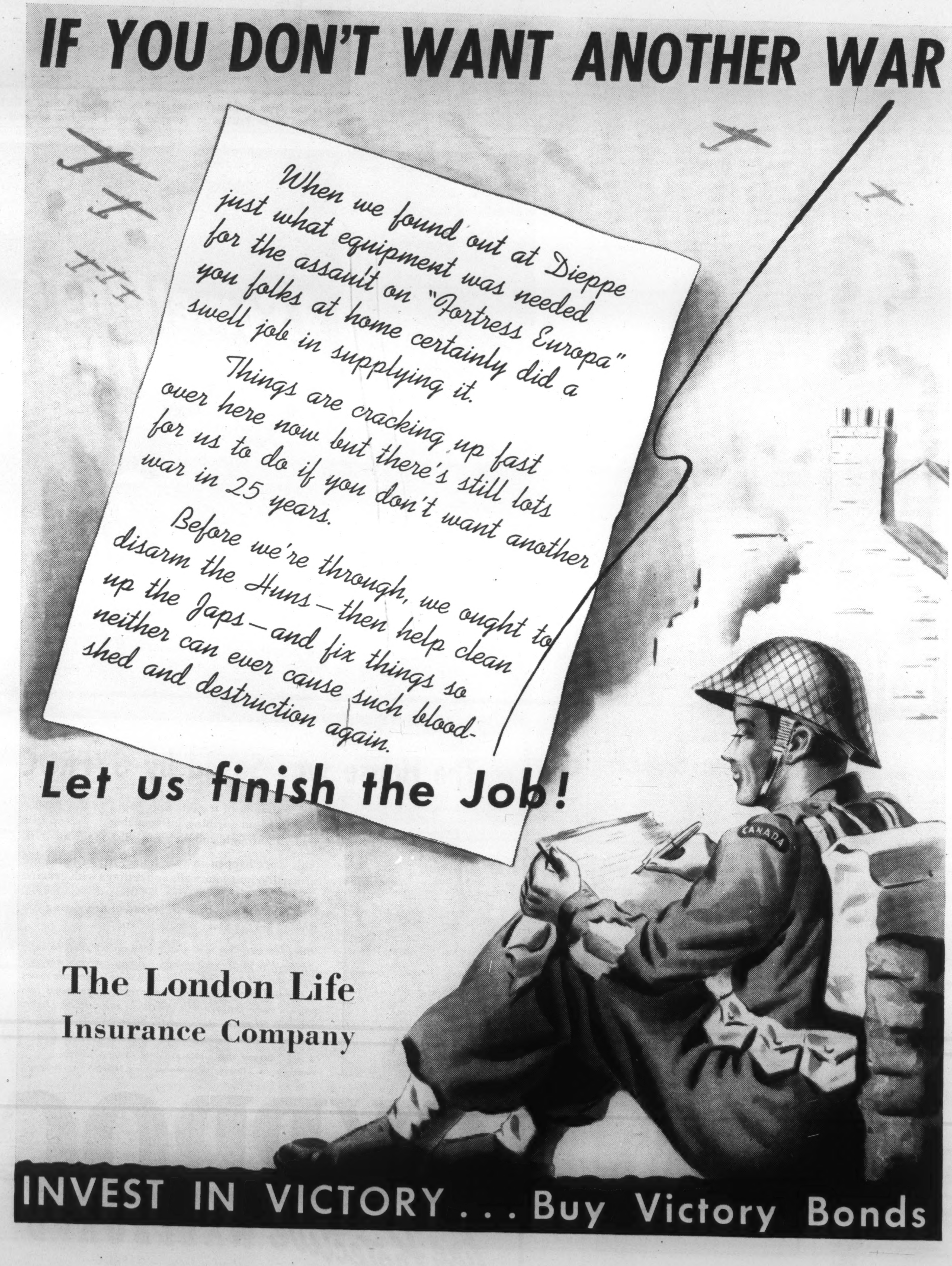

When we found out at Dieppe just what equipment was needed for the assault on "Fortress Europa" you folks at home certainly did a swell job in supplying it.

Things are cracking up fast over here now but there's still lots for us to do if you don't want another war in 25 years.

Before we're through, we ought to disarm the Huns—then help clean up the Japs—and fix things so neither can ever cause such bloodshed and destruction again.

Let us finish the Job!

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INVEST IN VICTORY . . . Buy Victory Bonds

First War Writer Led Britain to Rebellion

By ALAN HODGE

The father of war correspondents was William Howard Russell of the London Times, whose biography has recently been published. Russell covered the Crimean War. His accounts of the state of the British Army before Sebastopol and of its poor equipment brought on a public storm in Britain which resulted in the defeat of the Government and correction of conditions in the Army.

NINETY years ago there was a war even more effectively reported than this one. It was the Crimean War, the first to be fully covered by newspaper correspondents.

The father of war correspondents was William Howard Russell of the London Times, whose biography has been written by Robert Furneaux. The memorial to Russell in the crypt of St. Paul's in London describes him as the "first and greatest" of his profession.

Photographs show him squatting in his tent on the snowy heights of Balaclava, muffled up like an Eskimo, writing despatches by hand. These were the despatches which brought down a British Government, helped Florence Nightingale to set off on her Mission of Mercy, and prompted Tennyson to write "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Gentlemen observers had paid visits to earlier armies in the field — the Duke of Wellington had complained of their "babblings" — but no correspondent before Russell had shared for a whole campaign the perils and discomforts of the front line. What gave him fame was his revelations of the pitiful state of the British Army, caught on the hilltops outside Sebastopol by a Russian winter for which it was in no way equipped.

By the middle of the winter of 1854-5 more than half the troops were sick or dying. Russell's accounts created a conscience-stricken storm in Britain. The storm was followed by Parliamentary denials, debates and explanations, that led to the forming of a new Government under Palmerston, and in the end to the remedies that Russell had called for.

Here are some of the powerful words that set this storm in motion:

Camp Before Sebastopol, November 25.

"It is now pouring rain—the skies are black as ink — the wind is howling over the staggering tents — the trenches are turned into dykes — in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep. Our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing — they are out for 12 hours at a time in the trenches — they are plunged into the miseries of a winter campaign — and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives.

"The dead, laid out as they died, are lying side by side with the living. The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness — the stench is appalling —the fetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs, and for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them."

14 Days to London

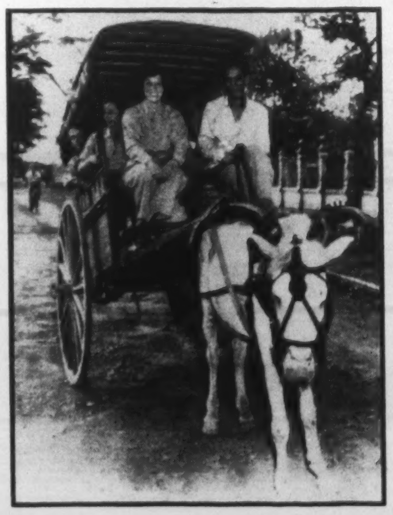
A despatch like this took a fortnight to reach London, and it was more than a month before the writer knew the effects of his words. The cabling of news was a rarity until the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

"Human interest stories" had not been invented: Russell never mentions the deeds or names of private soldiers, and seldom of officers. His reports give a spectacular panorama of events—Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava — written as if for a history book.

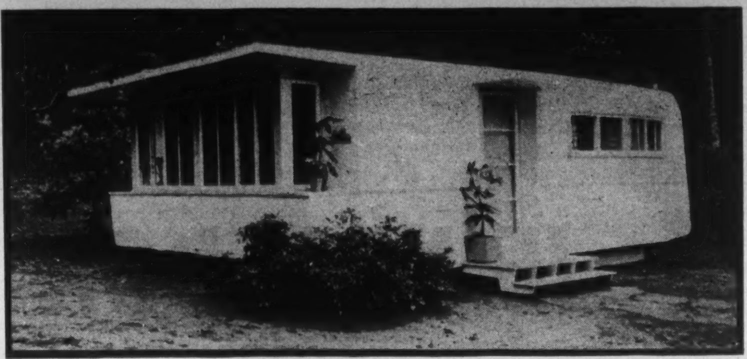
His newspaper's influence in Whitehall won him permission to go to the Crimea, but problems of getting a ship, a mule, a tent, some rations, a supply of water and of stronger refreshment, and, above all, some means of sending his stories home—all these he had to work out by using his genial Irish wits to the full.

Russell's reputation was made at Sebastopol, but he added to it in almost every other campaign that he covered. He was in India at the time of the Mutiny, embarrassed by the luxury of leading a sahib's life, and all out for a policy of clemency toward the mutineers.

During the American Civil War he had the delicate job of representing in the North a newspaper which sympathized with the South. His candid accounts of Northern disasters made unpopular reading in New York and Washington.



Filipino "jaunting car" — The first four American WACS to arrive on Luzon were intrigued by this native cart and persuaded its driver to take them for a ride through Manila.



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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Here's an Adventure in Reading; The Humors of an Essayist

VISIONS AND MEMORIES, by H. W. Nevinson. (Oxford, $3.25.)

WAR correspondent, shut up in Ladysmith, eating a pound of horsemeat a day; or climbing over Greek mountains to get sight of the advancing Turks and the retreating refugees! At the same time a man of learning thrilled to discover in this ancient village, or that enclosed bay, the scene of remembered cadences from the Greek Anthology! And in peace-time creating small wars of his own against stupidities in little or in large, espousing lost causes which strangely enough soon found themselves! These were phases in the life of H. W. Nevinson, poet, essayist, editor and *enfant prodigue* in the mellow environment of literary London.

Oddly enough, in his time he was counted more as a man of action than as a scholar or even as a literary stylist. But eminent Englishmen often have divided personalities, equally at home in a business office, at the race-track, or at a convocation of notables at Oxford.

Here is a collection of Nevinson's most notable essays and poems, Every one of them shines with the inner fire of the man. They are amiable in satire, rich in humor and the English is polished after the similitude of a palace. The reader is not expected to agree with them. Indeed total agreement with Nevinson would have been to him the kiss of death. He flourished on non-agreement. In other words he was a typical Londoner, for the men of London have argued since Ben Jonson and Shakespeare went to the Mermaid Inn o'nights.

And towards the last of his eighty-five years when he was banished to a Gloucestershire village, after a bomb swept away his London house, he wrote:

"I'll struggle back to London town again,
Mix with the London crowd,
Though shattered roofs pour down the rain
And guns are loud.
In London town I taller seem to stand
Six inches than before,
And own a spiritual land
From shore to shore."

•

In Southern Russia

UKRAINIAN LITERATURE, Studies of the Leading Authors, by Clarence A. Manning (Ukrainian National Association, Jersey City, N.J. n.p.)

THE facts that in ancient times the Ukraine was the Kingdom of Rus, wholly separate from Muscovy, that it was Christian after the Byzantine order while its neighbor was still pagan and that its language, while East Slavonic, differs materially from Russian, may explain the existence of a solid national spirit in this section of the Soviet Union.

That spirit has been quickened since 1798 by a series of poets and prose writers, usually of democratic temper, using the old Ukrainian tongue which is spoken and cherished by some 50,000,000 people. This book summarizes the life and work of Kotlyarevsky, Shevchenko, Ivan Franco, Vasil Stefanyk, Bodan Lepke and others and thus brings to light a considerable body of new learning. There is a foreword by Prof. Watson Kirkconnell.

•

Another Frustration-Tale

BEHOLD TROUBLE, a novel, by Granville Hicks. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

AN AMERICAN student, self-willed from childhood, continues in a state of extreme egotism until he is at war with all his environment. He is a pacifist, a conscientious objector, despite his lack of conscience. He has no inner voice telling him that he may be wrong. His attitude is that everybody else is out of step. He only is infallibly correct. He goes before his draft-board, airs his excuses as if they were reasons and goes back home to his mountain shack to await the verdict which may send him to a work-camp.

But to preserve his holy individuality he takes a rifle, to meet on equal terms the officers who will come to take him, wounds two innocent bystanders, kills a trooper and is himself killed—which, to one reader, is distinctly good riddance. For this form of publicising frustration-according-to-Freud begins to be an intolerable bore. And the more clever the writer the less impressive his expedition into abnormal psychology.

Granville Hicks has great powers in characterization and fluency in narrative. He writes authentic dialogue. But his concern with sex-repression, or fulfilment, is less than entertaining.

•

Non-Explosive

REVENGE OF DESTINY, a novel, by Gustavus Keller-Wolff. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

THREE veterans of the last War, one being a sprig of Polish nobility, successfully rob a Berlin Bank by tunnelling into the vaults and escape over the border; one to France where he drinks himself to death, one to America where he gets nipped in the great depression, the third to Italy, Monte Carlo and suicide. The tale is cluttered by irrelevancies and lacks interest. Why it was translated from the original French is not easy to understand.

•

Eternal Question

LIFE AFTER DEATH, by John Mackintosh Shaw. (Ryerson, $2.00.)

THIS is a summary of the bases of belief accepted by Christians concerning the persistence of individual personality. The author, a professor at Queen's University, reviews the gropings of science and philosophy and then turns to the resurrection of Jesus and the effect of that event on his followers and intimate friends, for, as he points out, the story of the Gospels was founded on a certainty beyond denial. They knew.

The thesis is well argued and admirably written.

•

The Fearful Brothers

ONE DAY ON BEETLE ROCK, by Sally Carrighar. (Ryerson, $3.25.)

By MARY DALE MUIR

AN EXCEPTIONAL tale comprising a series of incidents in one day of the lives of animals in a Central Californian Valley forest. Each incident is a complete story in itself but they all are linked.

The writer not only succeeds in convincing us of the authenticity of her observation and material but, with easy beauty of language, reflects mood and tempo of forest life. Without seeming intent, through their movements, their attitudes, their silences, the idea is conveyed to the reader that fear dominates the lives of these animals. Man and woman may wake from sleep and carelessly wander out of the forest; not so the animals. To them waking means the recurrence of fear and the ever-present necessity to find food. Clever black and white drawings point the story.

•

Republican Infancy

THE COMPLETION OF INDEPENDENCE, by John Allen Kraut and Dixon Ryan Fox. (Macmillans, $4.00.)

By MARY DALE MUIR

A COHERENT and comprehensive picture of the United States between 1790 and 1830 is here provided. It is the drama of everyday life; the mystification of the man on the street and of the frontiersman at conditions of life without precedent, the efforts of leaders to work out the nation's new destiny and the struggles of professional men to acquire new standards are set down so as to give the reader the pattern for this formative period.

The book is consistently readable. Its greatest interest lies, perhaps, in the clues it provides to the present-day American character of United States citizens, its greatest that by an authoritative and unprejudiced presentation of the period.

Russian Miracle

THE ORDEAL, a novel by Arkady Perventsev. (Musson, $3.50.)

By MARY DALE MUIR

THE Stormovik 'plane plant is located in Southern Ukraine and is a bombing target of first priority to the Germans. Following the Soviet's decision, it is moved to the Urals in the incredibly short space of two months, one month for the long railroad journey over jammed rails, another month to build most of the new factory and get it producing. In view of the complexity of modern aircraft plants this is an almost improbable feat, particularly so as nowhere are characters portrayed as supermen. Even Dubenko, the director, is drawn to the scale of our own hard-driving industrialists.

The story is fast-paced, a sense of drama pervades it. By skilful character portrayal the author makes evident the sound, solid qualities of Soviet citizens. One impression is sternly imprinted on the reader's mind—an impression of the cold, deadly quality of Russian hate for the "Hitlerites".

Altogether, absorbing reading.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1.

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THE LONDON LETTER

Battered But Unbowed, Jolly Old Seaside Resorts Open Again

By P. O'D.

FOR almost the first time since the war began the holiday resorts along the South and Southeast Coast—London's own special Riviera—were thrown open for the Easter holidays. I say "almost the first time", because here and there the Defence Ban had occasionally been lifted for a few days or weeks, but during most of the war these areas had been barred to the general public. Now the ban has been finally (or so we hope) removed, and people can come and go as they please, bringing with them their little tin buckets and spades—also their food, their soap and towels, and if they could manage it their beds and rooms. Otherwise there are none to be had.

This stretch of Holiday Coast has been particularly hard hit. It has always depended very much on the tripper trade. The Defence Ban kept the customers out for years. The hotels and boarding-houses were requisitioned by the War Department, or merely closed—or, as quite often happened, bombed. Staffs were called up for war-service. Furniture and equipment of all kinds were removed, or smashed, or they simply vanished, as such things mysteriously do. And all this, under present conditions, it is practically impossible to replace.

None the less London's favorite seaside resorts, all the way around Hell's Corner from Margate to Brighton, made a brave effort this Easter to hide their scars and greet the holiday crowds with a smile. Plenty of gay new paint was splashed on the buildings along the seafronts, the bathing huts stood in gaudy rows, the deck-chairs were ranged in neat piles, and there were military bands, and even donkeys on the sands.

Home is the Hunter!

Lloyd George in his extreme old age may have so far weakened in his lifelong antagonism to special privilege as to accept an earldom for himself and his family, but in his directions for his funeral he was true to his passionate love of his own land and people, the humble Welsh folk among whom he had lived as a boy, and the hills and streams to which he had constantly returned all through his life for strength and solace. He lies beside the tumbling waters of a little mountain river—the Dwyfor, from which he took his title—in a grove on the hillside looking out towards the wide sweep of the Cardigan Bay. Home is the hunter!

A grateful nation, remembering now his vast services, would have given him a magnificent tomb in Westminster Abbey. He preferred to be buried among his own people. To them his grave will be a place of pilgrimage for centuries to come. Whatever else he was or became, he remained always and intensely Welsh—in the words of the Prime Minister, "the greatest Welshman whom that unconquerable race has produced since the age of the Tudors". And that probably is how he would most wish to be remembered.

Not Purely Feminine

Not long ago I called on a farmer friend of mine, a large burly middle-aged man with fingers about the size and shape of a bunch of bananas—so far as I can recall what bananas used to look like. He was engaged in embroidering a tapestry seat for one of his dining-room chairs, and doing it with quite amazing skill. I couldn't have been more surprised if I had found an elephant so engaged.

"I used to try to read in the evenings," he explained with a certain amount of gruff embarrassment, "but I always fell asleep. This is the only thing that keeps me awake."

Another friend of mine used to knit his own socks. He took to it when he was a police magistrate in India, and had to spend his time listening to Indian witnesses volubly perjuring themselves by the hour. He said it kept him from going out of his mind with boredom. He would probably still be doing it—if he could get any wool.

It comes therefore as no surprise to me to learn that at the forthcoming exhibition in London arranged by the Embroiderers' Guild, a good many entries are expected from men. Earl Spencer, the President of the Guild, is said to be an expert at "petit point", whatever that may be—something very delicate and difficult, no doubt. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, the famous actor, is almost equally famous for his embroidery. He is the Vice-President. Other exhibits are expected from service men in hospitals and even in prison camps, poor fellows.

So there you are, my dears! If you girls will go plunging with a delightful feminine enthusiasm into the activities of men, you can't be surprised if we take over some of the pursuits that used to be regarded as peculiarly yours. But then hardly anything seems to be really peculiar to either sex nowadays. It is very confusing.

Old Things Remain

One of the most attractive of the ancient ceremonies that are kept up with such loving care in this country, and with which not even world-wars are allowed to interfere, is that of the Royal Maundy—the distribution by the King himself of alms to old men and old women on Holy Thursday. This year, as in every year for centuries past, this beautiful and moving ceremony was carried out in Westminster Abbey in the presence of an immense congregation, and with so many of the mediaeval accompaniments that it was not difficult to imagine oneself back in the days of Edward the Confessor.

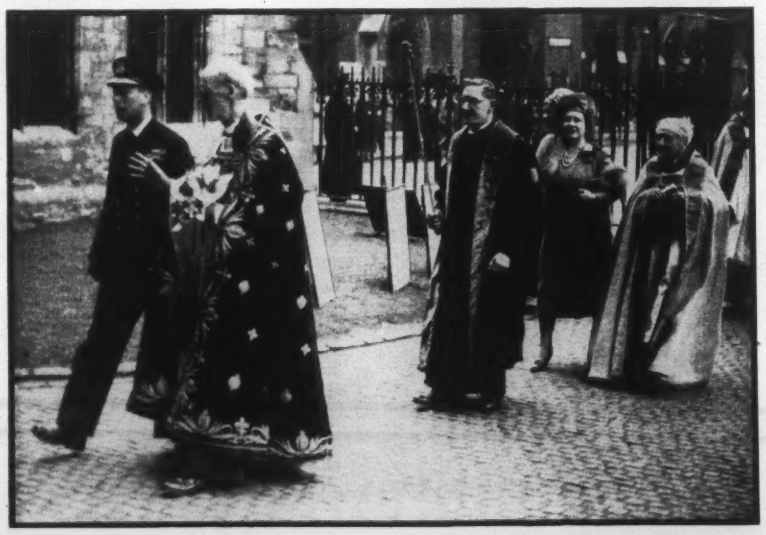
The King being fifty years of age, there were fifty old men and fifty old women to receive his bounty; and each was given a purse containing fifty pence in specially minted silver pennies, twopences, threepences, and fourpences. Besides, each received a second purse with a clothing allowance of £2.5s for the men and £1.15s for the women. Perhaps in mediaeval times men's clothes cost more than women's.

There was also a third purse for each containing £2.10s to take the place of the provisions which used to be distributed in kind. To make the thing complete these last purses should have had some food-coupons in them, but perhaps the Ministry of Food would have had something stern to say about that. It would also have been an extremely unmediaeval touch.

Cutting Meat Portion

Arguments about food are apt to be in bad taste—in especially bad taste just now as between Britain and the United States, when over the way in Europe there are hundreds of thousands of people who are actually starving. We may not eat as well as Americans do, by all accounts, but we eat a lot better than Norwegians or Danes or Belgians or Dutch people. For us and the Americans to start squabbling about our food is to call up a picture of a couple of greedy little boys angrily eyeing one another's piece of pie. Natural but not edifying.

I have no means of knowing how well Americans eat, beyond what I read—a good deal of it special plead-



Their Majesties the King and Queen arriving at Westminster Abbey for the traditional distribution of the King's Maundy Money to aged people.

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THE war will not end
when the last shot is fired in Europe or in Asia:

Still before us is the vital task
of building the peace so dearly won
on foundations that will endure.

Still before us is the task
of the change-over from a wartime to a peacetime economy
and the rehabilitation of the men of our fighting forces.

Until these tasks are finished,
we dare not relax our efforts.
The sacrifices already made must not have been in vain.

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G. Howard Ferguson
President
CROWN LIFE
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ing for one side or the other—and the accounts of returned travellers, whose testimony is not altogether reliable either. American hospitality may be trusted to see to it that the visitor from this country doesn't go short. The chief concern of the travelling Briton seems to be to show a proper appreciation of it all, and keep his health. But, allowing for all that, the general impression is certainly not one of tightened belts—except by internal pressure.

In this country people eat, not well, but well enough. They are allowed a sufficient quantity and variety of food to maintain health and vigor, and — thanks to the best rationing system in the world—they really do get it. The housewife may have to stand for an hour in the queue for her weekly ration of meat (a shilling and tuppence worth per head), but when she arrives at the butcher's block the meat is there. Her family portion may be so small that she can very nearly carry it home in her purse, but she doesn't have to go without it because of some breakdown in distribution. And the same applies to all the other kinds of food in short supply, eggs and sugar and fats and fruit.

The chief grievance about the wartime diet of this country is, not its inadequacy, but its horrible monotony. At the same time, some supplies, such as meat, have been reduced very close to the point where undernourishment begins. That is why the announcement that Americans proposed to make a serious cut in their meat shipments to this country caused a quite general feeling of consternation. The British housewife finds it hard to face a smaller meat ration. She would probably find it hard even to see it.

Actually the governing factor in the whole problem is shipping. Argentina, for instance, could very greatly increase its supplies of meat to this country, if we could only spare the ships to bring it. So could Australia and New Zealand. And everyone over here is gratefully aware of Canadian efforts to help.

No doubt, some way will be found out of the difficulty. But if we should have to put up with a further cut, and see the almost indivisible further divided—well, let's not fuss too much about it. We shall not starve, and just now in the world there are millions of people who have no such comforting assurance.

Good Old Steve

The death of a retired jockey may seem a comparatively small thing in a world beset by so many horrible difficulties and anxieties. But there can be few people in this country who did not feel a sharp pang at the news that Steve Donoghue was dead. For a few minutes at least their thoughts must have gone back to glorious days on Epsom Downs, the bunched horses thundering around Tattenham Corner, and the great cry rolling down the course to the finishing post, "Come on, Steve! Come on!" And usually Steve came on.

Not being in any sense a racing man, my turf recollections are few. But the most cherished of them centre around Donoghue. I saw him win three of his Derbies—he won six in all—but the picture that is most vivid in my memory is the scene at Ascot ten years ago, when for the sixth time in succession he won the Queen Alexandra Stakes, the longest race run in this country, all on Brown Jack. It had been said that it was a shame to make the gallant old horse face again this gruelling course, and the owner was only with difficulty led to consent. But once again Steve brought him home a winner—Steve himself then over fifty.

No one who saw them come in is likely ever to forget it. There was cheering of course, and people trying to get close enough to pat the grand old horse, but there were many more in the vast throng who stood hat in hand, silent, looking through blurred eyes at what they knew to be the proud end of two wonderful turf careers. It was Steve's last great win, though he occasionally rode for another year or two.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

From East and West, Allied Might is driving forward irresistibly. Victory is assured and it is in our hands to make assurance doubly sure by keeping on sending supplies to our fighting men in ever-increasing volume. They expect this help from us—it is their right.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

One of the Duck Family: Three Cakes of Yeast in a Bag

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

BAKING with yeast was so unusual in the southern town that Mrs. Scanlon had difficulty in finding a reliable source of supply. None of the stores sold yeast but a storekeeper referred her to an old Negro woman on the other side of town and it became one of Erie's duties to go for the yeast every Friday after school. As she took the three pennies from her mother's purse, she heard her mother call,

"Don't go if it rains. It looks dark; take your umbrella."

As she walked, swinging her small umbrella, she remembered her first trip to the yeast woman's house. Three little pickaninnies had been playing on the porch, their wool standing out in stiff braids, their lustrous eyes watching her as she climbed the steps. The old woman had slipped three flat, sharp-smelling gray yeast cakes into a paper bag and followed Erie down into the yard. She was a tall, thin old woman, her teeth pushing forward in a wrinkled smile as she pointed to the tree in front of her house.

"Yo-all got any o'dem?" she asked in her soft voice.

Erie shook her head with a puzzled smile. "What are they?" she asked.

"Figs. Ain't yo-all got a fig tree?" Her limp gray dress hitched up under her arm as she reached among the low branches. Erie had thanked her and walked slowly away with the little bag of figs. She had associated fig trees with the Arabian nights and of course with the Bible. As soon as she turned a corner, she stood still to take out a moist, sticky brown fig and turn it over.

"Can I eat one?" she had begged her mother when she reached home. "I never ate a fig right off the tree."

"Oh no, it must be covered with germs. I'll make them into jam."

Erie thought it the most delicious jam she had ever tasted but her mother had wrinkled her nose. "Too sweet, tasteless."

Sun shone out during the afternoon but after each of its flashes the sky grew darker than before and the air in the schoolroom hung heavy and still. Just as the final bell rang the black sky was laced with lightning and a thunder clap made the schoolhouse tremble.

"Come on, quick, Erie," Lottie Kent called anxiously. "It's goin' to be a bad storm. Hurry."

Erie stood on the steps in a sudden blast of wind and looked at the furious sky.

"We can make it, Lottie cried. "Come on, run."

Erie thought that she could reach home before the rain came and then she would clean silver or practise penmanship or dress and undress dolls until supper time. "I have to go for the yeast," she called, the wind tearing her voice away, pushing her down the steps.

"Not today! Not when there's a terrible storm coming. Your mother wouldn't want you—"

She saw Lottie's anxious face and shook her head. "It's Friday," she screamed back, "and Friday I always go for the yeast."

Wind and Rain

A battering of cold drops sent Lottie flying down the walk, crying, "Come on — run — your mother — " Erie raised her umbrella and turned in the yeast woman's direction. Rain dashed obliquely across the street, drenching her legs and her short gingham skirt but she held her umbrella in front of her and plunged ahead. She had never heard such thunder—it seemed to jar the ground under her feet. She saw figures run across the pavement and dodge for shelter into doorways till in the gray, rain-beaten length of the street, she stood alone. Her umbrella, braced before her like a shield, bumped into fences and trees until, seeing the street empty, she went out and walked in the middle of it: A river ran over the bricks and puddles near the curb were hammered into constant commotion. Thunder cracked the earth and Erie shivered deeply with shock and with the cold of the beating rain.

From a porch someone called her in but she had no time to answer. Wind and the force of the rain pounded her umbrella about till she could scaarcely hold it and in the stress of driving her way forward she almost missed the turning. Water ran in streams from the edges of her umbrella as though she were surrounded by a travelling waterfall, water poured down her back and seeped down her neck in front. She shivered all over and clenched her teeth.

Lightning, dazzling and continuour, ripped open the sky; thunder cannonaded. The house was in this block—this or the next. She peered through her waterfall and saw the fig tree outlined against fire. Trembling and out of breath she blundered through the gate and up the steps. The yeast woman gaped at her.

"La, chile, yo never come in such a rain! Yo'll catch yo death. Come in an' dry yo'self, honey."

Journey Back

Erie wanted to go in for the hall looked pleasant and along its linoleum floor came crawling a pickaninny in a red apron who looked up at her with great shining black eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "but mother'll be worried." She held out her three pennies and took the little bag.

Now, starting back, she could not bear to think of the blocks and blocks, each full of houses to pass, of the streets, the square to cross, all deserted and blind with rain. For a moment the downpour slackened but then it drove more violently than before and lightning split the sky. It was harder to walk now that she had the little bag to carry: the umbrella sank slowly in her cold hands till she noticed rain pouring over its top and lifted it desperately high again.

"I didn't know it would be as bad as this" she thought, fighting the wall of rain. "Oh, I wish I hadn't come." Her sodden shoes were so heavy that by the time she reached

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home she had to drag them along the flowing pavement. The door flung open.

"Erie, where on earth have you been? I've been worried nearly crazy. Can't you hurry right home when it storms?"

Erie plodded up the steps, closed her pulp of umbrella and clumped her squelchy shoes into the hall. "I got the yeast," she said. Tears ran with the raindrops on her face.

"The yeast! Didn't I tell you not to go if it rained? Erie, I don't know what to make of you."

"It's Friday," Erie said. "I always go on Friday."

"But in a thunderstorm! I never saw a worse storm in my life and you go clear to the other side of town in it. You might have been struck by lightning. You'll have tonsilitis. Get your clothes off quickly, everything." She ran to heat water.

Mother didn't need to scold her after all she had been through. Her cold hands pushed wearily at the wet folds of her dress. Her shoulders heaved; scolding now was more than she could bear.

"Darling, I told you not to go." Her mother knelt before her, working at her sodden shoe laces. "Baking isn't that important."

"It was all right," Erie murmured. "I wanted to go."

"You make me feel ashamed, dear. You're such a good girl."

Erie sat in the deep warm water while her mother rubbed her hair with a towel. She felt more and more embarrassed as her mother went on praising her. She had not gone entirely from a sense of duty; she had felt afraid yet excited too, wanting to see what it was like to be out in a bad storm, wanting to do something adventurous and a little heroic. Her mother's praise made her say suddenly,

"I wanted to go. I liked it."

"*Liked* it!" Her mother's hands, inside the towel, paused in their rubbing. "My goodness, Erie, I feel bad enough, don't make it worse. *Liked* it!"

Erie was sitting warm and dry in her bed when she heard her father come in. She had never known before how deliciously warm and dry a bed could be.

"Just think," she heard her mother exclaim, through the shuffling of her father's overshoes, "that poor child—all that way—just for yeast."

Annoyed Heroine

Erie listened intently; it sounded rather moving. She saw her own small figure pushing courageously through a wall of water.

"Some rain," her father said, "but it wouldn't hurt her."

"Why, she was drenched, every stitch. She might have been struck by lightning. I feel to blame, I think she was very brave."

The brave girl leaned back against her pillows and put on a wan, heroic smile. She had done her best and for once her best was appreciated. She heard her father start down the hall toward her room.

"I guess she liked it," she heard him say cheerfully. "I always liked to get wet."

Well! The pale, brave smile stiffened on Erie's face. Was that all he could say of her courage? She bounced upright, hot with anger. He didn't care whether lightning struck her, whether she caught tonsilitis. He came in exclaiming, "Hello, another member of the duck family, I see."

Though she tried to keep it there, the expression of an affronted heroine wouldn't stay on her face. She began to laugh and her arms went out to him.

Can Hockey Tactics Be Applied To Symphony Orchestras?

By MURRAY ADASKIN

I SAT amongst an excited and howling mass of about fourteen thousand people, who had paid well for their seats and certainly seemed to be getting their money's worth. They all entered into the spirit of the performance and heartily applauded the fine players and readily booed the bad ones. Even I, who had never been there before was sitting tense with excitement and hot under the collar . . . But first, let me tell you why I was there ——

Most symphony orchestra committees are constantly planning new methods of raising funds to meet their annual deficits and wondering how to get larger audiences and more rehearsal time for their musicians. Musically-minded citizens now know that a symphony orchestra *must* have financial backing, as the revenue from the seat sale alone never covers expenses. Having spent most of my life as an orchestral player and knowing of the financial difficulties facing a symphony orchestra, I've given this perplexing problem a great deal of thought and finally decided to investigate other enterprises whose complete expenses (including large profits) were met by their seat sale alone ——

With the Pros

So I found myself at a professional hockey game. I had decided to go there for the information I was seeking in my efforts towards solving in one bold stroke the financial difficulties of our Symphony Orchestras.

Of course, I'll admit that the entertainment I witnessed differed vastly from any Symphony concert *I* had ever attended, where, for instance, one listened in silence and reverent meditation until the performance of a composition was completely ended. But not so at a hockey game where every moment of the performance was greeted with hearty applause, or lusty disapproval.

"HE SCORES!"

"Who, Stokowski?"

"No! Stanowski, the famous Leaf defenceman."

Even the critics, who are known as referees, have to make their decisions on the spot, and, of course, can skate much better than most music critics. I also noticed that whenever a goal was scored, a little red light flashed behind the net so as to let the players and throng know that the point was kosher. What a delightful gesture it would be if, at a symphony concert, a little light was flashed behind the first horn player every time he tootled his way down a difficult solo passage without breaking his neck!

Fight Finale

Still, except for the few vague similarities which I have mentioned, it was not until the middle of the third period or intermission that I discovered the really great attraction of this game. It happened too suddenly for a detailed description, but I soon found myself standing on the seat looking over the heads of the thrilled and excited customers at a melee of players, referees and hockey sticks. . . the fight was on!

The crowd of fourteen thousand went wild with excitement, and it was then I realized what was lacking at most symphony orchestra concerts — a good fight, for in spite of the threatening and menacing gestures of the conductor, he gets nothing but a mild and good-natured response from his well-trained musicians.

Well, I couldn't figure out who won the game, but I knew who won the fight.

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CONCERNING FOOD

How to Cook a Steak that Will Do Justice to Technicolor

By JANET MARCH

IT IS A WELL KNOWN fact that the way to a man's heart lies directly through the kitchen, but it took the National Live Stock and Meat Board in Chicago to direct the traffic by way of a movie. After you have seen this film which has been shown about five times a day at the T. Eaton Company you should know a good deal more about the principles of nutrition and, what is probably more important as far as the male's heart goes, how to cook a steak.

The hero of the picture happened to be a professor of nutrition, and the heroine took his classes and practised what she learned in the professor's home helping his old mother who had conveniently broken her leg. As you can see Jane started out on the inside track and, with that marvellous way films telescope time, it was just a short while before she had advanced from burning the dinner to turning out technicolored dishes which made two small boys behind me smack their lips loudly. Even the large dog, carried in by a fat woman and plunked on the floor in the row in front, sat up and looked attentively at a picture of a pink and lovely ham. (Pork is full of thiamine, but all the dog and I cared about was that we were suddenly very hungry.)

After taking Dr. Ward's classes Jane turned out the most marvellous meals. From the pictures she must have spent a good deal of her time cooking. When she made lamb stew she didn't throw the vegetables in too and thank heaven for only one pot to wash like the rest of us, who have perhaps lost the way to our men's hearts. She piled the meat and gravy in the center and surrounded it with whole small carrots, new whole potatoes, green beans and tomato dumplings. She made a pear salad with mint jelly, and finished up with a jiffy cake. The professor was obviously destined to be a contented and well fed man.

Slowly Does It

Jane's roast pork had apples cooked with cinnamon around it, there were glazed sweet potatoes, spinach with hard boiled eggs, celery and radishes, hot biscuits and ice cream and home-made cookies to follow. At this point the glories of technicolor were too much for me and I got up and walked out followed by the dog whose taste buds seemed to have been stimulated too. I bought a large piece of cheese and had the girl cut me off a hunk, and went gnawing through the shop trying to imagine how lovely it would be to have a Jane at home fixing up the steak for dinner.

The less glamorous bit of the film was even more useful. It was photographed in black and white and so made you less hungry, and you were able to give it more intelligent attention. It showed the cooking class cooking identical roasts of beef, lamb and ham in ovens heated to 500 and 300 degrees. The meat cooked in the slow ovens was proved to be superior in every way. There was more juice left in it, contrary to the old idea of fast cooking sealing in the juices, and the slow cooked roasts did not lose nearly as much weight. The twelve pound rib roast of beef weighed eight pounds cooked fast and ten pounds cooked slowly, and the other meats showed corresponding changes.

This is a powerful argument to the economical housekeeper. A steak broiled under a moderate flame was also proved to be better cooked with less loss and, as was pointed out, slower cooking made less mess on the stove, as fast cooking meat spatters and burns on the spatter in brown spots which are exasperating to get off.

Someone who knew nothing of the general principles of nutrition could hardly have hoped to absorb all the information which Dr. Ward gave to his classes in one fell swoop, and foreseeing this the National Live Stock and Meat Board got out a little pamphlet with meat diagrams showing the foods which contain most calcium, phosphorus, iron, protein, the calories, and the vitamins. A lot of these charts show the value of what the author calls "variety meats" which is certainly a much nicer and just as explanatory name as the English one of "offal".

We really can't or shouldn't get along without liver, kidney, heart, sweetbreads. They give us the benefits of vitamin A, riboflavin, and niacin, as well as protein, all in one piece. In case you have been missing liver off your shopping list, except for the benefit of a mewing pussy, who knows her vitamins, here's a way to cook it.

Liver and Potato Loaf

3 sliced cooked potatoes
1½ pounds of beef liver
1 cup of breadcrumbs
2 small onions sliced
2 eggs
2 slices of bacon, chopped
½ cup of tomato juice
1 teaspoon of sugar
Salt and pepper
Paprika

Put the liver through the meat mincer, and mix in a bowl with all the other ingredients except the potatoes. Grease a loaf shaped pan and put in the mixture being sure to pat it down firmly. Cover the top with the sliced potatoes and daub with butter or bacon grease. Bake in a moderate oven, about 325, for fifty to sixty minutes. If the potatoes seem to be getting too hard on the top, cook covered.

You Won't Find Sponge Cake on Menus for Sky Travellers

HOW would you feel as a hostess if your sponge cake suddenly collapsed and hardened? Or if your whipped cream suddenly expanded to several times its original volume?

Suppose the bubbling water poured over the tea leaves turned out to be heated not to 212 degrees Fahrenheit, but only 180? What if all your guests simultaneously developed indigestion?

These are only a few of the accidents that might happen in the cabins of speeding airliners if airways caterers were not armed with a knowledge of the effects on food of rapid changes in altitude, air pressure and humidity.

Collapsing Cakes

In a commissary close by Dorval Airport meals are prepared to be served during flight on five different airlines. A staff of about a dozen experienced girls work there under the direction of Jessie McDonald, a Valleyfield-born college graduate, who helped put up one of the company's first passenger meals five years ago. The air catering problems which Miss McDonald has helped to solve are described by George Stanley in an article in the current issue of "C-I-L Oval".

Thanks to Miss McDonald's passion for research and perfection, today's air travellers cannot expect to see cakes collapsing, sauces disintegrating and other disturbing phenomena at high altitudes. She now knows just what can and cannot be served aloft, just what foods will and will not stand up to flying conditions.

Plane meals are appetizing and satisfying without including an array of sweet or spicy things that might tempt passengers to overindulge and risk the onset of indigestion which often results from a combination of a full stomach and high altitude. Always excluded are sponge cake, whipped cream and other items which are known to behave capriciously when subjected to sudden changes in air pressure.

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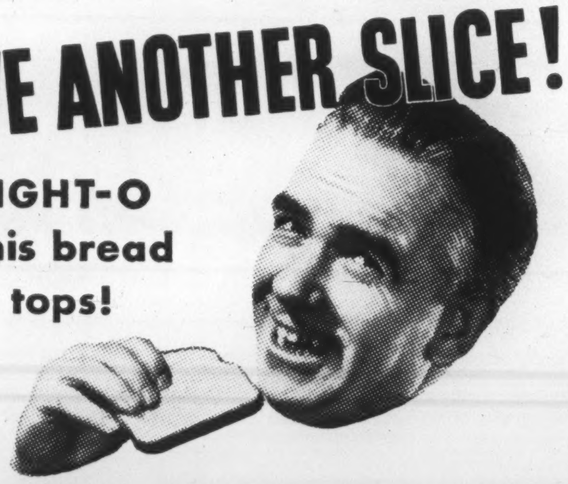

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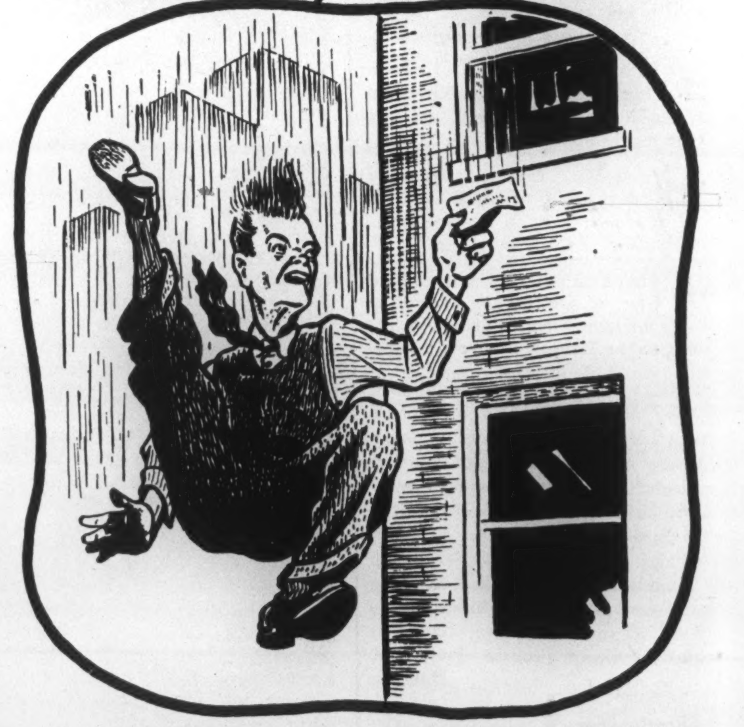

Two insurance agents were boasting about the prompt payments made by their respective companies. Said one: "If a man died tonight, his widow would receive her money by the first post tomorrow."

"That's nothing," said the other. "Listen to this! Our office is on the 6th floor of a building 59 stories high. One of our clients had his office on the 50th story, and he fell out of his window. We handed him his cheque as he passed our floor."

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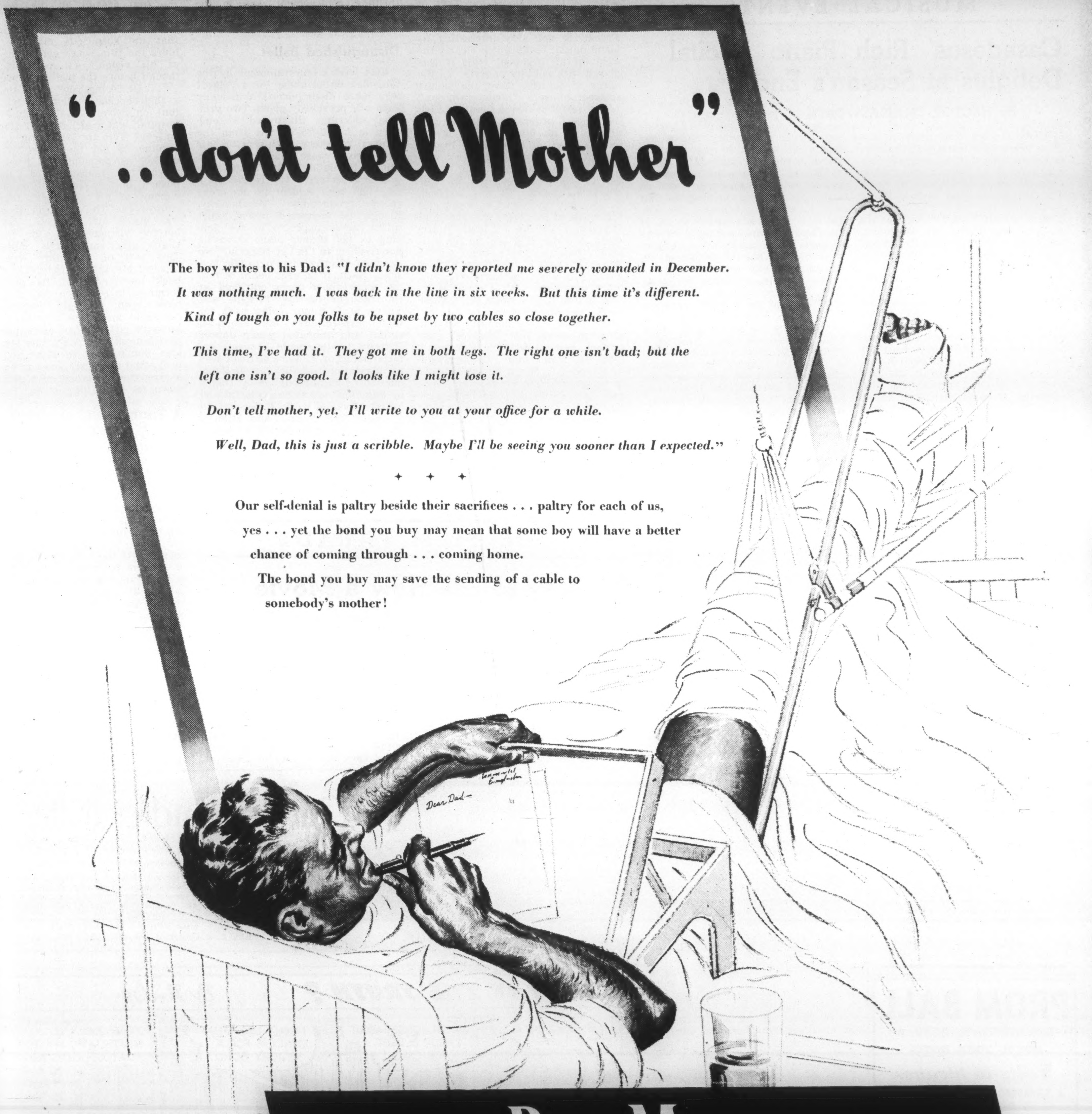

The boy writes to his Dad: *"I didn't know they reported me severely wounded in December. It was nothing much. I was back in the line in six weeks. But this time it's different. Kind of tough on you folks to be upset by two cables so close together.*

This time, I've had it. They got me in both legs. The right one isn't bad; but the left one isn't so good. It looks like I might lose it.

Don't tell mother, yet. I'll write to you at your office for a while.

Well, Dad, this is just a scribble. Maybe I'll be seeing you sooner than I expected."

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Casadesus' Rich Piano Recital Delights at Season's End

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THOUGH high class music is now a year-round boon in Toronto by common consent the "regular" season marked by notable subscription concerts comes to an end in April. The curtain was rung down at Eaton Auditorium last week by the superb French pianist Robert Casadesus. In pianism especially, the concluding weeks have been marked by several memorable events of which this recital was far from least.

Always impressive from an intellectual and technical standpoint, on this occasion Mr. Casadesus revealed more pervasive warmth than usual, and his profound poetic intuitions were more in evidence. His power is vast but beautifully governed; the balance of his style is perfect but the most unique factor in his art, is his exquisite mastery of the subtleties of touch. His tone has a range of color which no other pianist I can think of quite equals.

He is one of a renowned family of French musicians, of whom no less than six have attained fame. His family name is permanently preserved in one American city. A relative, Henri Gustave Casadesus, violist and expert on the viol di gamba, was a great collector. In 1926 the Boston Symphony Orchestra purchased "The Casadesus Collection of Old Musical Instruments" as a memorial to its founder, the late Col. Higginson, and installed it in Symphony Hall.

Unfamiliar Gem

The most intriguing item on the French pianist's program was his revival of Schumann's "Forest Scenes" (opus 82). I cannot understand why "Carnival" and "Scenes of Childhood" are accorded so marked a preference over "Forest Scenes" by pianists at large. The opus consists of nine short descriptive pieces, most of which have the same haunting, tender quality as "Nussbaum" and other lieder. It was composed six or seven years before his death (1856) at a time when an osseous growth was producing a pressure on his brain inducing melancholia that was to end in madness. He was turning out much piano music of small value, when suddenly he was inspired to compose this masterpiece; enthralling in freshness, ingenuousness and melodic beauty.

The episodes alternate in mood, from the rampant gaiety of "Hunter's Song" to the delicate sentiment of "Solitary Flowers." "Entrance" which opens the series and "Farewell" which ends it are hauntingly lyrical. The most significant of all is "The Bird Prophet," an enigmatic piece in which some critics have discerned the germ of the impressionistic school developed by Debussy. Its odd, sweet coda has a secret unknown in music up to that time,—once heard can never be forgotten. It would be impossible to imagine a more flawlessly lovely or more poetic interpretation than that of Mr. Casadesus.

The Great "B Flat"

Immeasurably more familiar was the Sonata in B flat minor which Chopin composed, in company with other famous works, shortly after he came back from Majorca and settled down in Paris as a member of the household of George Sand. His affair with the most brilliant French woman of her time has recently become the subject of a motion picture that appeals to countless people who know little of the lives of either. Yet it is evidence of the fostering care of this busiest of women that he lived for ten years after he developed tuberculosis in an extreme form, and composed some of his best music. Some years ago when contempt for honest sentiment,—a sure symptom of decadence in music and poetry,—was rampant, it became customary with some critics to speak rather contemptuously of the Sonata in B flat minor and especially of the immortal Funeral March; its third movement. Today, in a wrecked and bewildered world no music appeals to more people than the "March," nobly and tenderly interpreted by Mr. Casadesus.

When the Sonata was first produced in 1840, Robert Schumann, himself a master of sentimental expression, took exception on widely different grounds,—its loose structure, a departure from the rigidities of the classical Sonata form. Schumann wrote "To have called this a sonata must be reckoned a freak, if not a piece of pride; for he has simply linked together four of his maddest children." It has been termed a suite rather than a sonata, but this means nothing in the present century. Audiences have loved the work, when well played, so long as I can remember. There was a factor of exceptional interest in the French pianist's performance; his vigorous rendering of the Scherzo, which demands immense technical powers and is often unimpressive at the hands that play the "Funeral March" appealingly.

There is no doubt that Mr. Casadesus is the foremost exponent of modern French music. The "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" of César Franck is not very interesting as piano music; because it is clearly the work of an organist. But it was played with nobility of style. In the music of Maurice Ravel the pianist showed himself "facile princeps." "Jeux d'Eau" is now a familiar work on concert programs; but the rendering of no other pianist brings out its descriptive genius so beautifully. This scintillating work was the first outstanding success of Ravel as composer, written in 1901 when he was 26. It was inspired, he said, by "the sound of water and the music of fountains, cascades and streams." Yet he so little understood its value that he told his publisher that copyrights would not be necessary and it has been pirated widely in the United States and other countries. Mr. Casadesus in 1930 played it at a great celebration at Ravel's birthplace.

The other Ravel numbers on the program were the "Forlone" (an ancient dance) and the "Toccata" from his piano suite "Le Tombeau de Couperin." When he subsequently orchestrated the work, the "Toccata" was dropped. The piano version was to have been first presented in the spring of 1918 but the bombardment of Paris by "Big Berthas" halted all musical activities and it was not heard until April, 1919 when the Versailles Conference was assembled. Mr. Casadesus's rendering of the grave rhythms of the "Forlone" was superb, but his most thrilling achievement was in the wild and tremendous abandon of the "Toccata", a wonderful tour de force.

Distinguished Ballet

Last week's entertainment by the Canadian Ballet under Boris Volkoff was more distinguished artistically than any previously given. Two principal offerings illustrated a tendency in ballet to borrow from the concert repertory. This is a fair exchange because much music originally for ballet is now in the symphonic repertory. The reverse process has been evident in numerous recent productions. Tchaikovsky, though he composed much ballet music, never expected to see dancing to his second piano concerto, but recently in "Ballet Imperial" we saw an effective choreographic version. Bach, if he ever heard of ballet, would have been outraged at the thought of his Toccata and Fugue in D minor being used for that purpose. Yet the exquisite, skilful and animated young dancer Patricia Drylie, made gracious entertainment of it. More difficult was an adaptation to ballet use of Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini", a sombre, colorful and infinitely varied work. It was set on a tragic little legend, and Mildred Herman gave a rendering so sensationally adept and beautiful as to betoken genius. The whole entertainment with its employment of much genuine dance music by Kabelevsky, Strauss and others was charming and aesthetic.

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THE FILM PARADE

It's Easy to See How a Movie Makes Us Cry, Yet We Cry

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT IS NEARLY always disconcerting to cry in the movies. Nine times out of ten you know perfectly well that someone—the director, the actor, the camera-man, or some bit-player—has sneaked around the corner of your intelligence to catch your emotions unguarded. The truth seems to be that the screen has achieved a consummate mastery of surfaces, including the surface tears of its audience. For however it may play about with shadows and perspectives the camera is still the most literal of instruments; and whether you are conscious of it or not the legitimacy of sets and surroundings transfers itself to the emotions being played out against them, so that the heroine's tears can seem, momentarily at least, as honest and real as the cotton candlewick bedspread which they are drenching.

From the moment "I'll Be Seeing You" opens up with a noble but rather silly sounding choral prelude entitled "I'll Be Seeing You", the picture is out for tears and resolved to wring them from every last person in the audience, from the susceptible movie-goer who flourishes her kleenex like a flag of truce at the first assault, to the detached observer who, aware of all the emotional manoeuvring, is determined that the suspicious moisture that blurs the film won't get in the way of his vision. (It probably will though before the picture is over.)

"I'll Be Seeing You" is the story of a shell-shocked soldier (Joseph Cotton) on leave from the psychiatric hospital, and a girl (Ginger Rogers) on leave from the penitentiary. The heroine, to get the worst over as quickly as possible, has been sent down for manslaughter, having pushed her employer through the window of his apartment fourteen storeys up. The employer it seems was drunk and amorous and the heroine virtuous and, for such a slight girl, surprisingly muscular. This part of the story which is brushed off rather hurriedly in flashback loses none of its profound corniness in re-enactment. It would have been perfectly possible of course to make the heroine a nice ordinary girl with an uncomplicated past but unfortunately this sensible idea didn't seem to occur to anybody. And obviously you can't make a sympathetic heroine of a girl sent down for shoplifting.

A Triumph

Apart from this peculiar episode, the surface of the film is such a triumph of authenticity that the story always seems to be a little more than celluloid-deep. The home of the heroine's aunt and uncle (Spring Byington and Tom Tully) is exactly right, cosy, domestic, dedicated to comfort with the happiest disregard for taste. The little Y.M.C.A. bedroom where the hero spends his hour of racking torment is any Y.M.C.A. bedroom in America, but its universal quality—clean, high ideals on low-cost budgeting—has been acutely observed and recorded. Occasionally the picture dips below the surface and comes up with some discerning but unemphasized comment on its everyday Americans — their kindliness, their volubility, their happy state of adjustment that can be so harassing to the maladjusted.

A picture of this sort takes an unfair advantage of its audience. It looks and sounds and often actually *is* so good that it leaves you vulnerable to every sort of emotional

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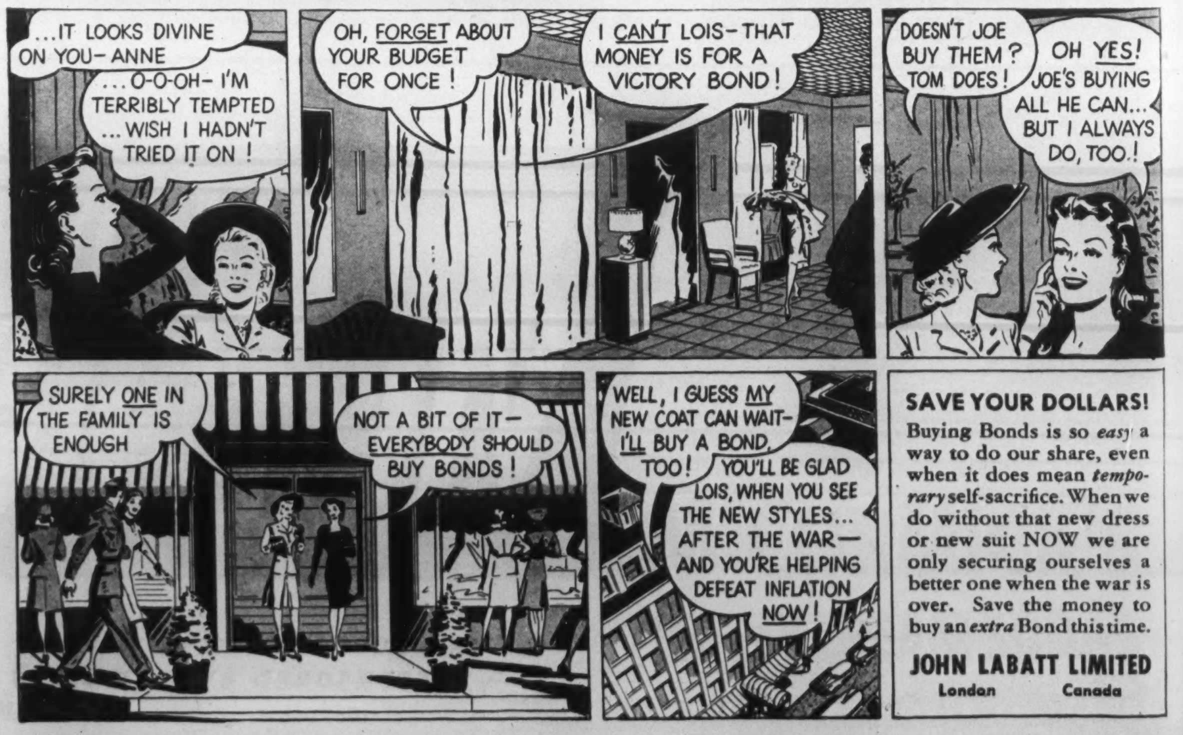
ISN'T IT THE TRUTH? By Ti-Jos


...IT LOOKS DIVINE ON YOU- ANNE
...O-O-OH- I'M TERRIBLY TEMPTED ...WISH I HADN'T TRIED IT ON!
OH, FORGET ABOUT YOUR BUDGET FOR ONCE!
I CAN'T LOIS- THAT MONEY IS FOR A VICTORY BOND!
DOESN'T JOE BUY THEM? TOM DOES!
OH YES! JOE'S BUYING ALL HE CAN... BUT I ALWAYS DO, TOO.!
SURELY ONE IN THE FAMILY IS ENOUGH
NOT A BIT OF IT— EVERYBODY SHOULD BUY BONDS!
WELL, I GUESS MY NEW COAT CAN WAIT- I'LL BUY A BOND, TOO!
YOU'LL BE GLAD LOIS, WHEN YOU SEE THE NEW STYLES... AFTER THE WAR— AND YOU'RE HELPING DEFEAT INFLATION NOW!

SAVE YOUR DOLLARS!
Buying Bonds is so *easy* a way to do our share, even when it does mean *temporary* self-sacrifice. When we do without that new dress or new suit NOW we are only securing ourselves a better one when the war is over. Save the money to buy an *extra* Bond this time.
JOHN LABATT LIMITED
London Canada

assault. Some of the emotion is valid—there is for instance Joseph Cotton's numbed and pitiable soldier whose plight is real and desperate enough to touch almost anyone's heart. By the time the picture is over however, the tears are falling indiscriminately, both on the screen and in the audience; tears for Ginger Rogers whose unfortunate encounter with Big Business out of working hours has condemned her to a life of mystery and seclusion; tears for lovers' partings and misunderstandings; tears even for Shirley Temple who gives the horrid secret away and then cries her eyes out over her mistake. As a result the central theme is blurred; and this is a pity since the story of the war-distracted soldier fumbling his way back to normal life is a matter for both honest tears and sensitive insight.

Not Idle Tears

There were many people in the same theatre who cried openly and with genuine sorrow over John Kennedy's newsreel pictures of the life of Franklin Roosevelt. These pictures sketched in the Roosevelt story from the First World War to the Conference at Yalta, and set side by side they made a vivid and unforgettable story. One recognized afresh how swiftly President Roosevelt had aged over the years and how indomitably his friendliness, courage and gaiety had survived every change. Hurriedly assembled as they were, these newsreel glimpses were moving beyond words. No story in the power of the screen could have touched the heart of an audience more genuinely or profoundly.

• •

V-1 Went to England; Harbors to France

By M. K. ZIEMAN

"ONE picture is better than a thousand words." (So say the Chinese.) Certainly this is true of moving pictures like "V-1", the British Ministry of Information film portraying the Robot Bomb blitz on London, now being shown in connection with the current loan campaign. Only a picture can show the cataclysmic destruction that followed a V-1 hit, and at the same time bring home to us that we have only begun to shoulder the task facing every one in the world after this war, and which merits every assistance, financial and otherwise, that we who have escaped this horror owe to those who have borne it so courageously.

The second of these documentary films, "Harbors Go to France", is a record of perhaps the most remarkable feat of military and marine engineering ever attempted and successfully carried through in any war,—the building of the mobile harbor, which was transported piece by piece across the Channel and anchored off the coast of France, a few days after D-Day. It made possible the supposedly impossible task of reinforceing and resupplying huge armies without access to usual port facilities.

The Germans simply couldn't conceive of such a scheme. So they heavily fortified all the great French ports, believing that troops landed elsewhere along France's long coastline would soon be cut off from supplies and reinforcements, and quickly mopped up.

Seeing it in this film, one wonders why the Germans didn't think of it first. They had all of Europe conquered, why then didn't they conceive of the possibility of attacking Britain by this method? It was known that they feared the storms and vagaries of English Channel weather. Now, we know that a few days after the first landings in France, for three days a June storm struck this mobile harbor with all the fury of a winter blow. The harbor suffered extensive damage, but it held!

Perhaps the answer lies in the difference between the British and German character, as illustrated in these two films. V-1 with its record of death and destruction, involving no personal risk to its German sponsors, is typical of Nazi destructive inventiveness; the mobile harbors on the other hand called for constructive imagination of the highest order, and with it, the full realization of the risks involved—that the dice of wind and weather were loaded against us; and yet, here was the one way Fortress Europa could be breached and held, and our armies supplied, until Cherbourg, with its port facilities, was made available.

• •

"Hamlet" Returning

SPEAKING of the Tom Rutherford "Hamlet" which re-appears in Toronto at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week Mr. Robert Henderson writes: "I happened to see Guthrie McClintic just after his return from Italy. He heard of the Toronto summer production of "Hamlet" while on the Adriatic front. The dancer, Demtrios Vilan, had heard of it in London. Edmund Goulding the film director was told of it in Hollywood, and the New York critics were full of questionings."

For the production of next week Mr. Rutherford will have a brilliant company of players in his support.

• •

STREET CAR CONVERSATION

"MOTHER'S a kid in some ways you know; she's so enthusiastic about anything she takes up. Up at the Church they have a kind of a Club; they call it a Mothers' Group; rather a jolly crowd, you know, all about the same age and terribly interested in layettes and child-training and what have you. They meet once a month and generally have a speaker; maybe a doctor, if they can get one, maybe a nurse, or one of the Social Welfare people. Sometimes when all foreigners fail they pick one of their own, give her a subject and tell her to go *to* it.

"Well, last Thursday night it was Mother's turn. The subject was 'How to correct nervous fears in children, and did she go *to* it! Telephoning to a doctor's wife she knows—went to school with her — and going to the Reference Library every afternoon, and typing in the library hours after everybody was in bed until she had a really good essay; and I mean good. I wish I could write a theme as well as she does.

"And it went over big, from what I hear. She has been getting congratulations ever since. But here's the pay-off. About eleven o'clock that night I was plugging at Alfred de Musset so that I might have something to show at the exam. next day, when Mother telephoned. She wanted me to come right over to Mrs. Barlow's where the meeting was and walk home with her. There was no one going her way and she positively couldn't walk the six blocks alone. I laughed and she said, 'You know perfectly well, Joyce, that I *never* take chances on the street after ten o'clock. If I did make it I wouldn't sleep a wink, and I'd have a sick headache tomorrow. So, like a good girl . . .'

"'You're scared,' I said. And she admitted it, right off, and got huffy when I laughed. Yes, she's a kid, but she's lovely."

J. E. M.

• •

OLD AND NEW

THE ancients, silly bunch, plugged sex
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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Cora Casselman: Canada's Woman Delegate to San Francisco

By THELMA CRAIG

SOMEONE in Ottawa the other day said, "But the Prime Minister had no choice but to name Mrs. Cora Casselman delegate to the San Francisco Conference". Granted, a woman should be included in the delegation. Granted, Mrs. Casselman is the only woman member on the Liberal side of the House of Commons. Granted also, Cora Casselman has for more than twenty-five years been a student of international relations.

Cora Casselman

Take the comment whichever way you like, there is reasonableness in it. But what this writer is concerned about, is that she was named undoubtedly not only because she happened to be a woman, and the first and only woman to win a seat in Parliament as a Liberal nominee, but also because she has given a lot of thought to the setting up of a world security organization that will be an answer to our longing to have done with this whole bloody business that is war.

A world security organization is no new idea as far as she is concerned. I imagine she was about the prettiest girl anywhere (she's still a beautiful woman)—tall, clear-skinned and pink-cheeked, with big, warm brown eyes, when one day in the summer of 1916 she married Frederick Clayton Casselman. Like many a young woman today, her husband took the next boat overseas and didn't come back until the war was over and he had been in hospital for months. (She has a lot of concern for the war brides of today and no wonder!) Then, with the Military Cross, he was invalided home in 1919 and was in hospital for more months. She agrees that it was chiefly this experience that plunged her into the study of such things as social security and international affairs and peace for all time.

A Practical Woman

She already had a good background of preparation. At Queen's University from which she graduated with honors in English and history in 1912, she tutored in history while attending the Faculty of Education. Awarded the 1913 medal from that faculty, she went on to teach history in Kingston Collegiate for the next six years . . . and that meant ancient, mediaeval, modern and Canadian.

In Edmonton where her husband practised law and later became member of the Federal House for Edmonton East, the seat to which she succeeded in June, 1941, following his death, she conducted a study group on international affairs for ten years. She was president, too, of the League of Nations Society in Edmonton; now she is a member of the national executive. She has lectured extensively on the Atlantic Charter and international developments. She has on several occasions spoken in the House on international affairs.

A practical woman, Mrs. Casselman realizes that the proposals put forward at Dumbarton Oaks are not the perfect solution for which the theorists and idealists look. But neither was the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights and the Habeas Corpus Act. Neither was the League of Nations.

Not only does Canada desire to take part in the formation of a new security league but it *must*, says Mrs. Casselman. "We must, I say. Mechanical inventions have made this world small. No great city is more than sixty air hours from any other great city. Science has developed fearful weapons, and will continue to improve them. Canada is at the cross-roads among the great nations of the world. Our geographical position has been a factor in saving us from the horrors of invasion, and we have had a good neighbor. We are thankful for the commonwealth of which we are a part. But even so, there have been submarines within our waters. In another few years our geographical position may make us the battleground, the Belgium between great powers, unless those powers through some organization such as is now suggested, decide that the things upon which they are in agreement are more important than the things which divide them."

Works Without Fanfare

Mrs. Casselman is going to the Conference after careful preparation and close scrutiny of the proposals, concerned that a non-partisan stand should be taken by the Canadian delegation, and ready to do her bit to bring out of the San Francisco meeting a vital document for the establishment of an enduring peace.

One has a feeling that this woman of quiet charm and dignity, with friendly smile and personal loveliness, has done a bigger "bit" for Canada than the public is aware. True, she has never sought the limelight nor performed the spectacular. She is not noted for brilliant speeches or daring comments. Rather she works hard . . . consistently hard, thinks carefully before she speaks, has firm convictions on matters she has given considered thought, makes personal friendships that are lasting.

Cora Taylor Casselman is one of the self-made kind. She was born in a tiny spot by the name of Tara, daughter of a merchant. She attended public school in Toronto and high school in Barrie. To put herself through university, she taught during the summers in Saskatchewan. The first summer she used a horse and buggy; she recalls with a good sense of humor her early problems of harnessing a horse. The following summers she walked miles, carried her lunch in a lard pail. Finally, after graduating from university, she took up teaching as a career. As a child she had wanted to be a writer but she thinks the verse she wrote and the "books" she scribbled, had best be forgotten about. Actually she went into teaching because there wasn't much else a young woman could do in those days, unless enter the civil service or train for a nurse.

During World War I, while she was teaching in Kingston and after her husband went overseas, she did V.A.D. work in a military hospital and in the flu epidemic of 1918. People who have known her in Edmonton say she is a competent homemaker, a charming hostess and a leader in the community. She has one daughter, Cora Frances, now attending Queen's University. Besides her work in the League of Nations Society in Edmonton and her efforts to secure greater interest in international affairs, she has been active in the University Women's Club, the Women's Auxiliary of University Hospital, the Council of Social Agencies and Community Chest, the Women's Liberal Club and the Twentieth Century Club, the Women's Canadian Club and the I.O.D.E. She is on the Council of Queen's, her alma mater, and she has been vice-president of the Canadian Federation of University Women. Now she has had flocks of letters from women's organizations giving her encouragement as she goes to San Francisco, and one from the Canadian and Professional Women's Clubs, asking her to act as their special representative also.

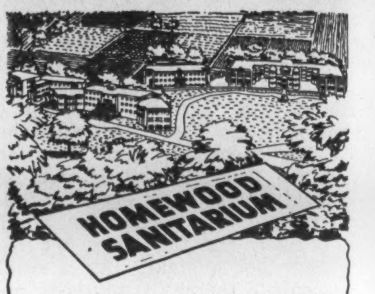
Little did Mrs. Casselman dream, however, that she would be the first woman Liberal and the fourth woman to sit in the Federal House. When her husband who was representing Edmonton East died, she was asked to be a candidate in the by-election which followed in June, 1941. It didn't look like an easy victory but it was. Campaigning on a "Win the War" platform, she polled more votes than her two opponents together — and one of her opponents, Orvis Kennedy, secretary of the Alberta Social Credit League.

Mrs. Casselman was the first and only woman to occupy the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons, and the first woman to chair a Committee of the Whole. As chairman of the committee dealing with war appropriations for air services one day in May, 1942, she had the delightful task of calling "Chubby" Power, then minister of national defence for air, to order. Hansard of that date, quotes Mr. Power as replying: "This is indeed an historic occasion. First, I withdraw. I must say that in a long career in this House I have rarely been called to order. And I have never been called to order which I appreciate so much as I do in this case. I unreservedly withdraw my imputation".

For two years Mrs. Casselman has served on the Parliamentary committee for social security, examining the question of health insurance; she hopes to see health insurance introduced throughout Canada early in the next parliament. She believes it would both raise the standard of health of the people and make for greater uniformity of standards throughout the provinces. A member of the Parliamentary Radio Broadcasting Committee for three years, she believes radio should be in the hands of a publicly controlled body "to a large extent". She is a strong supporter of Family Allowances. She discussed social security at the plenary session of the I.L.O. in Philadelphia when she was the second woman to take the platform, immediately following Frances Perkins, U.S.A. Secretary of Labor.

In Advance

There are other things that suggest the kind of person Cora Taylor Casselman is. She was one of the ladies' double champions in tennis in Edmonton and runner-up in Western Canada. She loves gardening. A former pupil, now a Colonel, calls her "Cora". She has had the same cleaning woman by the day for 19 years. One of her Kingston Collegiate pupils, now prominent in many fields of endeavor, says: "She was the best history teacher we ever had, in fact, I think the best teacher. She was keen. Everybody adored her. She was lovely to look at and so intelligent in her direction. A very progressive teacher . . . far in advance of the times."



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THE OTHER PAGE

It Almost Seemed Certain . . . It Was To Be a Day for Annelise

By AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

WHERE the morning sun came in above the blind it was reflected upwards on the wall in a bar of greenish shading to rosy light. Annelise liked to watch the faintly-quivering color: it might be the sea, she thought—but a fairy sea, made of something clearer, cleaner and more translucent than water. She lay very still, trying to imagine the feel of such water on her hands and forehead. But somewhere in the back of her brain other thoughts were busy—thoughts which she hoarded to savor their deliciousness, as with a slice of fruit-cake she and her brother Rick would bite carefully around the cherry, keeping it to the last. She took these thoughts out and handled them one by one, lingeringly, fondly.

First, there was her birthday, only a week away. The Merriam family took birthdays very seriously. She would wear her party-dress and sit at the head of the table. The party-dress bulked large in her mind—not from vanity; Annelise was seven years old and knew she was not pretty,—but because it was in itself exquisite. It was made of pale pink silk embroidered with rosebuds; and when she put it on she knew that to wear something so beautiful was almost to be beautiful oneself.

Second, there was the hope—but it was a very slender hope—that one of her presents this year might be a kitten. Her father did not like cats, so there never had been one in the Merriam household. But he might relent, if he knew how badly she wanted one. Her mother had not positively refused her. Something alive—something soft and warm to cuddle! Annelise was a lonely little girl: she thought of the bouncing ball of silver-grey fluff, all eyes and ears and innocent astonishment, that belonged to her cousin Rae; and her small face took on a look of ecstatic tenderness that quite transfigured it.

Third—and here was the cherry at last! This morning Sister Celestine and Sister Eulalie were to choose those pupils who would take part in the school concert at the end of term. Annelise had never been in a concert. It seemed to her that to have such honor descend on one would be like a temporary promotion to heaven. And it could happen—oh, it could very easily happen! There were forty children in the class, and thirty-five to be chosen. It almost seemed that it was certainly to be.

BECAUSE she could not bear the ecstasy of the thought, Annelise sprang out of bed. She ran to the window and pulled aside the blind, flooding the room with a great wave of golden light. There were roses around the sill — large rich-colored roses full of a scent like wine. And from somewhere a little way off came the lazy whir of a lawn-mower, the one sound needed to make her heart brim over. She stood tiptoe, her hands clasped tight above her breast, her eyes immense with excitement and happiness: and she thought, "No matter what happens, I'll never forget this morning. Never, never, never!"

In the next room Rick groaned and rolled over.

"Hi, Matchbones! Is it time to crawl outta the hay?" Despite all the milder forms of correction and some not so mild, Rick's language was an argot boasting a number of roots, all disreputable. His voice punctured the moment as if it had been a rainbow bubble, but a bright sediment of happiness remained in his sister's heart.

Observing it, Rick glanced at her curiously several times during breakfast. Rick was ten and as unlike his small dark sister as possible—a handsome blond boy, square and sturdy, who took his luck for granted and never found it fail him. He did not dislike his sister, but kept her in her place, which he considered was that of moon to his sun. She did not look sufficiently moonlike this morning, so he set about reducing her to her proper status.

He arrested a spoonful of porridge half-way to his lips and favored her with a sinister stare.

"I saw you at recess yesterday." The words were harmless enough, but they were uttered in a tone that lent them dark significance.

Annelise went red, then white. "Please, Rick," she begged under her breath.

"I saw you," Rick repeated, enjoying himself.

"Please, Rick!"

"Now then, what's going on?" shouted their father from the head of the table.

"Nothing," breathed Annelise, and, "Nothing, I guess," Rick muttered, satisfied with the effect he had achieved. He had no real wish to get his sister into trouble, merely to put her in her place. In this he had been successful; for the rest of the meal she looked quite as subdued as he could have desired.

Her crime of the day before had not been so dark as the little scene might suggest. She had accepted and chewed a stick of gum. Because the gum was forbidden to the Merriam children, it had for them an irresistible fascination—though only as a stolen sweet was it sweet. Annelise had not really enjoyed the experience, which had impressed her as singularly flat and unrewarding. She would not try it again; she wished she had not tried it at all, it was so little worth the oppressive burden of guilt it laid upon her when she remembered it.

RICK seized his books and rushed off, flinging on his cap as he went. Annelise followed more slowly. She would be late, of course; she was always late, but it didn't matter. The first hour of school at the convent was given over to the religious instruction of the Catholic pupils: the Protestants had a room to themselves in which to "review their lessons". If Annelise wasn't there—and she rarely was—she wouldn't be missed.

It was nearly a mile to the convent. The road was so white, the grass and trees so intensely green, the sky so blue, that it hurt your heart. The trees were as full of birds as leaves. Annelise dawdled, swinging her books, humming under her breath a little song as tuneless and joyful as that of the sparrows. "I'm so glad I was born!" she said to herself over and over. "Oh, I'm so glad I was born!"

The streets were almost empty. Near the station a man approached Annelise and stopped. She looked up at him, disliking him instantly. He had a dark smooth face and pale eyes with a sidling, sidelong glance that slid over you like a slug crawling on your skin; his flesh looked clammy, as though if you touched it it would come off on you.

"Hello," he said, smiling at her and edging a little nearer. "Would you like some candy?"

"No," said Annelise quietly but with immense decision. She quickened her pace and passed him, twisting to avoid the hand he would have laid on her shoulder. He turned as if he meant to follow; but at that moment a policeman rounded the corner, and he seemed to shrink into himself and melt away. Annelise walked on faster. She was not frightened, for she was too innocent and ignorant to know what it was that had brushed her in passing; but her heart beat quicker with a vague sense of disgust and outrage.

The convent grounds were deserted, the halls inside were dark and cool and steeped in peace. Annelise was Protestant to the core, but she liked the gentle dusk that faintly breathed of incense and stirred with a sighing rustle of robes. It took her to itself, and she was no longer one of the Merriam family but a person in her own right, a figure in another world—the small, specialized, important world of school. She dipped her pen gravely into the ink and became a scholar.

At half-past eleven the door opened and Sister Celestine and Sister Eulalie came in; one pale and sedate, the other plump and rosy. The moment at last, the terrible moment of destiny! Annelise's nerveless fingers relaxed their hold on her pencil-box, which fell with a crash and flew open, sprinkling the floor with pen-nibs and pencil-stubs. Crimson, she stooped to pick them up, Sister Celestine's frown imprinted on her brain. It was a bad beginning, and she knew it. She began to tremble, as she did involuntarily in moments of excitement. Miserably she set her teeth and clenched her hands, fighting to hold herself motionless. And the choosing began.

The two nuns made their selections alternately. Mary Harrison, the prettiest girl in the class, was chosen first—as everyone, including Mary herself, had known she would be. After her, all the more attractive children, the little girls with ringlets and dimples. Twenty . . . twenty-five . . . thirty. . . Annelise shut her eyes and prayed. Thirty-one . . . thirty-two . . . thirty-three. . . It was Sister Eulalie's turn. Sister Eulalie was good-natured and Irish. She saw a pair of grey-blue eyes, all dark dilated pupils, fixed imploringly on hers. She hesitated, smiled, and chose Jenny Martin, who squinted.

The last choice lay with Sister Celestine. Every child in the convent worshipped Sister Celestine, who had a pale angelic face and seemed to move about in a dream. Her gaze travelled over the class, rested on Annelise without appreciation, and passed on.

"Ellen Smith," said Sister Celestine clearly. It was all over.

Annelise stopped trembling. Her eyes welled shamefully with tears, and for a dreadful moment she held her head still and her eyelids stiff lest she should blink and spill them over. If that happened she would be disgraced forever. Gradually, very gently, she blinked the tears away.

"It doesn't matter," she told herself fiercely, "It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter!" But it did matter. To the last hour she lived she would remember that disappointment: she would laugh at it one day, but she would never forget it.

"Take out your readers," said the voice of Sister Marie. Automatically, Annelise took out her reader. . .

IT WAS an hour to bedtime. The kitchen was full of twilight; the blue-checked curtains stirred a little and blew softly inward. Annelise cut herself a slice of bread-and-butter and began to sprinkle it very slowly and carefully with sugar. Then she would get out Mrs. Beeton's cook-book and read between bites, and imagine she was eating saucer-cake or cabinet pudding or something else that sounded mouth-filling and delicious.

"Well, how are you getting on at school?" her father asked perfunctorily.

"All right," Annelise replied indifferently and truthfully.

"What happened to you today, honey?" That was her mother.

Annelise considered, holding the spoon poised. Today had permanently increased her little stock of experience. She had been happier—and more miserable—than ever before in her short seven years. And—but this she was never to know—she had stood for an instant in the shadow of Death.

What had happened to her today, indeed?

"Nothing," said Annelise placidly, and returned to her bread and sugar.

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MAGIC Orange Shortcake

MAGIC
BAKING
POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

½ tsp. salt
2 tbs. sugar
2 cups pastry flour (or 1¾ cups bread flour)
3 tbs. shortening
About ¾ cup milk
4 tsps. Magic Baking Powder
Orange sections (skinless)

Sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening till very fine; add milk to make soft dough. Turn dough onto floured board and shape into round cake about 1" thick. Bake in lightly greased layer-cake tin at 425°F. for 20-25 minutes. Split and butter while hot. Place whole sections of seedless oranges, between layers and top with

ORANGE SAUCE

Combine 1½ cups of orange sections halved with about ⅓ cup honey. Let stand in refrigerator for ½ hour or longer before pouring over shortcake. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

MADE IN CANADA

Saturday Night Presents Its Own Dictionary for Socialists

By C. MONTE ROBERTS

A somewhat abridged collection of words and phrases as they might be defined by our C.C.F. friends . . . if they were in the habit of making accurate definitions.

DEMOCRACY: Reactionary idea planted in the minds of innocent people by insidious Capitalist propaganda.

Uninformed: State of not accepting every socialist statement as the irrefutable truth.

Informed: True Believers are. Those who think for themselves aren't.

Dollars: Primitive unit of exchange in use B.S. (Before Socialism.)

Money: Nothing but the product of a printing machine. Let's get rid of it—give it away or something.

Banks: Nothing but places to keep money in. So after we get rid of money—what good are banks?

Bankers: Nasty men who lend people money so they can go in business and perhaps become independent. Independent people are awfully hard to convert. Better they should live off the state.

Private Enterprise: Just another name for capitalism. Don't let it fool you.

Capitalism: Just another name for private enterprise. Don't let it fool you.

Depression: The bloated capitalists did it on purpose.

Good Times: The bloated capitalists couldn't prevent them.

Voters: A necessary evil in winning elections under the outmoded, grasping capitalist system.

The Masses: See above.

Election promises: See above, and don't be silly.

Campaign Funds: Very evil. We can't seem to collect many.

Political Economy: The most votes for the least money.

Socialism: Them as hasn't, should have. Them as has, shouldn't have. Or, let's play musical chairs . . . but we'll run the music and let somebody else pay the piper.

Communism: The face is familiar, but we seem to have forgotten the name.

Big Business: A bad thing. Employs hundreds and hundreds of people who would be better off attending indignation meetings an getting their checks from the state.

Little Business: We-e-e-e-ll, not so bad . . . but let's stamp it out because when a little business is successful it sometimes becomes big business, and that's just awful, isn't it?

Profit Motive: The disgusting influence which provided the incentive to build this country.

Distribution of Wealth: Take it from the "haves" and give it to the "have-nots" so that the "have-nots" become "haves" and we can start all over again.

Wages: Not enough.

Work: Too much.

Reactionary: A person who sees any particle of good in things the way they are.

Progressive: A person who knows that nothing is worth a hoot the way it is.

Monopoly: Control of an industry by a single group. A very bad thing.

State Ownership: Control of an industry by a single group. A very good thing.

Social Security: Much better than working for a living.

Natural Resources: They're ours—so why not sit back and let them support us in the style to which we wish to become accustomed?

National Income: Carve it up boys, and let's have a whooperoo of a party, while it lasts.

Far-sighted: State of thinking "we're in a mess now—but there'll come a day."

Exports: No good. They just involve us in capitalistic wars.

Imports: No good. We have to pay for them, which is obviously unfair.

Government: From the v.t., to govern, meaning to regulate, restrain, control. Try us out, and we'll show you what we mean.

Revolution: Comes the revolution, you'll *eat* strawberries and cream!

Freedom: An inefficient luxury.

Fifth Freedom: Freedom from work.

Totalitarian: Don't rush us—we'll show you first and explain later.

Ignorance: On part of voter is bliss for us.

Propaganda: Anything the opposition says.

Profound Truth: Anything *we* say.

Enlightenment: You'll be enlightened or bust. Or both.

Free Enterprise: This might be O.K., if we could just figure out how to keep it under rigid control.

Taxation: So you think you're being taxed now, eh? Hah.

Balanced Economy: All pay and no work.

Vote: Why, sure, everybody can vote just as he pleases, so long as he pleases to vote for us.

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THE MYSTERY

A low song, gentle and kind,
    The gay, soft laughter of love;
Daily they come to mind
As I stare out, fearful and blind,
    'Round about and above
Into the fog of the times,
And dally with jingling rhymes.

The singer faded and died;
    Roses heaped on her bier,
Lilies and daisies pied.
But Science, bursting with pride,
    Tells me the facts are clear,
That a whisper runs today
Past the suns of the Milky Way.

And comes it hither as well,
    Out of the Venus shine?
Verily, who can tell?
And the mad world tolls its knell
    Giving never a sign
Of hope in these murky times;
And so, I bend to my rhymes.

Over her mound, poor lass,
    Pinks and violets blow,
Years upon years of grass
Rise and flourish, and pass,
    Decades of sun and snow.
The lady went to her grave
And yet she sings me a stave!

J. E. MIDDLETON

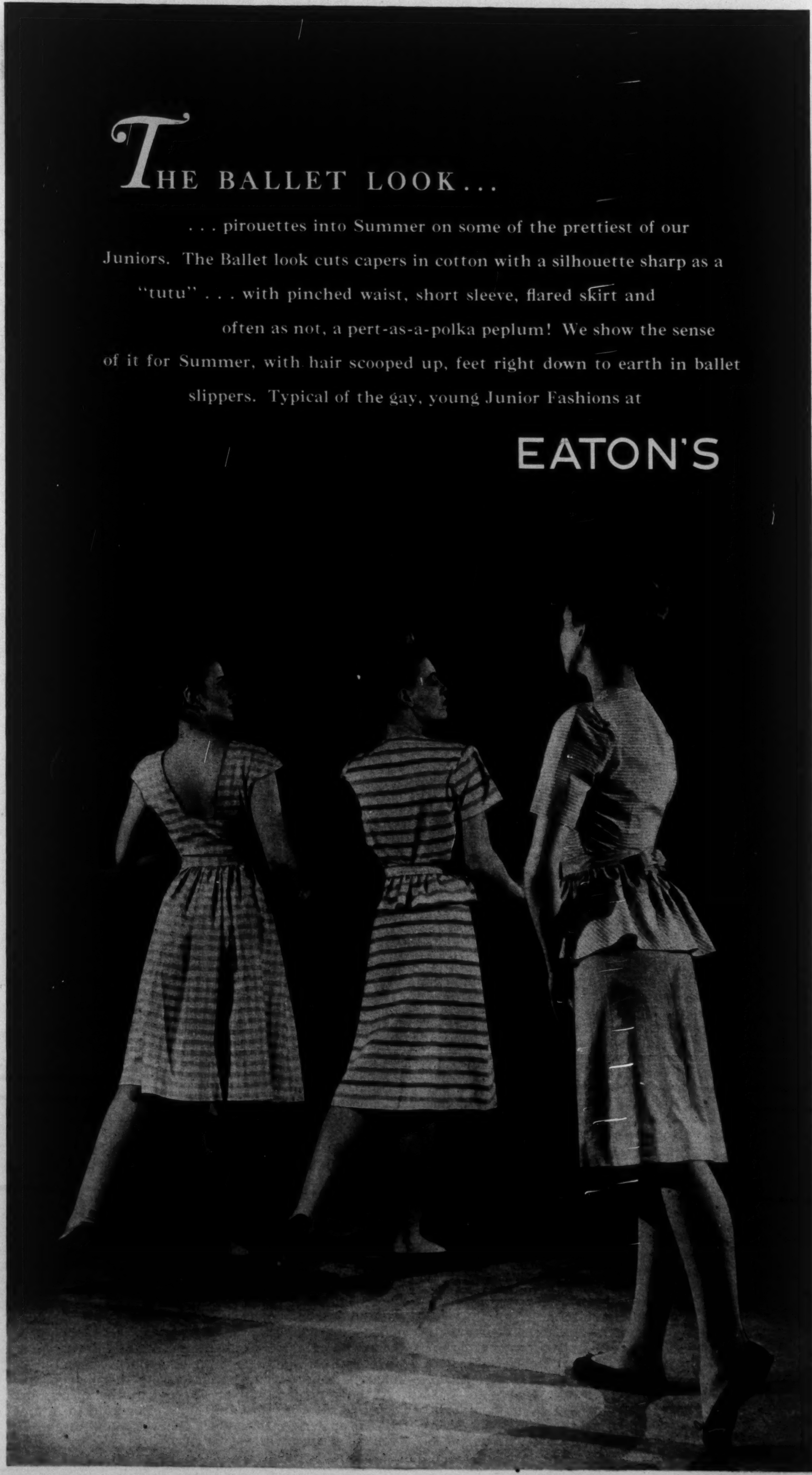
• •

VALUE RECEIVED

THE neighbors talk and nod and wag their heads,
Saying what utter fools some people are,
The way they spend their money; how they scrimp,
And go without, and trudge about so far,
And then, like 'snap your fingers'! go and buy
Carnations, of all things! You'd think they'd use
More sense, and try to get some decent shoes.

But Annie Broddock in her dismal room,
Placing carnations in a stubby bowl,
Feels the bright wonder of their scented flame
Kindle the edges of her tired soul. . .
They cannot know, who criticise her strange
And spendthrift ways, how in the night of storm
Bright coals of beauty burn to keep her warm.

R. H. GRENVILLE
Victoria, B.C.


THE BALLET LOOK...
. . . pirouettes into Summer on some of the prettiest of our Juniors. The Ballet look cuts capers in cotton with a silhouette sharp as a "tutu" . . . with pinched waist, short sleeve, flared skirt and often as not, a pert-as-a-polka peplum! We show the sense of it for Summer, with hair scooped up, feet right down to earth in ballet slippers. Typical of the gay, young Junior Fashions at
EATON'S

FINANCE
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THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
GOLD & DROSS

Safety for the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 28, 1945

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

When Are Stock Prices Too High or Too Low?

By HARUSPEX

Most investors and speculators find it difficult to judge whether stocks are "too high" or "too low". Haruspex explains a useful technique to apply to market swings by which market "tops" and "bottoms" may be detected.

OF THE three major influences—earnings, credit, and investment psychology—playing on stock prices, earnings generally dominate. There are exceptions, of course, of which 1929 and the recent war years are examples.

In 1929 the Hatry failure in London, with consequent withdrawal by the British of a substantial amount of fold out of New York, precipitated a collapse of the American credit bubble. A huge total of loans had been made by the American public to finance stock speculation and, once liquidation of these loans started, with accompanying dumping of stock collateral, prices avalanched downward despite earnings.

More recently, or during the years of World War II, the investment public has been greatly under the influence of a depressed war psychology. It has not been willing to pay as much for earnings as under more settled conditions. This hesitancy, noted in other wars, to bid earnings up to peacetime levels is based both on some uncertainty as to the exact course of the war and war legislation and on the knowledge that war earnings are impermanent.

Thus, earnings of $11.64 in 1941 on the stocks included in the Dow-Jones industrial average and traded on the New York Stock Exchange, topped the level of $11.49 reported in 1937, yet the average sold only as high as 133 in 1941, compared with 194 in 1937. Likewise, last year's earnings on the industrial average were $10.07, or the same figure as that turned in for 1936, yet last year's peak on the average was some 30 points below the 1936 peak.

In the accompanying graph we are showing earnings on the Dow-Jones industrial average from 1938 to date. We have also plotted two lines, the top one representing the number of times earnings the average has sold at its high point for each year; the bottom one, the number of times earnings it has sold at its low point for each year.

Earnings, for the war period, were at the greatest discount in 1941, the year the United States joined the United Nations in the war on the Axis.

Progressive advances in the price-earnings ratios have since been witnessed, the Dow-Jones average selling at 15.1 times earnings at its high for last year; at 13.3, at its low. These ratios compare with around 18 times earnings as a high or "overvalued" price for the average in a good peace year; around 10 times earnings as a low or "undervalued" price for the average in a panic or depression year.

In a year of relatively low earnings, such as 1938, stocks, as the graph will disclose, tend to appraise earnings at a relatively high level. Particularly is this case, as for the year referred to, when the following year promises higher earnings. In such event, the market looks to these earnings of the year ahead.

If earnings for the current year equal $9.75, which is the most favorable forecast we have seen, the Dow-Jones industrial average, on the basis of past experience, would be distinctly over-priced at 175, distinctly under-priced at 98; and would represent a fair, or reasonable, value at 136.

Most Canadians may not be aware of the fact with the exception of the gold stocks Canadian stocks move practically in unison with the dominant movements of the New York market. It is important then to have a device, timing aside, that will help serve as a "high and low tide" marker.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Towards Postwar Stability

By P. M. RICHARDS

OUR old friend the League of Nations, presumably to be succeeded soon by a new United Nations body, came up the other day with a report entitled "Economic Stability in the Postwar World". This is a subject which, with victory in Europe a fact even if there is still a lot of cleaning-up to do, now outranks victory in the Pacific as Problem No. 1 in the minds of many foresighted citizens. The war, God knows, has been hard enough; how now to win the peace? The closer we get to it, the more alarming, economically and politically, the prospect appears. What real basis have we for assuming that we shall be successful in avoiding the errors committed after 1918? True, there is the fact of the considerable and painful experience we have gained since then, but have we the knowledge and understanding to profit by it? This most timely League of Nations report is designed to help us.

The League delegates who prepared it are citizens of Great Britain, the United States, Canada, France, Poland, the Netherlands and Australia, but did not represent their countries officially. Graham Towers, Governor of the Bank of Canada, and Louis Rasminsky, alternate chairman of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, are Canadian members of the delegation, which has its headquarters at Princeton, New Jersey.

Throughout the report the international character of economic depressions and consequently the need for international action to overcome them is emphasized. Depressions, the report says, "are international phenomena, or national phenomena spreading from one country to another," and any study had to "consider the influences of policies adopted in one country upon the economic activity in another." The report adds: "We should have failed wholly in our purpose had we put forward proposals which might reduce unemployment in one area only at the cost of increasing unemployment elsewhere."

Preventives of Depression

Long-Term foreign lending by the richer countries, and establishment of an international buffer stock agency are sugested as two preventives of global depression. By purchasing products when prices tended to fall and selling them when prices tended to rise, the stock agency would help to keep prices of materials and the incomes of their producers more stable than they have been heretofore.

The report says that "an increasing proportion of the spare resources released by technical progress should obviously be devoted to increasing leisure, particularly among the more hard-worked sections of the population."

Urging international coordination of national policies for the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment, the report suggests appointment of a central advisory body as a part of the general international organization. This body would study the policies pursued by different governments affecting economic activity locally and universally and analyze their causes; it would keep governments and the general public informed concerning its findings and make available to governments its views about policies which might be pursued to revive or maintain economic activity. It would arrange for joint discussions.

"It is important," says the report, "to endeavor to promote greater equality in the distribution of income by increasing the productivity or the purchasing power of the lower-income groups rather than by fiscal measures alone. We have in mind policies designed to bring about an improvement of public health, of economic opportunity, of educational facilities, on the one hand, and the reduction of the prices of goods of primary necessity, whether by lowering tariffs or by bettering methods of production and distribution, on the other . . . There would be a still greater assurance of stability of demand were the distribution not only of income but of capital more evenly spread. Governments should therefore make certain that adequate investment facilities are available to the small saver."

Impediments to Enterprise

The report says that high corporation taxes may constitute a serious impediment to enterprise, also that when monopoly threatens to prevent revival, it is incumbent on governments to take measures to break it. Whatever changes may be made in individual wage rates, the total wage bill, aggregate labor income, should as far as possible be kept stable in a depression. A general wage increase would raise costs without necessarily increasing purchasing power, and a general reduction of wages would reduce aggregate purchasing power and therefore intensify, at least for a while, the deflationary spiral. Governments should plan their public finances in a contra-cyclical fashion, paying out more than they receive in taxes when private expenditures contract and receiving more than they pay out when it expands. Care should be taken to avoid contracting a volume of public debt out of line with real productivity.

Among international measures recommended by the report, in addition to creation of a buffer stock agency, are the adoption of more liberal and dynamic commercial and economic policies, creation of an international monetary mechanism, establishment of an international institution which would stimulate the international movement of capital for productive purposes and help impart a contra-cyclical character to this movement.

All governments will be affected by the success or failure of all others, and all must cooperate to attain the end on which, the report believes, they all agree. Even so, success will not be easy.

Veteran Battleship Is Slugging Foe in Eastern Waters

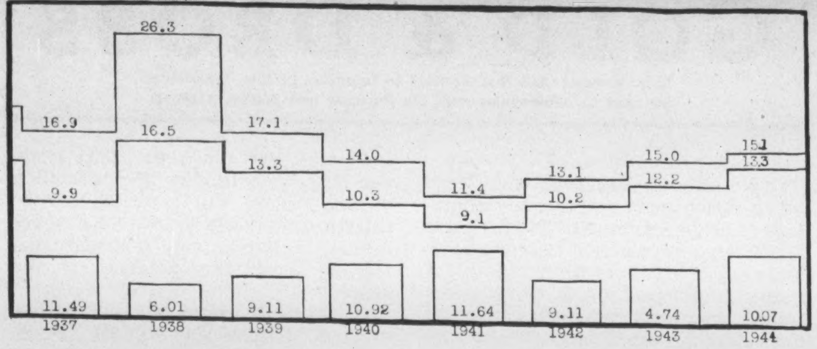
"When the dawn comes up like thunder" off the China coast these days, the dark bulk of Allied battleships can be seen patrolling Far Eastern waters and supporting operations against islands near the Japanese homeland. Britain's veteran battleship, H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, is one of many British units now participating in the Pacific War. Here in the dawn, from under the Queen Elizabeth's 15-inch guns, are seen H.M.S. Valiant and the French battleship, Richelieu. "The Queen" was commissioned in 1915. It was in her cabin that the surrender of the German Fleet was received at Scapa in 1919. But the "Old Lady" is always full of fight, and her crew ever eager to add to her illustrious record. Below: Cleaning out one of her eight 15-inch guns after a practice shoot.

Named for the great queen, who was responsible for the rise of British seapower in the days of Raleigh and Drake, the ship's crew have been the special proteges of our reigning Queen Elizabeth. On Empire Day, 1943, at Buckingham Palace the Queen presented to H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth's Commanding Officer, the prayer book shown below, bound in blue morocco with gold stampings. The inscription reads: "I give this book to H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth with my heartfelt wish that God's blessing may rest on her Captain, Officers and Ship's Company. Elizabeth R., Empire Day, May 23, 1943." Ordinary Seaman R. Leek displays the book.

(Continued from Page 42)

Investors and speculators are reminded that the Dow-Jones Industrial average sold on April 28/42 for 92.92 or 10.2 times earnings and the market in 3 years without correction is working up into the "overpriced zone" of peace time.

A main question with respect to this year's discounting of earnings by the investment public, however, is whether anticipated lowered earnings of the conversion interval or elevated earnings of the immediately following peacetime activity years, are to be emphasized.



perty were 285,478 tons, averaging $13.30 per ton.

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Annual report of Noranda Mines for 1944 indicates interesting depth possibilities in the No. 5 zone. During the early months of the year a body of medium grade ore was located in the No. 5 mineralized zone and explored by diamond drilling from the 5,975-foot level and found to have a

(Continued on page 47)

NEWS OF THE MINES

28-Year-Old Kirkland Producer is Promised New Lease of Life

By JOHN M. GRANT

IS TECK-HUGHES, 28-year-old Kirkland Lake gold producer, taking on a new lease of life? Just what life lies ahead remains to be determined but the proposed enlarged scope of exploration and development appears to promise a brighter future than the mine has shown for over a decade, provided however there are favorable changes in the tax laws and labor administration. Since milling commenced in 1917 Teck-Hughes has had a production of close to $80,000,000 from treatment of approximately 6,150,000 tons of ore and has distributed in excess of $40,000,000 in dividends. Although the milling rate is down to around one-third of capacity one is unable to predict the amount of maximum capacity likely to be utilized in the post-war period but everything points to the fact there may be many more better years ahead of Teck than most people think.

•

Indications in recent months pointed to the fact that possible expansion of operations might be expected at Teck-Hughes when the war ended. For several years past Teck has been carrying out what was regarded as clean-up or salvage operations but it is apparent some time will elapse before this is even completed to the 10th level. With a view to continuing clean-up operations to greater depth, as well as enlarge the search for subsidiary ore bodies the central shaft has been undergoing rehabilitation. In the annual report for 1944, Dr. D. L. H. Robes, president, makes it clear that further geological study and exploration of branch veins connected with either the main break or with minor breaks, gave favorable indications of the existence of several new orebodies that appear to be of sufficient importance to warrant adoption of a long term plan of development on all levels from four to 35.

•

It is questionable if any more important announcement has emanated from the very capable management of Teck-Hughes for many years, but Dr. Forbes points out that confiscation of gold mines through unduly heavy taxation will discourage the development, not only of Teck-Hughes, but of other mines. And he also goes on to stress that administration of labor laws in such a manner as to invite irresponsible labor union leaders to dominate and exploit employees, and to interfere with efficient mine management, curtails operations and causes the actual loss of large tonnages of lower grades of ore.

•

Unfortunately Teck-Hughes in previous operations did not meet with a great deal of encouragement at depth. Below the 50th level the ore zone was explored by diamond drilling to various depths down to 6,650 feet about 10 years ago with lack of success. Further the ore length per block of five horizons below the 25th level was not as great as on the upper levels. The newly proposed development program will necessitate the driving of new haulage roads at every fifth level from which ore and waste passages will be raised to intermediate levels. This will permit economical handling of ore and waste as well as easy and safe access to outlying orebodies.

•

In Lamaque Gold Mines, in the Bourlamaque area of Quebec, Teck-Hughes has a 75% controlled subsidiary which can be expected to grow once the war is over. Teck is also anxious to establish other producers and now holds two interesting prospects. Ore reserves at Lamaque have expanded impressively in recent years despite the paucity of manpower. Positive ore reserves at Lamaque now total over 2,500,000 tons which in actual money has a valuation of more than $20,000.000. At the beginning of the current year ore reserves at Teck-Hughes' original pro-

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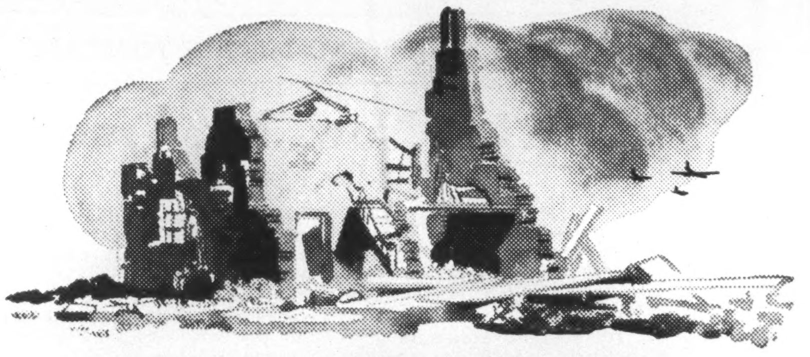

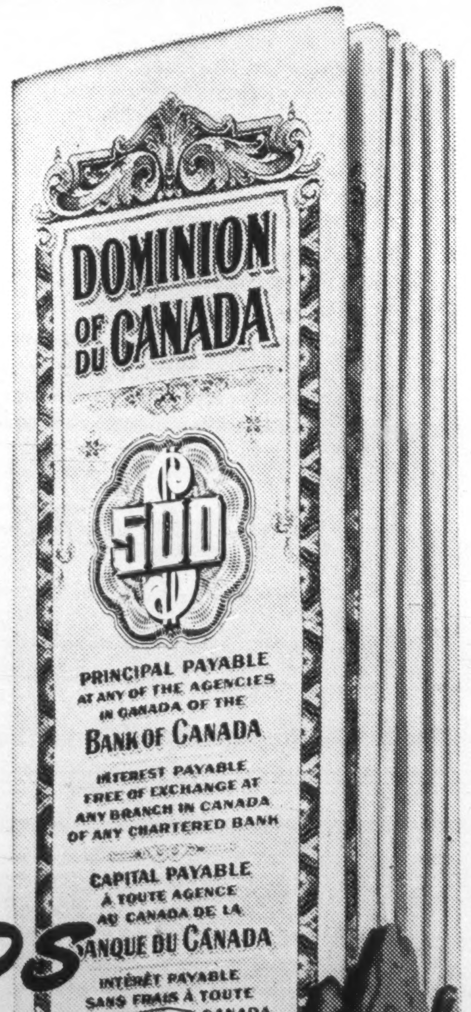
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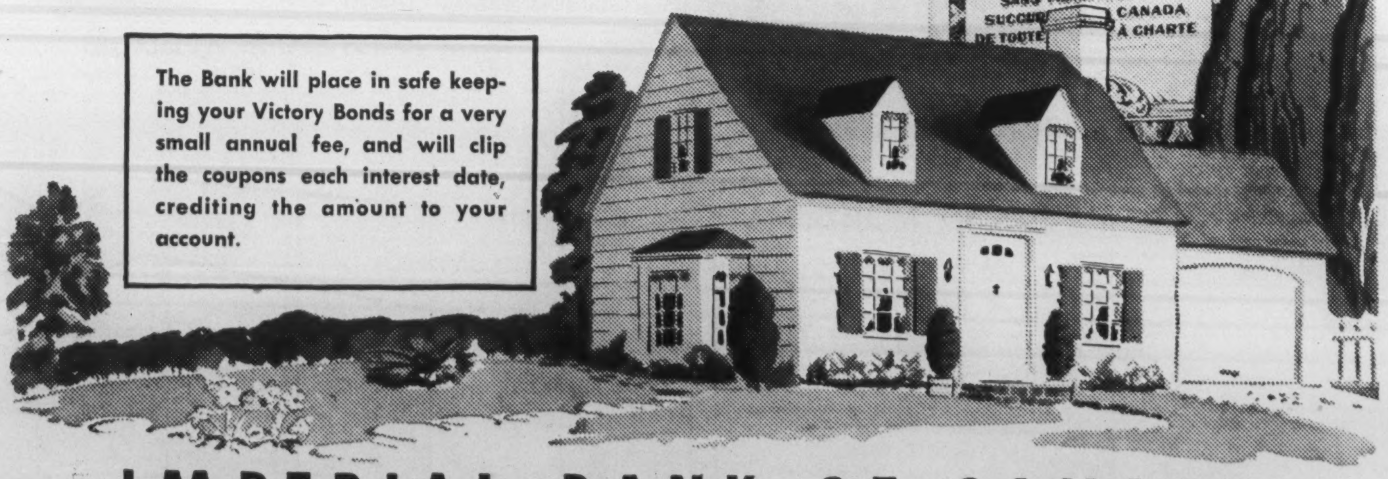

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NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½c per share on the Class "A" shares, and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending May 31st, 1945, payable on the 1st day of June, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 1st day of May, 1945. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.
R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.
Toronto, April 18th, 1945.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817
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NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of FIFTEEN CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th April, 1945.

By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.
Montreal, 17th April, 1945.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

F. J. L., Resolution, N.W.T.—Since its gold mine in Manitoba was closed down three years ago due to exhaustion of ore reserves, GUNNAR GOLD MINES has been active in prospecting and exploring for new mines. A strong liquid position is being maintained pending a return to more normal mining conditions. While the 1944 annual report has not yet been made public the working capital at the end of 1943 was over 23½ cents per share. The company's strong financial position and its prospecting activities give the shares some speculative attraction. A controlling interest is held in the Ogama-Rockland Gold Mines which has shipped some ore to Gunnar but is closed down for the duration, as well as a substantial share interest and option to develop McBine Porcupine Gold Mines, southwest of Delnite Mines, in the Porcupine area. These properties will likely be developed when conditions permit. Chromite prospects as well as other gold claims are held in Manitoba.

F. N. S., Campbellford, Ont.—Sales and gross profits of W. D. BEATH & SON for the year 1944 were the largest on record and while taxes absorbed the major portion of the increase, total net income, including the refundable portion of taxes of $93,983, were at the highest level since 1929 at $213,928 or $2.14 per share "A" stock compared with $115,060 or $1.15 per share for 1943. Sales for 1945 may not reach the 1944 peak, due largely to further diversification of war orders, but capacity will be taxed throughout the year to produce orders in hand, with deliveries extending over the balance of the year.

H. G. T., Toronto, Ont.—I understand DELWOOD PORCUPINE GOLD MINES discontinued diamond drilling last summer due to lack of funds and I have heard of no activity since. The company proposed to raise additional finances for a further program of 10,000 feet of drilling. A block of claims was disposed of in Macklem township to a new company, Kimball Porcupine Gold Mines for a consideration of 1,000,000 shares and a block of 750,000 pooled shares are to be distributed to Delwood shareholders on a basis of one Kimball for each three Delwood shares held. This distribution as the barrister pointed out will be at the discretion of the Ontario Securities Commission. The Kimball Company planned exploration of its property last fall but I have seen no report since of this work.

R. L. B., Calgary, Alta.—Despite the continued rise in gross revenue during the year ended Dec. 31, 1944, net profits of BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORP. showed another decline in the latest year. For 1944 retainable net profit was $1,650,559 or $1.65 per share on the Class "A" stock as compared with earnings of $1.74

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

What Now, Mr. Truman?

BY HARUSPEX

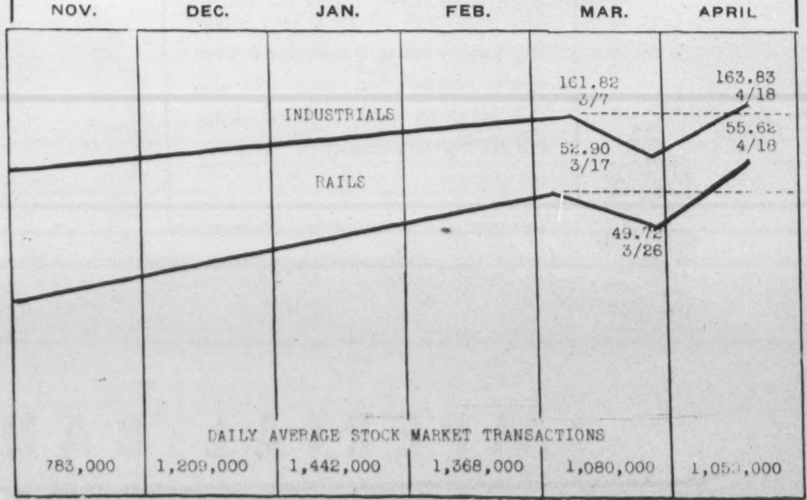
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: Stocks on the New York market, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, have according to our indices, been in a broad zone of distribution over the past two years preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the mid-September 1944 low points of 142.96 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 38.71 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Favorable impression with respect to President Truman, coincident with reports that war in Europe is almost at an end, have stimulated short-range investment psychology, with consequent buoyant effect on stock prices. Under the stimulas of this activity, both the Dow-Jones rail and industrial averages have emerged above the resistance points of early March, thereby reaffirming the primary upward trend from April 1942 and the intermediate upward trend from September 1944. This is conceivably the beginning of the advance that we have previously alluded to as a war victory celebration. We would tentatively set the outside limits of such advance at not above the extreme range given in our year's Forecast of 173 on the Dow-Jones industrial average. Factors that will throw further light on the movement, however, as it develops, are the character, breadth, and intensity of trading, none of which have reached, in the advance to date, the proportions usually accompanying an important top.

A change in American administration directive, such as has just occurred, naturally challenges underlying investment policy, at least inviting re-appraisal of the various factors involved and redetermination of procedure. From the bond approach we see no near-term change in those influences which are supporting the current low level of money rates. We continue to advise concentration of new investing in short and medium-term maturities. From the stock approach we believe that war and conversion (at least for the months more immediately ahead, as against the two to three-year market trend) will remain the chief determinants with the possible exception of some of the American utility holding company situations. In connection with war and conversion, it would seem, on the basis of the current European outlook, that the under-lying trend of industrial activity will show substantial decline over the last half of the year as governmental expenditures are slashed. This conversion interval may easily run for ten to fifteen months and poses sufficient problems, not yet apparent to the general public, as to argue a conservative stock position until their effect can be judged. Stock funds should be partially in reserves; partially in stocks, awaiting higher levels.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF ONE AND THREE QUARTERS PERCENT (1¾%), being at the rate of seven percent (7%), per annum, has been declared upon the preferred stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of May, 1945.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Valleyfield, April 18th, 1945.

The Montreal Cottons Limited

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF ONE PERCENT (1%), has been declared upon the Common Stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of May, 1945.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Valleyfield, April 18th, 1945.

per share for 1943 and $2.08 for 1942 while including the refundable portion of taxes, which were down from $530,000 to $190,000, total net on the "A" for 1944 was $1.84 per share as compared with $2.27 per share earned in 1943 and $2.35 per share in 1942. Thus retainable net barely covered the present annual dividend rate on the "A" of $1.60, reduced in April, 1944, from $2 per share. Gross revenue was at a net all-time peak of $25,207,702 for the year 1944, an increase of $1,372,501 or 5.76% over the previous year and an aggregate gain of $8,300,000 in the last four years. However operating and maintenance expenses were increased from $11,972,342 to $14,580,953 due to uncontrollable costs such as the use of the Vancouver steam plant during the shortage of water for hydro generation and factors due to wartime conditions. Provisions for taxes, including the refundable portion, was reduced to $2,540,000 from $4,350,000 for the previous year. The balance sheet shows a decline in net working capital at $776,719 at the end of 1944 as compared with $1,498,598 one year before but this is the result of an increase in gross property account of $2,076,092 to $150,941,411. In addition funded debt was reduced from $36,712,625 to $35,912,625.

B. S.., Peterborough, Ont.—BASE METAL MINING CORP. is reported as running close to the end of its ore. Milling was resumed last June and up to the end of the year 24,899 tons were treated, with estimated operating profit $66,000 for the year. Ore reserves of proved and probable ore were estimated at 27,500 tons at the end of 1943. The daily average milling rate for the last half year was 41% of the rated capacity due to shortage of labor.

W. L. S., St. Catharines, Ont.—Earnings of CANADA AND DOMINION SUGAR CO., LTD., continued their downward trend in the year 1944. Excluding profit on sale of bonds, net income was $1,293,787 or 86 cents per share as compared with $1,510,096 or $1.01 per share for 1943 and $1.20 per share earned in 1942. Profit on sale of bonds was $34,333 or 3 cents per share for 1944 as against $215,859 or 14 cents per share for 1943.

C. P. R., Halifax, N.S.—I look upon HASAGA GOLD MINES as having possibilities for a hold. Like other gold producers it has been forced to curtail operations drastically and I would not like to hazard a guess as to when dividends will commence. Net profit in 1943 was 3.6 cents per share compared with over seven cents in the previous year. The milling rate now is about 150 tons per day under capacity. Ore reserves at the main property at the end of 1943 were 365,397 tons, averaging 0.1463 oz. per ton as against 466,816 tons at the close of the previous 12 months. The Starratt-Olsen group (the No. 2 property) on which some 40,000 tons of ore were uncovered in two veins by underground work is being further explored by diamond drilling below existing levels. Out of 13 holes put down only two returned blanks and indications from the results of this work, some of which tested the ore shoot to a depth of 750 feet, are that the shoot will have a length of at least 600 feet, grade around $7.50 with widths running from seven to 22 feet. The new orebody appears much like those of Madsen which property it adjoins on the southwest. Yes, I still regard Madsen Red Lake as having good prospects for a hold.

E. A. G., Trail, B.C.—An increase in its authorized capitalization to 4,500,000 shares was recently made by DONA PATRICIA GOLD MINES and at last report the company was negotiating for finances to make a further test of the property which adjoins Central Patricia on the south. While structure was favorable previous diamond drilling returned only low gold values. This drilling however, was to shallow depth only and it is now proposed to carrying the probing deeper.

W. S. T., Moncton, N.B.—Underground development has been recomminded for CROWSHORE PATRICIA GOLD MINES as a result of exploration to date and sinking of a shaft is proposed to an initial depth of 500 feet as soon as government restrictions on this kind of work are removed. Some 10 zones have been located to date on this property three of which have been proven to contain gold values of commercial importance, the "A" and "B" by diamond drilling and "C" by channel sampling. Channel sampling of the latter averaged $10.50 across five feet for a length of 150 feet. Drilling of this zone is to commence as soon as a drill can be secured, and depth exploration of the last three shears discovered, "H", "I" and "J", is also planned. It was recently reported negotiations were in progress for the purchase of a complete plant and installation of hydro electric power.

W. C. J. S., Toronto, Ont.—It has just been announced that GOLDEN ARROW MINES plans to resume diamond drilling on its property in the Hislop-Ramore area. Ore intersections are reported to have been obtained in previous drilling over a length of 225 feet, with values ranging up to $9.45 across eight feet or $5.62 across 17 feet. A two compartment shaft was started but this had to be stopped at 52 feet due to war conditions. The shaft will be reopened as soon as restrictions on such work are removed. In December the company optioned 500,000 shares in blocks of 100,000 shares each at 5, 7, 8, 10 and 12 cents per share.

RCA VICTOR DIRECTOR

Announcement is made of the election of Aubrey H. Elder, K.C., to the Board of Directors of the RCA Victor Company Limited.

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The Canadian Converters Co. Ltd.

PLANS have already been made by The Canadian Converters Company, Limited, for the post-war period. These plans include rehabilitation and modernization of plants and equipment and increased working capital to take care of the anticipated expansion in business when the shortage of materials and manpower is relieved. To finance this program shareholders recently approved of the creation of $1,000,000 of bonds, of which $600,000 will be issued at prevailing low rates of interest. Canadian Converters manufacture a line of products in short supply and for which there has been built up a large demand to be filled when production for civilian consumption is permitted on a larger scale than during the war years. The company buys textiles and converts them into wearing apparel, such as clothing, shirts, collars, underwear, overalls, dresses, lingerie, gowns, etc., which will be in demand not only to meet requirements which it has been impossible to fill in late years but also for clothing the armed forces on demobilization.

Net profit for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1944, of $91,019 compared with $77,961 for 1942-1943 and a deficit of $38,222 for 1938-1939. The 1943-1944 net was equal to $5.26 per share, of which $1.49 a share was refundable tax, and that for 1942-1943, including the refundable tax of $1.45 a share, was equal to $4.50 per share. Retained net of $3.77 a share for the latest year showed a comfortable margin over the current annual dividend rate of $3 per share. Surplus of $579,363 at April 30, 1944, was an increase from $422,382 at April 30, 1939, and was inclusive of the post-war tax refund of $50,798.

An improvement in net working capital has been reported consistently over the past five years. Net working capital at April 30, 1944, of $777,386 was an increase from $751,406 the previous year, and from $545,663 at the end of the 1939 fiscal year. Current assets of $968,146 included cash of $102,734 and investments of $202,219, in the aggregate well in excess of total current liabilities of $190,760.

As previously mentioned shareholders early this year approved of a bond issue of $1,000,000. The company has no preferred stock outstanding, and outstanding capital consists of 17,335 shares, of an authorized issue of 30,000 shares, of $100 par value. Dividends are currently being paid at the annual rate of $3 per share. Dividends were initiated in 1907 when the stock was placed on an annual dividend basis of $4 a share. After payment of the quarterly dividend due November, 1908, distributions were discontinued until the payment of $1 August, 1912, and the $4 annual rate continued until reduced to $2 in February, 1915 and next payment was passed. Distributions were resumed at the rate of $1 quarterly in May, 1917, with an increase to $1.25 quarterly in August of the same year, with a further increase to $1.50 in February, 1920, and to $1.75 in August of that year. The dividend was reduced to $1.25 quarterly in August, 1930, to $1 in August, 1931, to 50c in February, 1932, and discontinued after May, 1937. The next payment, 50c a share, was made in February, 1940, and continued on this quarterly basis to and including January, 1944. In April, 1944, the quarterly rate was increased to 75c a share, and maintained to date. An extra of 75c a share was paid in April, 1939.

The Canadian Converters Company, Limited, was incorporated in 1906 with a Dominion Charter and acquired the capital stock of four companies. The company has two plants located at Montreal, with sales offices maintained in important cities in the Dominion.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1944, inclusive follows:

	Price Range		Earned	Price Earnings Ratio		Earned
	High	Low	Per Share	High	Low	Per Share
1944	48½	36	$5.26-a	9.2	6.8	$3.00
1943	43	17½	4.50-a	9.6	3.9	2.00
1942	18	15¾	4.01	4.5	3.9	2.00
1941	19	17	3.28	5.8	5.2	2.00
1940	19½	14	3.59	5.4	3.9	—
1939	17	6½	d-2.50	—	—	—
Average 1939-1944				9.1	5.9	
Approximate current average				8.4		
Approximate current yield				6.7%		

a—Includes $1.49 per share refundable tax 1944 and $1.45 a share 1943.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended April 30	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit	$ 91,019-x	$ 77,961-x	$ 69,508	$ 56,847	$ 62,234	$ 38,222-d
Surplus	579,363	566,098	546,541	511,702	490,698	422,382
Current Assets	968,146	951,291	1,031,606	831,593	816,142	606,618
Current Liabilities	190,760	199,885	332,351	200,251	202,322	60,956
Net Working Capital	777,386	751,406	699,255	631,341	613,810	545,663

x—Includes $25,749 refundable tax 1943 and $25,049 in 1942.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Does Compulsory Insurance Offer Solution for Our Social Problems?

By GEORGE GILBERT

In a democratic country like Canada if the majority of the people decide that they want compulsory government health insurance or any other kind of insurance as a means of protection against certain social hazards, there is no doubt that they will get it.

But before making up their minds that they want it, they should make themselves acquainted with the price which they individually will have to pay for it if it is adopted, as there is no magic way by which the government, that is, the general taxpayers, can provide it for nothing.

THOSE who advocate the establishment or extension of compulsory government social insurance schemes seldom give much consideration to the question of their cost. In their enthusiasm they are inclined to overlook the fact that the greater the benefits to be provided under such plans the larger must be the tax on business and payrolls. The larger the tax on business the greater will be its handicap in competing for a share of world trade after the war, and the more difficult it will be to provide the high level of employment so essential to the nation's welfare.

No one doubts that the objective of social insurance is a desirable one, that is, to achieve the highest possible standards of the less fortunate members of society. The question is as to the proper place of social insurance among the other social, economic and cultural values which make up our way of life. In a democratic country like Canada or the United States, if the people decide that they want social insurance they will assuredly get it. But, in coming to a decision as to how much social insurance they want, they should keep in mind that it may not be a question of having social insurance in addition to other things they want but of having social insurance instead of other things they want. They should understand what the price is and whether they are willing to pay it or would rather use the money to purchase something else.

Seek Preservation

It is claimed by some of its supporters that social insurance is "not a new fangled theory of governmental pampering of the individual but is part and parcel of the deeply rooted primitive desire for social preservation," and they do not regard it "as a system negating free enterprise but, on the contrary, as a pre-requisite to the functioning of our economy." What gives rise to the demand for compulsory social insurance is the fact that many people spend their entire income for present enjoyment and fail to make the provision they can afford to make against the day when the family income producer will be too sick or too old to work.

It is not to be overlooked that social insurance does not by any means necessarily signify free insurance or subsidized insurance, but has been aptly described as "a budgetary device whereby insurance methods on a national scale are used instead of haphazard methods of distributing the social costs of disability, unemployment, old age or death." It is argued that if people are compelled to make provision against these contingencies they will not be forced to apply for public relief, except in cases of exceptional need. It has also been pointed out that income provided under an insurance plan, being a right to which the recipient is entitled, does not produce the relief complex and the impaired morale that accompany the provision of support in the form of public relief.

One of the arguments often advanced in favor of the adoption of government social insurance schemes is that the government does not need to make a profit and therefore can provide the insurance more cheaply. But does the experience of the government administration of such undertakings support such an argument? Some figures from the annual report of the U.S. Social Security Board for the fiscal year 1942 have been quoted by Mr. E. H. O'Connor, director of the Insurance Economics Society, and do not sustain this contention.

High Expense Rate

With respect to the Bureau of Old Age and Survivors Insurance, the report, as quoted, showed receipts of $895,000,000, benefits paid of $110,000,000, and total expenses of $26,800,000. That is, it cost the Board 24 cents in expenses for every dollar paid out in benefits. It is also noted that like all other Government agencies the Social Security Board pays no taxes, postage is free, and it has no expenses of collection, as these are borne by the employers throughout the country. As he pointed out, private insurance companies could do exceptionally well on that basis.

In considering the adoption by the Government of social insurance schemes for providing protection against any social hazard, the fundamental issue, as stated by well-known authorities, is whether insurance against such a hazard should be made compulsory up to a certain level, or whether reliance should be placed entirely upon voluntary insurance, supplemented by charity and public relief, to distribute the cost of providing incomes for the victims of the hazard.

Another issue to which attention has been directed is whether the conduct of such an insurance undertaking is a proper matter for government administration or whether it should be administered by private enterprise under government regulation and supervision. A further question also referred to is that of jurisdiction. That is, if a social insurance scheme is decided upon, how should the responsibility for such a

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program be divided between the Dominion and the Provincial governments? It is recognized that the answers to these questions may be different for different social hazards.

While it is admitted that there is "more mental and emotional satisfaction" in receiving a cheque for social insurance benefits than in receiving a public relief payment for the same amount, it is pointed out that, for the very same reason, benefits provided by social insurance as a guaranteed right will result in greater social cost than public relief benefits, even though the average payment may be identical.

Budgeting for social costs by social insurance methods, it is claimed, is more expensive than public relief in terms of the proportion of the national wealth required to support the social loss, for the reason that every rise in the level of support for currently unproductive members of society requires a corresponding increase in the contributions from the productive members and also alters the balance between the incentive to continue working and the temptation to fall back on the social insurance benefits. If the benefits are kept at a low level, there is an incentive to keep on the job, but when the benefits are raised beyond a certain point there is less incentive to continue working.

Another important factor which would have to be taken into account before deciding to extend the scope of our social insurance activities so as to include government health insurance is the expense which would be necessary to collect the premiums for such insurance. So far our compulsory insurance schemes have been limited to people from whom the premiums or assessments can be easily collected through employers. But in the case of government health insurance the situation would be very different. The collection of a premium from every person whose income is not subject to payroll accounting—every household worker, every farm worker, lawyer, physician, dentist, independent salesman, etc.—would require more elaborate and costly methods of collection and enforcement of such a plan, and if the whole population is to be covered, the point could easily be reached where a dollar of premium would cost more than a dollar to collect.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Are there any statistics available which show whether the amount of new group life insurance and the amount of new industrial life insurance being sold in Canada has been increasing or decreasing in the past two or three years? I am aware that the amount of new ordinary life insurance being sold in this country has been showing an increase, though I should like to know the extent of the increase if such information can be furnished.

—M. L. V., London, Ont.

Statistics showing the amount of new group life insurance, the amount of new industrial life insurance, and the amount of new ordinary life insurance issued each year in Canada by Dominion registered companies are published in the annual reports of the Superintendent of Insurance, Ottawa. Advance figures from his report for the past year recently released show that the gross amount of new group insurance effected in 1944 in Canada by these companies was $53,607,479 and that the net amount was $50,469,301, as compared with a gross amount of $62,160,520 and a net amount of $60,438,070 in 1943. The gross and net amount of industrial life insurance effected in 1944 was $133,589,615, as compared with $142,596,202 in 1943. The gross amount of new ordinary life insurance effected in 1944 was $731,702,149 and the net amount, $716,465,502, as compared with a gross amount of $697,458,873 and a net amount of $684,488,579 in 1943, and a gross amount of $642,741,225 and net amount of $630,093,680 in 1942.

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Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to know how long the Western Life Assurance Company has been in business. Its head office used to be in Winnipeg but is now in Hamilton. Can you tell me the amount of business it has been doing in the last couple of years, according to government figures, and the total of insurance now in force as compared with what was on the books of the company ten or eleven years ago?

—G. W. H., Regina, Sask.

The Western Life Assurance Company, with head office at Hamilton, was incorporated in 1910 under a Provincial Act in Manitoba, but since January, 1918, it has been operating under Dominion charter and license. In 1943, according to government figures, the number of new policies issued was 1,704 for a gross amount of $2,600,897 and a net amount of $2,529,460, and the number of policies in force at the end of the year was 6,488 for a total amount (net) of $9,593,449. The number of policies becoming claims in 1943 was 45, the death claims amounting to $74,924 and the matured endowments to $6,250. The claims paid (net) amounted to $48,719, while $478 was paid to annuitants. Outstanding claims at the end of the year amounted to $24,100. In 1944, according to government figures released on April 12, the number of new policies issued was 1,493 for a gross amount of $2,491,528 and a net amount of $2,383,597, and the number of policies in force at the end of the year was 7,239 for a total amount (net) of $10,746,637. The number of policies which became claims in 1944 was 43, the death claims amounting to $61,223 and the matured endowments to $10,775. The claims paid (net) amounted to $55,210 and $578 was paid to annuitants. Outstanding claims at the end of the year amounted to $20,236. At the end of the year 1933, according to government figures, the number of policies on the books of the company was 4,400 and the total amount (net) of insurance in force was $7,205,852.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from page* 43)

length of about 400 feet, an average width of 70 feet and average grade of $4.34 gold per ton and 0.84% copper. This H. L. Roscoe, general manager, states is one of several ore shoots outlined in the No. 5 zone on the lower levels during the past few years and adds . . . "however, it is larger than any orebody found below the 3,000-foot level to date and the copper content is higher." Net profits for Noranda last year were equal to $4.12 a share as against $5.18 in the preceding 12 months. Ore reserves due to the labor shortage declined to 22,154,000 tons from $23,402,500. Net working capital at the end of 1944 amounted to $20,229,144 as compared with $19,767,957 at the end of 1943.

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Whether or not drill hole prospect speculation can be blamed, the managing committee of the Toronto Stock Exchange has raised the price at which stocks may be margined. Shares selling at a price less than $2 per share are not now marginable. As far as existing margin accounts are concerned they do not have to worry about the ruling. Until April 19 certain specified issues selling under $1 were purchasable and marginable at not less than 50 per cent. "The minimum amount of margin to be obtained from customers on all securities posted for trading on the exchange shall be: On shares selling at $2 and under $4, 40 per cent; at $4

(*Continued on page* 48)

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DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

News of the Mines

(*Continued from page 47*)

and under $40, 33 1-3 per cent; at $40 and over, 30 per cent. This basis of margin applies both to purchases and short sales, but does not prevent a member firm from continuing to carry on a marginal basis, a security which at the time of its purchase or acceptance as collateral was selling at or above $2, and which subsequently sells under $2."

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Surface diamond drilling during 1944 has suggested the possibility of important new orebodies in the south limb at Canadian Malartic Gold Mines according to the annual report. J. P. Millenback states the structure has an indicated length of over a mile and exploration is to be continued this season. Five drill holes indicated an orebody for a length of 500 feet, average width of 26 feet and grade of .146 oz. in gold. Ore reserves at the end of the year stood at 1,690,000 tons, grading $4.31 per ton at $35 an ounce. Net profit was 7.27 cents as against 5.12 in the previous year. Net working capital increased from $637,619 at the end of 1943 to $807,734.

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Shares of Lexindin Gold Mines have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The company was formed in February, 1944, with capital of 3,000,000 shares, of which 1,500,005 shares are issued, 500,000 being sold for $125,000. Vendors were Leta Exploration Co., a wholly owned subsidiary of Moneta Porcupine and Leitch Gold Mines. Property comprises 35 claims in the Indian Lake section of Yellowknife where gold has been found at several points and where from a geological standpoint the area is regarded as having interesting possibilities. Directors of the company are Karl J. Springer, W. E. Segsworth, W. W. McBrien, W. J. McDonough and Frank Hewett.

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Increased market value of Dome Mines Limited investments sharply increased its net working capital in 1944, excess of current assets, including supplies, over current liabilities amounting to $9,869,189 at the end of the year as against $8,296,463 a year previous These figures however, do not include the company's holdings of 600,000 shares or 60% interest in Sigma Mines (Quebec) Limited. Net profit for the year was $1.45 per share as compared with $1.56 in the previous 12 months. Ore reserves, despite a 20% reduction in development footage due to the labor situation, only declined 73,000 tons to 2,353,000 tons. President C. W. Michel points out that no improvement in grade is likely and that only a gradual downtrend in earnings can be anticipated, unless there is an increase in the supply of labor.

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Company Reports

Zeller's Limited

THE annual report of Zeller's Limited for the fiscal years ended Jan. 31, 1945, shows sales for the period at a new all-time peak, a healthy increase both in operating profit and in net earnings — with latter equal, after preferred dividends, to $2.63 a share on outstanding common stock as compared with $2.54 a share on common for preceding year—and a material improvement in net working capital position.

The company's sales for the year amounted to $10,865,015 and showed an increase of 5.78 per cent over previous years figure of $10,271,340. Operating profits were up practically $100,000 at $1,172,415 as compared w[illegible]1,075,979 and after all charges, [illegible]ding tax provision of $575,000 [illegible]lusive of $85,000 refundable e.p. and compared with $535,000 year [illegible]re) net earnings of $413,745 were [illegible]om $362,766 in preceding fiscal [illegible]

On current assets of $2,817,905, up from $2,198,297 on previous balance sheet and current liabilities of $919,982, off from $945,550, net working capital at the end of the latest year amounted to $1,897,923, an increase of $645,000 from working capital of $2,817,905 shown in previous balance sheet.

Salute
TO SAN FRANCISCO

Through the Golden Gate to the Pacific slope's colorful, cosmopolitan metropolis of a million and a half free Americans, come the statesmen of forty united nations to the San Francisco Conference on World Security.

Many of these foreign ministers, diplomats and delegates have travelled from recently liberated lands. Activated by a common purpose, they will plan the foundation and set up the preliminary organization for the future peace and security of all peoples—to cement unity and end insularity among nations.

This gathering of international figures—the greatest since the ill-fated Versailles meeting, may well be the prelude to the Peace Conference of the second World War.

Teheran . . . Bretton Woods . . . Dumbarton Oaks, and the Crimean Conference at Yalta, from which came San Francisco . . . these were the milestones along the way to this conference which history may make the greatest of all.

The world should remember that Woodrow Wilson went to Versailles alone—but in the United States delegation to San Francisco there will be many men of many minds, but Americans all.

Canada's delegation too will be large and representative.

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